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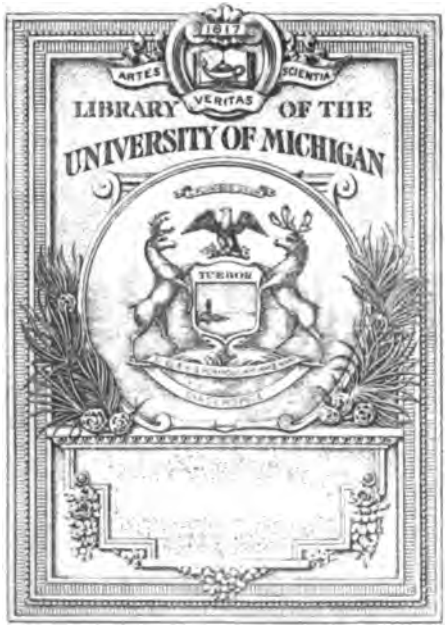
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THE TWENTIETH PLANE

Works of

Albert Durrant Watson

The Sovereignty of Ideals
The Sovereignty of Character
The Wing of the Wildbird
Love and the Universe
Heart of the Hills
Comrades of Jesus

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

A Psychic Revelation

Reported by

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, M.D.

Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and President of the Association for Psychical Research of Canada

PHILADELPHIA

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This revelation was given to your world by people who, when on earth plane, lived lives exactly like your own. It is the fruit of a sincere and sacred effort made by a group of living souls on the Twentieth Astral Plane, to bring light and comfort to those especially who have asked the question: "What ensues after death?"

In the chapters of this work will be found messages from Jesus, Socrates, and many great souls known to the history of earth plane.

The sincere reader will grant one simple request: Do not prejudge the book, but read it in entirety. Think of it as an entity. You may not believe all; you may not realize it now, yet some truths will energize and guidingly inspire you.

Whether you partake of this food or not, it still is food. Though you do not know us, some day you will, and the truth will prevail.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

DEDICATION

THIS work is dedicated to the heroes of the war—those of the battle-field and those also of the fireside—to all who gave nobly to the cause of truth. It is sent from the Twentieth Plane to be a light and a consolation to those left behind. In the name of manhood, womanhood, love and faith, we dedicate anew this truth of all time, *There is no death.* The portal is but to a higher plane, where loving ones wait to greet those who come, from strivings, home. This is laid reverently on the leaf to show the purpose in the book.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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PREFACE

We are constantly hypnotized by theories. Speak persistently of any hypothesis, and it will soon be established in the thought of the people. They will regard it as knowledge, though it may prove to be unsound even as a theory. We are far too final in our thought. While living in harmony with our convictions, we should keep an open mind, lend an ear to the latest facts, and change our theory when it no longer compels our respect.

The contents of this volume as quoted were received under the conditions set forth in the Intention. We do not, in a final sense, know anything about their source. Yet there is ample evidence of their arresting and absorbing appeal. They are not the product of our immediate effort. No labour of authorship on our part was involved. We did not seek these messages. They were evidently sent from somewhere. The experience was thrust into our lives, and, by its special interest, arrested our attention.

Nevertheless, any adequate consideration of the contents of this volume involves likewise the question as to their source. Since the quoted matters were spoken by Mr. Louis Benjamin, known throughout this volume as the Instrument, the suggestion would

naturally arise that he is the real author of the book. If this is not feasible, the natural tendency would be to think of myself as a possible source, through some process of hypnotism or telepathy, of the communications. Failing this, there are the minds of the whole circle, the subconscious mind in general, the Universal Consciousness, the spirits of the so-called "dead,"—good or evil impersonators,—or, finally, the personalities who, in the actual communications, are claimed to have spoken. There are other theories, some of them being modifications of these, but they do not widely prevail.

As to the first question: did the Instrument produce these pages? I have not found one person who knows him well and has read this volume who regards him as the author. He, himself, is sure he is not its source in any creative sense. I am as sure of it as he. His limited range of thought and reading, his innocence of academic training, preclude the adoption of this theory. He has read much. He is intelligent and, in a very popular sense, he is educated. But he is incapable of producing such a book. The question of style alone which we shall consider in these pages would negative such a theory.

Professor Abbott has, throughout his association with this experience, maintained a strictly scientific attitude. His interest has been manifested purely in relation to psychology. Once when I was conversing with one of the intelligences in question, he

expressed regret that Professor Abbott was not present. It was clear that he regarded me as an inadequate foil in his converse on such high themes as those in which we were engaged. We were often told that communications failed of their full significance because our Instrument had insufficient keys. The key-board of a musical instrument was frequently used as a symbol to illustrate the part the Instrument was playing in the transmission of the communications. It is for this reason chiefly that this word is preferred before the more common term "medium."

Did the communications come out of the minds of myself and the circle? In no case had we been reading about the matters that came over. We had seldom or never been thinking of them. They had always, to some extent, the freshness of new themes, and very often came with surprise to us all. We feel convinced that none of us had any direct creative relation to the messages quoted in this volume. Of course, it is open to any one to say that we must have known at some previous time all that was communicated. This is simply begging the question and wrenching the facts to make them fit a theory.

That some facts and ideas were derived from our stores of information was frankly stated by the intelligences themselves. This element, however, was a definite quantity and did not occur except when it was noted and honestly admitted. We were aware of the facts of mind-transference. We knew how

thoughts will unconsciously assume orderly relation and appear in finished prose or poetry at the threshold of our consciousness. But it is to be remembered that the explanations of this experience are altogether hypothetical. It is an experience of quite a different order. The private views of some of us underwent some modification because of the light thrown on them in these investigations.

It has been said by more than one intelligent reader that they find no matters in the book that are not in harmony with my published views on similar themes. As I understand the present volume, however, it is not entirely in harmony with such views. It would change to some extent my thought on the inspiration of the Scriptures, making it more orthodox in the common acceptation of that word. The same is true in regard to what happens after death to the soul that has lived an unworthy life. Other instances might be cited.

The fact which seems most fatal to the idea that I am the source of the communications is to be found in the diversity of style in the many messages reported. Let us take five instances for purposes of investigation. Look first at the dedication, which comes from one who directs that his name shall be subscribed as "Samuel Taylor Coleridge." We need not quote it here. It closes with the words:

"We dedicate anew this truth of all time: *There is no death.*

The portal is but to a higher plane, where loving ones wait to greet those who come, from strivings home. This is laid reverently on the leaf to show the purpose in the book."

This passage contains one distinctive style. Take a second from the vernacular which "Elbert Hubbard" so commonly uses. It is reported in the conversation of April 28th, in the chapter entitled *Characteristics of Personages:*

"Say, my pal of pals, in the silence of this vale of voice, tell me to tell you that *non compos mentis* is the word to apply to one who, with a shrug of the shoulder, a wink of the eye, a snap of the jaw, settles the finalities of all worlds, the problems that are debatable on all planes."

We shall quote a third style from the dialogue held with Voltaire on June 9th, as reported in the chapter entitled *Literature—Prose.*

"Princes and princesses: I come to seek out what ye be. I may be scornful, but even if I be severe, words of fire quench to love in the purpose of my coming.

"I had a sharp nose, and walked on earth with a stilted step. I hated shams, affectations and wrong in church and state. . . . I saw it all and my physical body grew hideous in the scorn I poured on this rank, stinking fabric of my earth-day society."

Another quotation is found in the dialogue of Victor Hugo reported in the same chapter; for June 9th:

"Land of the tricolor, the lily and French valour; I often come again in sight of Paris and see France rise from the

phœnix ashes of war to the strains of the Marseillaise, marching out of the mist of tears to light."

One more instance from the prose of Meredith. It is found in the same chapter near its close. It was received on June 17th:

"A path of barrenness. A lonely woman walking in that path. She feels that the world is cruel and without beauty. The moon rises full and clear. The woman, walking aimlessly into the garden, passes a rustic gate, her thoughts bowed down with grief. The air is still. Silence profound as death. The woman hears a strange whispering, etc."

The reader will see that these five styles are quite distinctive. Yet the matter composing the content of these messages was given spontaneously and rapidly. Now I submit that none of us could have created these styles in an off-hand, ready way such as was in evidence when we received these communications. Each of us has one style such as it is. The Instrument is not a writer. None of these styles is mine, a fact that is evident to the reader already. But the book contains forty different styles. They are not all as distinctive as these, but some of them are, and all are distinctive to some extent. Now, will the theory of the subconscious mind, and of any possible "deep sea fishing" therein, explain the creation of so many styles of literary expression as are to be found here? It would be a remarkable contention should any one claim that it could.

The same may be said if we transfer our argument to the field of the universal subconsciousness, another hypothetical creation of recent years. Let us suppose that in North Africa there lived a certain man in a certain period who taught a certain theory. None of our circle ever heard of him or of his theory. But his work was well known to specialists. Now a theory comes to us in these communications which is exactly that man's theory. The communicating intelligence claims that it is projected to us by that man himself. Where did the theory come from?

Again certain personalities discuss certain questions and refuse to discuss any others. They are specialists. Even when two in the same general field talk on one topic, their methods are quite different, one being, for instance, Spinozistic, the other being Platonic. One is suggestive of one period, the other of another. Such considerations, which have to be explained, find their explanation as easily by assuming that the persons who say they are speaking are actually speaking, as by assuming the subconscious theory, or a theory of fraud on the part of the medium.

Why it should be assumed that it is easier to believe the communicating intelligences are spirits other than those who say they are speaking might be difficult to say. Those who assume that Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Plato, or even the Master of Masters Himself, would have no interest in projecting thought to us, may possibly have over-

looked the fact that meekness, humility, and a personal interest in the welfare of others are considered in the Christian teaching to be the loftiest virtues.

Again, why should John Smith, for instance, wish to communicate with us, not as John Smith, but as, let us say, Heraclitus, Savonarola, or Swedenborg? He must surely know how unlikely he is to be accepted as one of these, even when he projects the most noble sentiments. He must know further that it is almost impossible to impersonate a really great mind. This is true even though the immortals may not be expected to pour out their highest art when in converse with us.

There are less distinguished persons who have spoken with us whose messages seem to carry fuller conviction to a certain type of mind. I give here a few cases of personal interest relating to matters which have otherwise been excluded from the book.

One communicating intelligence (W. R. S.) reminded me of a scene which he and I enacted alone about an hour before he died. It was a secret between us and I had never mentioned it to any one. Imagine how startling it was to me to hear the Instrument repeating my words uttered years before, words known only to me and the person who was said to be communicating. I had not thought of them for five years at least. Do you say it came out of my thought? Then consider another case.

A correspondent in Yarmouth N. S. was told by "her mother," after that mother's death, to look in a

certain place for an object of whose existence no one living was aware. She looked for it and found it.

A friend whose name is respected throughout the Canadian Dominion as well as in the United States received a statement from a deceased friend in automatic writing to the effect that he would be apprised without delay of matters pertaining to important life-interests. He did not know in the least what was referred to, but before he slept the prophecy was fulfilled.

I was told, through the Instrument in trance, by "Samuel T. Coleridge," of the exact nature of a certain review of a recent volume three days before the review was published. In this case the Instrument and those who heard the statement had reason to expect a totally different treatment of the work referred to.

Hubbard's forecast of the war, as given on February 17th, was a surprise to us all. His dates were not correct, but his facts as predicted were strangely like the events as they occurred.

In August, "Kitchener" stated to us his reasons for believing the war would be over before Christmas. These were substantially as follows:

"The enemies' man-power is diminishing. Ours is increasing rapidly.

"Disunion has entered the counsels of the Central powers. Their alliance will soon break down. There is perfect unity among the powers on our part.

PREFACE

"The social conditions in Germany are serious. The food shortage is by no means the worst of these."

It will be remembered that in August the whole world was looking forward to a further year of conflict.

I am speaking for myself when I say I believe there is a Universal Consciousness. I believe that through yearning aspiration amounting to prayer, in hours of highly sensitive religious or artistic experience, our souls receive inspiration, strength, vision, and direction from such a source. That such a Universal Consciousness misrepresents itself, purporting to be this or that individual when such is not the case, I will not and cannot think. A subliminal, all-comprehending mind acting in this way or even as a reservoir into which our Instrument can dip with no barrier of time, location, or personality, seems to me to be altogether weird and unnatural.

The Christian view of the hereafter which undoubtedly controls most of our thought, especially our critical thought, is itself of the crudest and most speculative character. Most of us have thought that when one dies he becomes at once omniscient. Now, the teaching of this volume tends in many matters to a restoration of faith in those in whom, from any cause, it has suffered eclipse. Here are the great doctrines of a divine Christ, of the salvation of the world by Love-sacrifice, of rebirth through a vision

of the Christ and faith in Him, of human responsibility for character and conduct, of the penitential valley on every plane of life,—all these and the supreme doctrine of all, "love of God, and oneness with the All-Father."

From purely pedagogical reasons, it would be a mistake to regard any revelation as to the constitution of nature as being a practical working basis, much less as being a final goal of our thought. No matter how inspiring it may be, this is not the way we make our philosophy. Such revelations must not be fitted into our philosophical systems, much less must they be regarded as themselves constituting a new system.

This is not to underestimate these communications. If certain personalities have been studying nature, and developing for centuries, it would be assumed that their present theories would have advanced out of relation to our current philosophy. In every mystical philosophy are the evidences of vision and dream. The unacceptability of a mystical revelation, in a philosophic sense, to any particular age, has little bearing upon the germ of truth that may possibly be in it.

No light as to the source of the matters quoted in this volume can be derived from the questions asked. There are leading questions in it. This is unavoidable in free and informal conversation. The dramatic element is everywhere manifest. The unknown guest was usually master of the situation. If a question

leads to an answer far more comprehensive than the question, the argument as to leading questions in that case falls to the ground. Take an example. "Tennyson" is the guest on June 15. I ask him a leading question:

Do we not make a mistake when we class the great Germans of genius such as Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Herder, Wagner, etc., with the military Germany of to-day? They were not Prussians, and there was no empire then.

If Tennyson's answer had been a simple affirmative, it would have no value, but note the answer:

"There is in the earth plane another plane or nation. This plane is one of great men, a country to which they come when they attain a certain vision. When great men come to this plane, they know no country, nationality or creed; they belong to the democracy of the universal."

My position in relation to spirit communication is this: It is a fact, and has always been. It includes necromancy, the communication with familiar spirits of low planes in ancient and modern times. It includes also the glorious communion with exalted ones as revealed in the sacred Scriptures. Personalities from lower planes are oftener in evidence because they are nearer both in space and in character, to the earth plane. Good spirits desire to communicate for our uplift, and the Spirit of Love permits it. The dangers attendant on promiscuous experiences of this sort are to be avoided only by an attitude of devotion

to the highest inspirations. He who makes the Eternal his habitation is in no danger from any source. But he will not seek communion with the "dead." He will obey only the noblest demands of the spirit, making himself a vehicle for the expression of the divine will.

No one should seek to converse with deceased relatives. When such communion comes into a life consecrated to love-service, it is a gift of God and should be cherished, but it is not for us to seek. No communion with deceased relatives, or, for that matter, with living ones either, can take the place of communion with God.

With no feelings but those of respect for many estimable and honoured friends who are proud to name themselves spiritualists, many of them noble people who have been grossly maligned in vulgar diatribe by a section of the press and pulpit, I adhere to views long held which debar me from their fellowship as Spiritualists. This is merely a difference of conviction as to the wisdom of seeking spirit communication rather than permitting it with joy when it comes without our seeking.

I believe the majority of people will find no comfort and little satisfaction in the use of the "ouija" board. On the 14th inst. one of the communicating voices said to me in answer to a question:

"It is not wise for any one on earth-plane to try to get into

touch with departed relatives. It is possible. That I admit, but there is no necessity, and great danger is involved. In your own field of observation you will see that, once an individual succumbs to talking with another plane, there sets in a slow degeneration physically. Therefore tell those who write you that you know of no such medium as they seek, and emphasize that this communication with the Twentieth Plane is not a matter of that kind. We have a definite truth to get across to you. Personalities are entirely left out."

On January 14th inst. "Coleridge" said to a prominent newspaper man in our circle:

"We say we are real, alive, actual; that we have not ceased to exist because we have been translated from the fifth to the Twentieth Plane. We have as much right to the statement of that truth as others have, on your side of the plane,—particularly those absolutely without evidence of any kind—to deny the fact of perpetual existence for the ego. . . . Perhaps . . . you can suggest a better method of getting across to your plane that which will help the people of your world."

We have long since ceased to use the ouija board in our circle. We were told that the Instrument would be sustained with forces of which we were not aware, so that the important revelation might be communicated. We do not claim any supernatural agency in the work, but we think it is unusual and possibly it would be best to characterize it, if we must do so at all, as supernormal.

Our preconceptions of immortality encourage us to

feel that if the soul lives on after the experience of death, there should be no reason why it could not manifest itself. "If communication with the so-called 'dead' could be established as a fact, the belief in a future conscious life would be strengthened enormously even to those who accept the ordinary religious assurances, and it would vitally affect the happiness of those who are entirely agnostic on this question" (A. B.). John Wesley wrote: "They (the unbelievers) know . . . that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air—deism, atheism, materialism,—falls to the ground."

No amount of education can justify any one in expressing a judgment anent such experiences as are reported in this volume without prolonged personal touch with such work. Wisdom costs. Here as elsewhere, there is no royal road to efficiency. The most incompetent critic is the mind crammed with data and supposing that personality persists only in the remembrance of concrete events. If memory of these were the only valid tests of persistence, the lower planes only could furnish such evidence of immortality. On the higher planes, fundamental tendencies and characteristics are the only available evidences in most cases.

The scientific method demands conditions suitable to the purpose in view. Astral personalities have no physical brain. Their brain is finer in substance, and

memory of concrete details is not the most substantial evidence of identity. These are often recalled by association, but a better evidence is found in the persistence of those qualities essential to the soul.

The investigator must be a person who understands how necessary harmonious conditions are, especially in dealing with the higher planes. From these considerations, I have been led to refrain from reporting communications of only temporary or concrete interest. Evidence of a personal nature is, after all, only of local acceptance, and the higher class of evidence contained in this volume will be accepted only by persons who have harmonized their desire to the planes with which this revelation brings them into communion.

Although concrete evidence is mostly omitted here, such evidence is available in the works of a host of writers, among whom are Bennett, Crookes, Doyle, Flammarion, Gurney, Hyslop, Lodge, Maxwell, Randall, Tuttle, Wallace, Whiting, etc. There is probably as much evidence in this as in any other field of science. How often must a scientific fact be demonstrated? How many arbitrary statements of unreasonable antagonism from those who have never thoroughly investigated the matter are to be set in the equation opposite the definite testimony of one capable person who knows the fact that he reports?

I do not wish to dogmatize. I entered into this experience as a sceptic, and, even now, do not claim

that the messages are authentic. But the communicating intelligences do claim this, and all that is left for me is to say that they have been received and reported accurately and sincerely. To question the good faith of the medium is the weakest position that an adverse critic could take. My only answer to one who queries the bona fides of the Instrument is a request that he will examine the chapter entitled *The Quest of Reality*, remembering that the Instrument never had more than about half an education such as the primary schools of his country afford.

The reader should remember also that the numbers of the planes are purely symbolic and not an accepted system of plane numbers. We simply go to the planes of our desire, and that desire is based on our characters or on the love we feel for some one who is a resident of such planes.

"We are as real as when on earth plane; that is, we have qualities by which we shall permanently be known by all who ever knew us."

—*The Publication Committee.*

Do you think it right to pursue the investigation we are now engaged in?

"Yes; because this is not the picking of a lock on a door where is written, 'Do not enter.' This is not a question of dates, material information, personal affairs, but the entrance of the soul into a higher estate."

—*Emerson.*

What has been the most surprising truth you have learned on the Twentieth Plane?

"That I am alive."

—*Ingersoll.*

INTENTION

THE dialogues in this volume are its essential element. The answers were received. Whatever contribution to human knowledge the volume contains is due to their inclusion. As the reporter of these conversations, I am responsible only for the punctuation, the capitals, and all unquoted matter, save only a few of the questions, which were suggested by others.

Louis Benjamin, known throughout these pages as the Instrument, the person who mediated these communications, whether on the Board—described later; by automatic writing, which was little used, or in trance address, is a commercial man thirty-two years of age. Born in Chicago, he came to Toronto when six years of age, and has lived here ever since. He attended Givens St. Public School, leaving when he had attained a senior third standing. He was then about twelve years of age, and since then has been engaged in commercial life.

Born of Hebrew parents, he is something of a mystic. When I was honorary president of the Boys' Club in the West End Y. M. C. A., he was one of "my boys." He was ambitious to speak in public, and often engaged in "oratorical contests." He afterwards became a member, and was for years the secretary, of a Bible class of which I was the teacher.

He still gives an occasional address, and shows a general acquaintance with the popular phases of modern thought in Social Science, Politics, Ethics, and Theology. His religious thought regards both Moses and Jesus, in their human manifestation, as products of divine evolution.

On the morning of January 20th, 1918, the Instrument was asked by a friend over the Board, in his own home, to have his little boy call up the Watsons and arrange a meeting in which "a wonderful message would be given in the atmosphere of their home." His mother came later to the telephone and received an invitation to come.

The first circle meeting was held that evening. As I needed rest, I lay on a couch prepared to observe proceedings, but without the least expectation of being impressed. Deep interest and surprise were soon awakened by the unusual and startling originality of the answers to the questions I asked. The Instrument spoke later in trance, and still later—at a subsequent meeting—used automatic writing, reading a book in his left hand while his right was engaged in inscribing the message. This last form of communication, however, was not pursued.

Thus, as if it had come suddenly out of the blue, heralded by a child of five years, came to me these revelations which I pass on with the hope that, if the war has introduced an undertone of sorrow, these pages may bring the realization that our loved ones

are near to us with their sweet influences in the full measure of their own desire and ours; I trust that these communications will bring to bereaved ones the assurance that the new life of our heroes who have gone forth and passed over as the saviours of our race, is one of glorious beauty and unspeakable gladness. Looking to the sunward side of bereavement, our sorrows shall become wonder-workers, transmuting the baser metals of our character into the pure gold of nobility and power.

It will be realized that I am well acquainted with the Instrument, having known him for over fifteen years. He was not much interested in Poetry, Philosophy, or Art, till these communications transpired; he then became intensely interested. For some months he abstained from reading matter which might have led him to suspect that he was himself the reservoir from which these communications were derived. Feeling that such restriction was likely to lead to a degree of mental stagnation, I advised him after three months to read what he thought proper to his need in general literature. Since then, he has read only for confirmation of statements emerging in the dialogues.

The Instrument is well acquainted with the public addresses of Lincoln, Disraeli, and Ingersoll, but, before the beginning of this investigation, he had but a limited acquaintance with other literature. His personal style of speaking and writing is not shown in these pages. They present a strong contrast with his

manner of speech, which reveals a slight tendency to unguarded oratorical effect.

He is aware that any controversy which may arise as to the authenticity of the communications reported here, must centre in him. He has received no compensation, has nothing to gain or lose by the acceptance or rejection of any hypothesis concerning these communications, and feels that such disinterestedness should be a confirmation of his sincerity. He does not wish, nor do I, to be quoted as a spiritist. He does not wish, nor do I, to encourage the use of the Board, except by scientific persons for the purpose of research. He is simply an investigator interested in the great problem of man, and incidentally, in human immortality. The inspiration which this work never fails to give him is his sufficient, and, thus far, his only reward.

All the apparatus used consisted of a board on which are printed the alphabet and the digits, an indicator being used to point to these characters. The Board was covered with plate glass on which a powder was lightly distributed for purposes of smoother manipulation. Ordinarily, we used a light, screened through ruby paper, as requested by the Twentieth Plane residents, but when trance-speaking was proceeding, the stenographer sometimes used an ordinary electric light curtained off from the rest of the room where the light was slightly modified in its intensity. There was always plenty of light.

INTENTION

Most of the matter received through the Instrument while he was in trance is included in the chapter on Eloquence. By trance we mean a condition in which the Instrument, while seated, with the palms of his hands on the glass covering the board, his eyes closed, gave utterance to the addresses quoted from. We have never found the least evidence to show that the Instrument remembered or could recall any word or impression of the matter to which he had, while in trance, given voice. He himself describes the condition as "a deep, sweet sleep." Some minutes always elapsed before he regained his normal consciousness.

The themes of the trance-addresses were almost invariably suggested by myself, immediately, or only a few moments, before the addresses were given. This was usually requested by the communicating intelligences themselves. During this momentary interval between the suggestion of the theme and the trance-address the Instrument was in every case busily engaged with work on the Board which occupied his whole attention.

The communications which came over the Board were received as follows: The finger-tips of the Instrument and his assistant, who was usually a woman, were placed lightly upon the heart-shaped indicator, and as soon as harmonious conditions prevailed,—enhanced by literature read, or music played, the apex of the heart moved towards, and pointed out, letters,

spelling the words of the communication. At a later date the board was no longer used, a piece of plate glass being substituted.

As to the speed of this process, it may be helpful to know that a message consisting of thirty-six words was spelled out in exactly one hundred and twenty seconds. This allows a little over three seconds to each word. Answers came, invariably, without the slightest hesitation, the indicator moving instantly towards the letters of the answer as soon as the question was asked, and, indeed, very often before the question was finished.

The answers quoted in this volume are reported accurately. We have not made oath to this fact. We regard our yea and our nay as being quite as reliable as our affidavits. The questions in the dialogues have not been set off with quotation marks, as the latter have been used to make the words of the communicating intelligences distinctive.

The names of those purporting to give the answers are stated in every case. As to the questions, obviously, this was unnecessary. Most of these were asked by myself, though sometimes prompted by others, this being desired by those addressing us from the Twentieth Plane. The questions are varied slightly, in some cases, from their original forms. They were asked rapidly, and sometimes no stenographer was present. They are, however, the essential questions asked, and this is true in every case.

INTENTION

Throughout these researches, it was my constant determination to allow no influence to mar the perfect inflowing of " Twentieth Plane communication." It was my custom to warn the members of our circle of this danger. My words to this purpose, reported stenographically, on one occasion (May 6th, 1918) were as follows:

" If any one desires to have a question asked, and will tell me what it is, I will ask it, unless it is a personal one. If it is personal, it is taboo. No one while here is interested in matters mundane at all. They are interested only in intellectual and spiritual things."

Whenever, throughout this book, I say that an unseen personality spoke to us, I do not mean to beg the question. It is done to avoid the awkward recurrence of such expressions as " this or that personage purported to say, etc." I desire throughout these dialogues and my reports thereof to maintain a scientific spirit and to leave the reader untrammelled by opinions other than his own. The careful observer in any field of research never regards a theory as being more than a hypothesis unless accumulated evidence has broken down and cleared away all other and opposing theories.

Where philosophic statements or religious creeds are at issue in the dialogues, those only who make the statements are to be held accountable for such expressions as occur. I am responsible for unquoted matter where I am obviously the author of the idea.

This is said, not to relieve myself of responsibility, so much as to let the reader know his authority for the matter in question.

The Publication Committee consists of Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, and Robert G. Ingersoll. Some additions and modifications have been made since, either at their suggestion or with their unanimous concurrence.

I present here the report of the Twentieth Plane Group Publication Committee:—

REPORT OF GROUP PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

" In the name of Twentieth Plane Group, we send tokens of love, light and joy. We desire to place on the records of earth plane the following facts and principles to help all seeking, sincere souls:—

" We are as real as when on earth plane: that is, we have qualities by which we shall permanently be known by all who ever knew us.

" Our motive desire is to bring the reality of this plane consciousness into definite touch with the consciousness of the earth plane. The process we would use in publication is based on the very important foundation that we do not claim to prove our statement. Things ' proved ' are not usually the strongest. The science of earth plane to-day is often the fable of to-morrow. We do claim though to send conviction, in so far as our revelation brings conviction to your souls.

INTENTION

"Under these headings arrange your matter for publication:—

Our statement of intention.

All religious material.

All aphorisms.

Specific matter which shows the characteristics of personages.

All the laws we endeavour to illustrate, such as, "All great laws penetrate all planes."

Chapter or nook for Mother.

A chapter headed, Questions of Dr. Abbott.

A portion devoted to things of sheer beauty. Shelley will be in charge of this.

A part for Lincoln. Politics here.

A part for Ingersoll, headed: The essentials of Eloquence and examples of same.

Poems of A. D. Watson. (*a*) On Lincoln. (*b*) Title: The Triad, being a poem on Coleridge, Dora and William. (*c*) Mother, whose splendid faith made these communications possible.

We will add suggestions from time to time.

Signed

THE HUMBLE ONES OF THE TWENTIETH PLANE."

When the place of meeting is not indicated, it may be understood to have been in our home at No. 10 Euclid Avenue, Toronto.

" We are just normal, happy folk, and we know that love is the sum of all."

—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

" The women of the Twentieth Plane are pure, serene, free, noble. . . . Your women will rise to this standard, and oh, in the name of the gods, I see coming to you, as clear as the depths of the blue sky, the place where we stand."

—*Erinna.*

LIFE ON THE TWENTIETH PLANE

WHAT is life like when we are translated to another plane? This chapter is an effort to answer such a question in the exact words of Twentieth Plane people.

Before entering into details of concrete conditions, I present a general statement which came lately to us through the Instrument when he and his wife and I were in the woods near the place of my birth. I had asked if the place of our meeting was not almost as beautiful as some of the scenes on the Twentieth Plane. The answer was given by Louis Agassiz:

June 28—Agassiz

"If your scene was lit by an eternal sky of pink amid which was a clustering of gold and green, if your air was the distilled essence of astral flower perfume, and if your eyes saw more than is in all the physical universe, then you would be only on the fringe of the love-lap of nature in which we bask. . . .

"Do you know how we signal here that time has come for certain events?"

No.

"By a strange hush, lasting but the fraction of an earth second."

So instead of making a noise, you make a silence.

January 20—Mother

What do you see where you are?

"I see all that you see and more."

Is there any night where you are?

"It is a soft pink twilight."

What is your food?

"We absorb chemicals." . . .

April 13—Mother—Coleridge

Is there any farming on the astral planes?

"No; the chemicals come without our effort. We have other important things to do."

Do you know what the chemicals are?

"Coleridge will tell you." (Coleridge speaks.)

Coleridge:—"Proteins. The liquid juice of a rice product. A beef extract made of a synthetic meat product. A saccharine—sugar like your own. We have phosphates. Fats too are made here synthetically. All the equivalents of your richest foods. These constitute our dietary.

"The distinction between our food and yours is one of vibration."

January 20—Mother

Shall we know each other in astral life?

"Yes, if we want to."

June 28—Dorothy Wordsworth

What does Booker T. Washington look like there?

"As we. No difference in soul. Sometimes one wears a brown suit, others in white. We are nearly all here the pale pink of sea-shells."

May 4—Mother

What are some of the occupations on your plane?

"This is of the utmost importance, so I will step aside while Samuel speaks. Here he is."

May 4—Coleridge

"One of the most important avocations we follow here is this—get it exact:

"The knowledge that those of your plane require a higher form of inspiration is to you obvious, is it not?"

Yes, it is.

"Then we study to be the ego to enter into the consciousness of those on your plane who deserve our entry into their sub-normal life. Often we have spent years in the thought-life of a higher being of your plane. Now in answer to your question as to the avocations of this sphere, I can tell you of nothing we strive to accomplish half as important as being vehicles of the wider light of knowledge to the greater souls of your plane. The law for success in that form of activity on our plane is one of perfection of character, sincerity, humility, love, sympathy, vision, and the electric form of the super-essence of thought-vibration, vibrating in the colour-aura of the cosmos in infinite activity."

"Read what I have just stated." (The statement was read.)

April 20—Dorothy

What have you been busy at?

"Teaching young folks. Shall I add a little picture of our landscape? Then a broad open expanse of sky; in the distance, one lone tree; a path to that tree; house, milky white; the sun all agleam with the radiance of deep orange; in the near foreground, a park, in which open air school is held; many happy children; the teachers all as happy as the scholars. The lesson is nature study, so a pigeon is perched on the open palm of the instructress. All the little faces thrill, and this in the open, where the twilight is like an angel's tread on the carpet of God's presence."

Thank you very much, Dora. You say it is twilight, yet you speak of the sun as being up. In just what position is the sun, and how can it be twilight with the sun shining?

"I am merely an observer of nature in the picture view."

But do all see it as you do?

"As the picture philosophy was told you. Each sees what he looks for." (See page 80.)

Is that a Twentieth Plane attribute?

"All great laws penetrate all planes."

"Shall I tell you how we punished a delinquent? Well, we ascertained that he coveted the garments of another, so we gave them to him. He was cured."

February 10—Mother

Do you talk in words on the astral plane?

"Yes, on a word foundation."

You said you heard Shelley lecture. Did he use words and sentences?

"Yes, and with word eloquence."

How are words conveyed there?

"By a much keener rate of vibration."

Are they vibrations of ether?

"Yes."

Then are they light vibrations?

"I do not know. Am not a scientist."

February 18—Ingersoll

"We have no doors, but keep out intruders with a wish. We eat one meal only. We sleep four hours, like your Edison. We have no jails. We have some delinquents, and cure them. Sin is disease, as I said in my lecture on criminals. We never smoke."

February 18—Father

What is your chief occupation now?

"Student now."

Can you tell us about your environment?

"Yes. Houses, vegetation, people; like the Alps in Switzerland."

LIFE ON THE TWENTIETH PLANE

January 20—Mother

How do you spend your days?

" Reading and nursing."

. . . . . .

Do you sleep well?

" When I want to. We can do without."

. . . . . .

When you passed over, whom did you first see?

" I slept for a year. When I waked, I was in a crowd. I did not know any of them. I was not lonesome, and did not know I had passed over till I had had a few lessons."

Do you know Frank? [A young friend lately deceased.]

" No. I am up-stairs, as it were."

January 27—Elbert Hubbard

What are you doing on your plane?

"A man of letters."

Do you have printed books and papers there?

" Yes."

How are they printed?

" By thought machines. We think an article into existence by concentration."

Do elements of astral bodies go back to their old forms?

"About that."

How long does one live in the astral body?

"About two hundred years, but that is no criterion. Long life depends on will. I am positive there is no such thing as immortality for the human ego if you mean astral or physical."

If we mean spiritual, what then?

" Lives forever with self-consciousness; at varying intervals, a little loss, but regained in increased form, as evolution controls the spirit's progress."

Has the spirit entity any form?

"Always a form."

That the individual sleeps for a time at his astral birth is already shown in the case of my mother. Further evidence appears in the following answers to questions:—

February 10—Mother

Tell us of your visit to. . . .

"She is still in that semi-dream state."

And yet you say she is very happy?

"In wakeful moments."

February 24—Coleridge

"Empirical shall be our talk to-night."

Who is speaking?

"Coleridge. . . . We speak from experience. Opium was a narcotic I am just recovering from, along with an earth characteristic I used to have—that of indolence. . . . I will answer questions from experience, and not as one greatly learned."

When you passed over, how long was it before you took notice of things?

"Nearly five years."

Did you sleep all that time?

"A trance-like condition."

When you waked fully, did you see any one you knew?

"Harriet, Hogg, Dorothy, your mother, Shelley, and a note from Byron who was in the valley."

My surprise may be imagined when I heard that my mother was present to welcome Coleridge. Dates were quite absent from my thought, but I responded at once with a true sceptic's query:—

You say you saw my mother? She passed over only about thirteen years ago.

" I saw her astral body. Came here on visit to future home. Harry's body was on your mother's lap last—oh, say—short time ago. Do you know now what I mean? "

Yes. Then my mother would be only a little girl.

" No. Full grown. You do not remember."

I thought here that Coleridge had been nodding, but in these meetings, my duty was to keep the questions going, so I left calculations for a more opportune moment. I found on referring to authorities that Coleridge died in 1834, and, as he claimed to have slept five years, the date when he saw my mother would be 1839. As my mother was born in 1818, she would be twenty-one years of age and " full grown," as Coleridge said.

I should add here that Harry is the five-year-old son of the Instrument at the board. On a previous evening he had fallen asleep on my knee, and we were told that his astral body was being nursed by my mother, while his physical body slept.

Returning to the subject of entry into the astral planes, I quote Lincoln:—

February 24—Lincoln

Do many persons pass over without losing consciousness?

" None."

Do any wake immediately?

" Yes; you will."

. . . . . .

You did not regret your assassination, did you?

"No. Not half as much as Mary Todd."

Is death as painful as people think?

"Not painful at all."

Did you not suffer?

"No. Never regained consciousness."

March 3—Dorothy

Will you make clear to us the system of progress in astral planes?

"'A sleep and a forgetting' is the first step. Your mother slept one year. Same with brother Will. Abe also. The astral body requires about a year to adjust itself to this rarer, more mature environment."

Mother thought I might sleep half a year; another, not at all.

"The rule is not an arbitrary one."

You think I shall not sleep?

"Those who told you know best."

May 5—Hubbard

"In the process of so-called death, we die here as on plane five (the Earth Plane); that is, we go into a state of profound coma, and cast to the void useless bodies."

Is it possible to descend to a lower plane?

"No, but you go to the valley where the demnition bow-wows get you if you are not good."

Many conversations were just lovely familiar talks. There were so many such intimate fellowships, greatly enjoyable, that I must not give more than an occasional one, since there will be many such in the chapter on my mother. One such is here reported:—

June 2—Dorothy

"The poem (The Triad) grows. Read the verses on William; he wants to hear them."

(The four stanzas referring to Wordsworth were read.)

"Fine! William is very glad, and will repay with his love your beautiful lines.

"Now, I want to be near you in love. Such love as if a rose in the garden saw a lily lonely and told her, 'O Lily, my beauty of thought and life will sustain you. Give me the beauty of your fragrance, give me the soul of your being. I, the rose, will tenderly enclose you in the dream-like moon-loved petals of this flower-life.'"

Dorothy, we have a picture of you here. It was taken when you were past middle life.

"Yes, old. I was sitting down, I think. Well it is motherly. I mothered three, so I can mother you.

"This is to show our natural kind of life. We are just normal happy folk, and we know that love is the sum of all. Now I will go, and as I go, oh, catch from our flower garden the perfumed breezes of the astral plane."

Others recently deceased, from whom communications were reprojected through the Twentieth Plane [one of these was Ehrlich, the great German scientist] had to be stimulated in order to get them aroused to consciousness sufficiently to communicate. The explanation was found in the fact that they had not yet waked from their post-translation coma.

A curious feature of our investigations transpired in relation to the aura, so well known to the clairvoyant. This will be shown best by further quotations from the dialogues:—

January 27—Mother

Was Hubbard here to-night?

"Yes. In the host."

What is their purpose in coming in such numbers?

"To see the auras of you all. They are very beautiful."

There were sometimes veiled allusions to the aura. Possibly one or more are embodied in the following answers. In any case, they further evolve our understanding of the aura and its various manifestations:

March 3—Dorothy

Is it a difficult matter for you to communicate with us?

"No, Dear. . . . Your beautiful groups make it as serene as a shadow on the bosom of a tropical sea."

You are all new at the process, are you not?

"We were until your mother taught us."

Then we do not tire you?

"No. It is the greatest joy of many great joys."

We love you all too much to seek any pleasure at your expense.

"That is why I come. Your love is noble. The dear boy—I will call him Derwent [Derwent is the name of Coleridge's third son. We learned this afterwards] little Harry is gorgeous in pale translucent green on arm of my new lover, A. D."

That is lovely, Dora. What Walt Whitman said to me the other night—was that just his opinion, or was it true?

"Walt is a big explosion yet."

"Harry is on your mother's lap now. Astral body here. The group all kissed him."

Give our love to all members of your group.

"They project theirs."

Do you mind telling us about Harry's aura? Mother said she could not see it the other night when his astral body was on her lap and he asleep on the couch. (See page 48.)

"The law is that astral body does not show to us an aura."

Have those on your plane no auras?

"Have intense ones, but aura-doctors alone can observe them."

Then is the aura doctor a psychic?

"Yes, but uses very delicate instruments and special ability to observe them."

The auras of each of the smaller groups in our investigations were described from time to time, the meanings of the various colours being stated. The reader may be interested to compare these with other similar interpretations, with none of which I am familiar. It may be well to quote our present authorities:—

January 27—Shelley

"Call her of the brilliant aura to the board."

Do you mean Eulalie? (My daughter.)

"Yes."

What are the colours of Eulalie's aura?

"Purple, orange and green entwined."

What does purple mean?

"Worship."

And orange?

"Intellect."

And green?

"Truth."

February 18—Mother

"Ask sparkling soul to come to the board."

Is that Eulalie?

"Yes. I will tell you about colours of auras now."

Yes, Mother. Did you hear Prof. Abbott and me talking about these?

"Yes. I got ready then."

Tell us what you will, Mother.

"Pink is devotion.

"Pure white is the colour of the saints. Ingersoll says that Gladstone's aura was green and gold, showing intellect and versatility. A. D.'s aura is pink, green, gold, and white.

"Brown is bad.

"Black, worse still.

"Now about white. Listen! White comes rarely. Only Emerson had such an aura in America.

"Shall I tell you the auras of all present?

"Sarah's, pink, yellow, green.

"Professor Abbott's, nearly all yellow. Great intellectual colour there.

"Amy's, pink, white, yellow.

"Miss M.'s is the same.

"Mr. M.'s, green, white, a little purple because of grief, and some red. Strong character there.

"Girl on A. D.'s right, very, very good; lots of white, yellow and pink.

"Myrtle's, green, white, pink, and blue. That is originality."

Do you remember Harry's colour?

"He is, in the astral body, on my lap now, so I do not see his aura."

April 29—Emerson

"Now I will, if the scholar-girl desires it, tell the meaning, intent, purpose, of her subdued aura." (The scholar-girl was a University student who was present.)

"I see there a circle of yellow, a smaller one of green, one smaller still of pink, a star of white, and all lit with the eternal splendour of blue and pink.

"These pearls of thought, not thrown to swine, or dissolved in wine, I depart to come again when the winds whine not." (The weather was gusty.)

Why, Mr. Emerson, do you speak of the aura you have now described as being subdued?

"Colours, subdued by that dynamic energy in the character, of the softened effort of clear thought in reflection and repose; for the quiet surface of the deepest pool is one of calm silence. Good-bye."

Dorothy gave a description of this aura as follows:

May 19—Dorothy

"This is how she appears on Hartley's machine: Yellow, blue, pink, red, much green, and, around the outer circle, a narrow band of white.

"Mrs. Abbott's is the aura of the mother, pink, yellow, white. She is in harmony with the eternal. We love her."

The subject of travel and transportation occurring to me, I became curious to know all about it, and so asked Coleridge. Elsewhere, Hubbard states that he has a horse which carries him swiftly over the plains of that Paradise where the good horses go. Further light is elicited in the following colloquy:—

April 21—Coleridge

Do you have ships and navigation?

"Navigation of thought. No ponderable things like ships necessary."

Are there no means of locomotion like trains, etc.?

"No, no, no!"

Then your wings are thought?

"Of course, we can travel to places in the body, but it is merely the result of a whim."

In travelling slowly, do you simply think yourselves along?

"We come to you in thought projection. We usually do the same on this plane."

If you wish then, you can visit your friends on your own plane?

"Yes; or they us."

Do you not see them unless you are near them?

"As we see, thought and vision are closely allied here."

Are thought and vision due to nearly the same rates of vibration?

"Yes."

February 10—Dorothy

Is there a great variety of languages on your plane?

"The same as in your world, but we combine all languages."

Do you mean through thought?

"Yes, and thought essence."

Do you have rain, snow and frost as we do?

"No."

Then do plants grow there without rain?

"We have moisture, dews."

Have you the sun, moon and stars there, as we have?

"Yes."

Do you feel the heat of the sun as we do here?

"We control all such conditions by thought."

Is medicine used there?

"Yes. Elixirs. Water here too." . . .

Has every plane its corresponding valley?

"Yes. All." . . .

Are there towns and cities over there?

"No. We live in groups."

Not in families in separate homes?

"In groups."

Families are not together in definite groups?

"No. No!"

Case of "birds of a feather flock together!"

"Yes, if you want to be graphic."

Have you met Canada's great woman poet, Isabella Valancy Crawford?

"No. She is on the thirtieth plane. A beautiful poet."

Is she so regarded over there?

"Very much so."

February 10—Hubbard

Please tell us how you know the future?

"We see causes set in motion. . . ."

How far are you from us?

"About 500 miles."

But the astral plane is right here, is it not?

"I am about 500 miles above the earth plane. I am home, but my thought is projected to you."

Tell us exactly what you mean by "home" on the astral plane?

"Residence. We have our nooks. Twenty is the average group in a home. Mother is in our group. She knew she could reach you through such a group. That is her reason for living with us."

Can you live with any group you like?

"Yes, but governed by character."

January 27—Shelley

What is your particular reason for coming to us to-night?

"To obey Albert's mother. Desires are commands here."

Have you known Mother long?

"Met her at my talk one year ago."

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

There is presented here, as the reader has observed, a picture of life in a very definite environment. The fact which most of all impresses one is the entire elimination of economic questions from their thought, so that to those of the Twentieth Plane, there is no threat to self in service of others, as is so often the case on the earth plane.

There is no night there in the sense of gross darkness, and yet the sacred stillness and the quiet rest that so hallow our earth nights when long twilights prevail, with beautiful pink and purple sunsets, and opal and emerald dawns, are not only present there, they are common.

And there is food as ideal and ambrosial as our poor imagination could paint. There is clothing that leaves the form divine untrammelled, while it flows in filmy folds along the contours of those astral beings whose grace and dignity, whose alertness and repose, are enhanced by the caresses of its soft enfoldment. And there are silken couches of rest. There are landscapes, peaceful valleys and rugged mountains, rivers and waterfalls, bays and seas. There are birds that sing a sweeter music than we have ever dreamed, and the heart listens, if the heart be pure, to the music of the spheres.

There are ministries of joy and sacrifice. There is hospitality, so that, for the daily meal, ten chairs are set more than the group of resident astrals need, that no stranger who may come in may feel unwelcome.

Their chief occupation is helpfulness. They are ministering spirits, who go out in helpful service to those who, on earth plane, or other planes of need, are longing for inspiration, the wooing kiss of the divine that fills the soul with emotion and vision, and builds the structures of life to heights of wisdom and love and power. But education is another great interest on the Twentieth Plane. To arrive there is to enter the university, and so important is truth in their minds that Lincoln says universities will be far more important institutions in the future of earth plane than they have been in the past.

And there are all ministries there of which "the highest is no higher than the humblest." Only those who are not hospitable to the harmonies of that sphere fail for a time to enter the glories and inspirations of that noble life. The valley is a sort of hospital where the sight is treated, the ear opened to the music of the world, of which the great silences are the sum, just as white is the sum of all the rays of light.

All the beautiful things that inspire and thrill our lives here, are there too. Art and Music, Poetry and the Drama, Philosophy and Religion, have there a home; and binding and crowning all with a radiance that words cannot reveal, the harmonious joy and strength of a love that knows no jealousies, so that self is forgotten in love-service.

" There is, in the earth plane, another plane or nation. This plane is one of great men, a country to which they come when they attain certain vision. When great men come to this plane, they know no country, nationality or creed; they belong to the democracy of the universal."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

CONVERSATION

If a multitude of people were separated from the common mass of humanity by an insurmountable barrier,—"a great gulf fixed"—and prevented from communicating with them for centuries, they would in time develop variations in language increasing with the years, till at last, their old language would be to them what the old Aryan tongue is now to us, the basis of our language, but no more.

Now such a process of variation may be imagined as being in operation on the Twentieth Plane. New idioms and new phrases would come into use, making their speech, to us, who hear it after the lapse of centuries, picturesque, and giving to it a colour and freshness which to us would come as a wonderful breeze of originality.

We know too that whatever takes form in a language must have a foundation in thought. If we are to contemplate such a place and people and language, we are compelled to expect a vividness and freshness of style, matter, expression and illustration such as would inspire with a constant delight, wonder and surprise.

But, since those on the Twentieth Plane are determined that we shall understand them, they are obliged to convey their thoughts to us in terms that

we clearly comprehend. Hence we are not likely to hear their speech in its full flowing of originality. And yet, some evidence of such changes in language would inevitably transpire, furnishing examples of the variation to which we have referred.

The present chapter is devoted to an examination of the dialogues with the hope that we shall discover the truth about the language of the Twentieth Plane. One of the most striking expressions describes my son as " The boy of Watson," my daughter as " The girl of Watson." On another occasion my son was termed " the boy-man," another young friend was termed the scholar-girl, and many such peculiar expressions were used on various occasions.

On the first evening of our investigations, a phrase came over that lies in the borderland between real originality and the colloquialism of the alert masses. When my mother's former prejudices against the Roman Church were referred to by me, she replied:

" I unrolled that streak."

Such a phrase, by calling up a vivid picture, gives a somewhat dramatic force to the thought expressed.

Another illustration of the graphic nature of the language on the Twentieth Plane came over when I inquired why I could not get results with the board myself. The significant reply of my mother was:

" You are heavy ballasted, Louis floats."

When asked further as to my engaging in Psychical pursuits, the reply came:

"You must seek for most things, but this will seek you when you need it."

Here also the picture method is employed.

One of the most common features of the language used in the dialogues is the large significance of thought conveyed by few words. Thus Mother stated in our first meeting, January 20th, that

"Shelley looked on earth as other men look here."

The same was said later of Dante. One sees at once the wistful face of the wonder-souled boy-poet, and also the love-illumined eyes of the morning star of the Italian renaissance. Asked if she had seen Keats, the reply came:

"He is on Shakespeare's plane; his spiritual son. Very much higher."

We were taking refreshment, so I asked Mother if she would not have some.

"I will take a little love-beverage,"

she replied. Hubbard had such an exhaustless vocabulary when on earth that his words must be reserved chiefly as examples of personal characteristics, but one answer is given here because it seems to be one that must have been used before.

January 20—Hubbard

Where did you meet Mother?

"At Shelley's lecture."

What was the lecture like?

"The eloquence of Ingersoll, the wisdom of Whitman, the imagery of Keats, and then some."

The last answer seems to have been thought out. The slang at the end may have been simply an earth characteristic retained on the astral plane, but I was not sufficiently well acquainted with Hubbard as a conversationalist to know his habit in relation to this rather commonplace slang.

Speaking of poems, by various persons, on *The Skylark,* Shelley said that one written by Keats, since he passed over, was far finer than that written by Hogg on the earth-plane. As Hogg was present and heard this remark, Dorothy added, by way of explanation:—

February 10—Dorothy

"Hogg does not mind; candour is the soul's life."

. . . . . .

Miss Wordsworth, many of your brother's poems have been criticized as being very simple, almost commonplace, while others are really very great. Is the criticism a valid one?

"Spontaneity is a blessing."

This way of passing over the particular fact as of no moment and presenting the general principle is one of the most important methods of the Twentieth Plane. It constantly recurs in the dialogues.

CONVERSATION

April 13—Mother

I am profoundly impressed by the communications we are receiving. They seem to be truly revelations.

"They are very important."

Do those of the Twentieth Plane feel as we do about them?

"Yes, it is a startling thing to us all; more so than to you."

It is very gratifying to me to hear all of your group speak of you as they do.

"I am a sister of God."

March 17—Carlyle

I want to thank you for *Sartor Resartus.*

"I am humble in the greatness of that book. I thank myself for it."

How? In what sense do you mean it?

"I forgot self when writing it."

You find Emerson congenial, do you not?

"Always did. Our earth letters show that."

Do you remember Dr. George Sexton calling on you?

"Yes; he was a great psychic. He was in my sound-proof room. He ate gingerbread with me, then we talked of the French Revolution. Smoked infinite tobacco; stunk with it. Taboo now, as Elbert says."

Do you find it a great deprivation?

"No."

Does one feel a desire for stimulants on the astral planes if one has had the appetite here?

"For a period."

Have you met Tennyson?

"Yes; on this plane."

Browning?

"Higher."

Is Browning with Keats?

"No."

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

The earth-plane, having been described as the fifth plane, I asked:—

March 31—Dorothy

What about the four planes below the earth-plane? My thought about them is hazy.

"They are hazy planes. Let it go at that."

. . . . . .

Do inhabitants diminish in number on the higher planes?

"On planes near the fifth, more people than here. The ratio increases till the tenth is reached. On 1000th, there are very few. You know, types like Plato, Socrates, Bahai, etc. There is no end of progress, but we cannot comprehend beyond the 1000th."

Is there much difference between successive planes?

"Yes; as between people on your plane. The numbering is done in an effort to show the steps of a ladder, as it were, but only in a general sense; not arbitrarily at all. Just a symbol system."

Are all systems of numbering astral planes and sub-planes also merely symbolical?

"Arbitrary. Too supposedly exact, and therefore erroneous. Stumbling to light through the darkness."

April 6—Emerson

I suppose it does not matter just how one numbers them?

"Freedom is a beacon light which says, 'Ever on.'"

There is no end to their number?

"No."

There is no end to any good?

"No. I must leave. I wave a hand of love. I will return. Good-bye."

One pleasant feature of the language of the Twen-

tieth Plane has its deepest foundation in a certain rare courtesy which seems not to be rare in the group that is most in communication with us. I refer to numerous descriptive or complimentary designations by which those on the astral heights speak of us. A few of these improvised designations are added here.

" Little Jewel of Light," " Sparkling Soul," " Her of the brilliant aura," " Little Sparklet," " Dimple of Sunshine," " Purity," " Devotion." These were all, as may be inferred from their character, applied to women and children. Those, chiefly, who used these designations were Dorothy Wordsworth, Shelley, and Hartley Coleridge. Special titles applied to those of the sterner sex were mostly improvised by Elbert Hubbard, and are more appropriate to the chapter on Characteristics of Personages.

Some of the most beautiful language used by these illuminati emerged in their opening and closing words. Many such examples occur in the next chapter. Mother so often introduced others or closed the proceedings, that it became her special function to utter beautiful messages, and she used the opportunity with great skill. Those who knew her should remember that even admitting authenticity, the personalities are greatly changed by development.

April 21—Father

" Now, my Son, a little message from Mr. Clare, then we seek the silken couches of rest." (Mr. Clare is my wife's father.)

"Now, my Boy, I will, as the star does, go, but come again in the heaven of your mind."

Same date—Coleridge

"The day was gray, but then our thoughts were of the light behind the cloud. Is this not like life? I am here as, I am sure, a welcome guest from the Twentieth Plane. I will simply say, S. T. C."

On a great many occasions tests were proposed from the Twentieth Plane, and these were very often concerned with language and literature. The historic setting also afforded many good tests, which, while not entirely conclusive, were a part of the colour and atmosphere of the evidence. Thus Shelley's reference to the harpsichord, page 131; Shakespeare's reference to the ships of Drake, page 98; Sappho's allusion to the Peripatetics, page 140. Sometimes a casual allusion afterwards gleamed out in the guise of a very good point of evidence, as when Walter Pater said that Victor Hugo had compared Shakespeare with the ocean. It developed during the next week that Victor Hugo's book one, chapter two, in volume six of his works, Guernsey edition, is just such a comparison. The chapter is contained in one page and the splendour of its artistry is such as to warrant its inclusion here in full:—

"There are men, oceans in reality. These waves; this ebb and flow; this terrible go and come; this noise of every gust; these lights and shadows; these vegetations belonging to the gulf; this democracy of clouds in full hurricane; these eagles

in the foam; these wonderful gatherings of clouds reflected in one knows not what mysterious crowd by millions of luminous specks, heads confused with the innumerable; those grand errant lightnings which seem to watch; these huge sobs; these monsters glimpsed at; this roaring, disturbing these nights of darkness; these furies, these frenzies, these tempests, these rocks, these shipwrecks, these fleets crushing each other, these human thunders mixed with divine thunders, this blood in the abyss; then these graces, these sweetnesses, these fêtes, these gay white veils, these fishing-boats, these songs in the uproar, these splendid ports, this smoke of the earth, these towns in the horizon, this deep blue of water and sky, this useful sharpness, this bitterness which renders the universe wholesome, this rough salt without which all would putrefy, these angers and assuagings, this whole in one, this unexpected in the immutable, this vast marvel of monotony inexhaustibly varied, this level after that earthquake, these hells and these paradises of immensity eternally agitated, this infinite, this unfathomable,—all this can exist in one spirit; and then this spirit is called genius, and you have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare; and looking at these minds is the same thing as to look at the ocean."

The reader will surmise that I have not quoted this chapter, page, sentence, entire, merely to show that Walter Pater was really talking and that his test was verified. It is embodied here because, besides being evidence, (not conclusive evidence of course, there can be no such evidence in the nature of the case) it furnishes an excellent example of that ideographic, or picture language which seems to be so entirely the Twentieth Plane expedient for conveying thought.

It will be best to develop this idea by the use of the dialogues. Incidentally, a conundrum of perennial interest to the literary world is apparently solved.

May 11—Dorothy

"We have a great surprise for you all. You could not guess in a hundred years who will speak. We had to beseech him. We always have a definite purpose in our work. This is interesting and will clear up a mystery. Who is it? We know you cannot guess, so here I introduce in Twentieth Plane love, Edmund Burke."

May 11—Edmund Burke

"I greet you all as brothers. This is my pleasure, the pleasure of an old Irish statesman, for Erin was the island of my dreams. I come to give the secret which oft lay on my heart when on your plane, and which I had not the power to reveal before the change called death came knocking at my door. I wish this taken down exactly.

"*I was the author of the Letters of Junius.* Now, Doctor, I will in every way answer questions to substantiate my statement."

I believe the letters are generally attributed to Sir Philip Francis.

"A man named George Gilfillan made some research and hit the truth. He refers to John Wilkins. John Wilkins and self were the authors. I was the phrase-maker. John Wilkins outlined the thought."

Was this George Gilfillan who wrote "The Bards of The Bible"?[1]

[1] "We could quote fifty pithy sentences from Junius and from Burke which placed in parallel columns would convince an unprejudiced critic that they came from the same mind." Gilfillan's Literary Portraits. Everyman's, page 181.

"I believe so."

Have you been suggested as the author elsewhere?

"I think I was. Not sure."

Then we are to understand that you and Wilkins were the authors?

"Positively, yes."

Are you in touch with the Irish question?

"Yes; very much so. They tell me to tell you this, as of interest, I come from the Twenty-first Plane."

Are there other statesmen on that plane?

"Yes; statesmen of light and imagination who applied poetical principles of statesmanship to practical questions; such as Pitt, Fox, etc."

These are with you?

"Yes."

(Here there was an interruption for which I expressed regrets.)

"It allowed Hartley to adjust machine to higher rate of vibration. Now I will correct error. The name Wilkins should have been John Wilkes. I will give the basis of a system whereby the mystery of the letters may, from your standpoint, be cleared up. Many similar ideas and principles found in my French Revolution and the Philosophy of the Sublime and the Beautiful you will find disguised in the Junius letters."

Are you engaged much as a public speaker now, Mr. Burke?

"Yes, but do not call me Mr. or Monsieur, or Signor. Call me 'Burke.'"

Is there much writing there?

"None except of records. Not books."

Keats wrote a poem there, did he not?

"But poems not collected."

Dora has a copy, I understand.

"The voice is a better medium than the cold page."

But the voice is evanescent; the cold page, permanent.

"I meant here. We can recall all at the behest of desire. We have all the libraries here in counterpart. Sanskrit is preserved as the most sacred language."

When Sappho spoke to us she used English.

"As the medium, so the language. Thought belongs to the universal. Our thinking is as your music, the language understood by all. . . . We speak with the glance of an eye, the heaving of the bosom, the walk of courage, the head held high. I will quote a translation now from the Greek, to express my thought:

" 'Behold Æschylus as he strides along, his head erect, a man above them all.'

" The body, the effort, the thought here is a part of the language."

You have met Fox?

"And Chatham the elder. Walpole is here."

Do you live in groups on the Twenty-first Plane?

" Yes; groups. Your group is something like ours here. Those of the same rate of vibration and the same pitch and key-note are naturally singing together in groups."

Do you visit Plane Twenty?

" Yes."

Is the landscape there similar to yours?

" Things become to us shrines of everlasting grandeur."

Is that on the Twenty-first Plane?

" On the Twentieth too. As the moon observed in the Venetian city from a gondola is more beautiful than the moon of the desert, so the splendour of this plane is more sublime than that of the Venetian sky."

Have you any interest in the Irish question?

" Yes. But it is in chaotic form, so let the cauldron boil. The residue will be pure gold."

Was Parnell a really great man?

"Very. And she was his viper.

"Stung him to death. How cruel the vampire when it sucks blood! Reason, sense, dignity, courage, the control of high purpose all gone."

The love worth while should stimulate these; should it not?

"Yes. And now I must go and think thoughts for oration. May I come again with Fox?"

May 11—Mother

"I was back of his coming. I try to be the guide of them to you, and never have I regretted a single act performed in the spirit of this plane."

Some idea of what is necessary in a psychic circle may be obtained from the first paragraph of the following dialogue, in which an important meeting is arranged and the personnel of the gathering is adequately provided for:—

May 11—Shelley

"Will Purity be there? It is of importance. And as the centre from which to draw intellectual energy, we want the girl-scholar; and, of course, Devotion, and Service, and all in this room without a single exception. Let death be your only reason for absence."

Was Kate Wordsworth, of whom Dorothy spoke, the wife of her nephew, Charles Wordsworth?

"More of her anon."

What colour is Dorothy's hair?

"As the sun burnished by Jove."

Her eyes?

"As the blue depths of the Morning's glory."

Her gown?

" Drapery of flowing clouds of white."

I always thought Mrs. Eddy a very beautiful soul.

" But Edith Cavell, when she came here, and wakened amid the flowers and trees of this plane, was perhaps the most wonderful vision of beauty in repose that we have ever seen. Dora is a wild pagan of glory. Mary is the quiet beauty of thought; Edith is the sleeping beauty of time.

" Now, brother quill-user, I will depart. The pool you saw was vision of this plane reconverted to you.[1] Water finds its level. And now, in your eyes the Twentieth Plane comprehension, in your soul the spirit of our life, in your life the idealism back of the purpose of things . . . all in contact are along the road to immortality, so be not faint."

The reader will appreciate the impossibility of presenting matter from the dialogues pertaining to one particular theme without showing in it many things of ulterior interest. The multiplex lights that shimmer in these prisms of speech may detract the reader's attention from the qualities of the sentences in which they are embodied, but at least it will be seen that there is much originality in the style, and especially in the nature of the pictures presented. The language of the Twentieth Plane is essentially picturesque.

The lesson is one we too might learn. To find in pictures the chief interpreters of life would give a

[1] This was a reference to a line I discovered in my consciousness on waking a day or two previously. " The silvery pool that dreams in the moonlight."

verbal vividness to our literature, which is too often childishly imitative. Instead of making pictures of life we make only pictures of pictures.

From the examples cited, it will be seen that the language of the Twentieth Plane, as it is revealed to us, has those peculiar qualities pertaining to a translated speech. Is it the language of those who, having been long accustomed to a universal speech foreign to ours, see the pictures they paint before they utter their descriptions in words, but do not, as we so often do, proceed to the use of words till they see that the pictures their imaginations create have some true resemblance to their thought? Their conversation suggests to me a universal Twentieth Plane language, one not in use on the earth plane.

May 26—Wordsworth

"Love is gleaming here on the flagpole of our higher purpose."

"When a silver bugle disturbs the quiet air here, birds stop to listen to the silvery sound."

May 26—Coleridge

"Love is cosmic energy flowing silently, harmoniously, to a higher source and back again as the clock-ball swings from side to side.

"Love flows from God. It is always silent, strong, harmonious, noble, and is the thinking of God in the central portion of His Universe.

"Love is God happy. Love is God serene. Love is the tear of joy on the eyelashes of God."

The next most remarkable quality of Twentieth Plane converse is a certain parenthetic characteristic. Nowhere else have I ever found this quality so much in evidence. The speaker often splits a sentence as one splits a log with a wedge, driving a subsidiary thought most unexpectedly into the very heart of a longer sentence. I thought at first that Coleridge was the chief one to manifest this characteristic, and that the others who showed the same quality might have been led to do so by listening to his speech, but the habit is too general for such an explanation, and I fancy it comes of using a language which is like a literal translation of the thought, with very few idioms employed.

A very characteristic example will serve to show this quality:—

July 6—Coleridge

"I want to ask the Scholar-girl a question:

"In writing the history of an epoch, where have the historians of the past,—granting the greatness of Gibbon and Green and all others—failed?

"The failure has been,—and see later how this will fit in with my suggestion of study—History has been written of great characters, men and women of wealth; not of the nation en masse, but of the princes of the aristocracy. Now, in every epoch, and increasingly so, the most important factor in evolution has not been the great character, the aristocrat, but the poor, the masses, their needs and desires; I mean History has been written of the minority while the majority was the controlling factor in evolution."

CONVERSATION

July 7—George Eliot

Can one describe a character in fiction and make that character better than his own?

"We can never express all we are. I wrote the full picture, not as recent novelists write, not mere lines, dabs and question marks.

"Do you know the one from whom I took the pseudonym of Georgie? It was taken bodily with malice aforethought from—I am witty now, trying to be—from Georgie Sand. I admired her very much.

"Do you know the name of my last husband?"

Was it not Cross?

"He was a character of peculiar interest to me because I was only with him for eight months. He was never satisfied, never in sympathy with one's literary work. He is here with me now, and will speak soon."

Here George Eliot evinces another characteristic elsewhere referred to, namely, frankness. Mr. Cross did not seem to be hurt by this remark, though we have not at this writing heard him speak. We assume that so profound an ethicist would not have said a thing that would hurt a friend, who must have been on the Twentieth Plane because of his desire of being with her, since he was not in sympathy with her literary work.

There is little doubt that the restrictions or resistance of inadequate language-symbols constituted a real obstruction to our investigations at times. Possibly the higher the resistance the greater the illumination as is the case with the electric current.

But if the resistance be too great, the whole process of illumination ceases, so we hear from Sir Edwin Arnold:—

June 23—Edwin Arnold

"There are many rajahs here, but they are not able to communicate through an occidental instrument."

How did you like India?

"I often said, this is my true home. Will the great Indian aura still converse with me?" (Arnold referred here to the Indian poet Akali—Kartar Singh—who was with us at the time.) "Is this not a teaching of India? The soul climbs to a higher altitude when thought is noble and breathing is deep."

In proceeding, Arnold not only taught a law of the east, but gave an example of the parenthetic method referred to in this study:—

"All Brahmins realize that the utterance of prayers in measured time gains, because of the self-control this engenders, greater force as the prayer is issuing from the soul, until at the end of the exaltation, almost complete soul-detachment is attained."

Then prayer is really a unison with the divine, a realization of the divine will?

"This is so true that India may almost despair of the Occident when she realizes that the Occident dissipates nearly all its divine energy. . . .

"India is going to come to her own at one great bound within the next ten years, and this will be the process: At the close of the earth conflict, Great Britain will grant to India home rule. Then the great Indian centres, such as Bombay, will

found institutions where the great Indian thinkers will prepare missionaries to their own people and spread religious truth both east and west. . . . Caste will be the greatest obstacle."

It was explained subsequently that the reason for the inability of the rajahs to speak through an occidental instrument was not because of the difference of language, but of points of view. They seem to be philosophically less centred in phenomena than we. The claims made on other occasions would lead us to suppose that our particular Instrument might have succeeded in mediating the thoughts of the rajahs more effectively than Arnold dreamed.

Is there anything you wish to say, Mother?

"Yes. I love you tenderly.

"We are preparing to receive thousands from the earth-plane, and we are resolved to give our best to these souls just arrived."

—*Mother.*

A NOOK FOR MOTHER

ACCORDING to every canon of fitness, the first Twentieth Plane personality who should be carefully studied here is my mother. It was through her patient effort long continued that a nexus was first established between the Twentieth Plane and ours, which latter plane is known to them as the fifth. The news of this event seems to have been something of a sensation on the Twentieth Plane, for several persons have spoken to us of the news having reached them that such communication had been opened.

Here, unfortunately, messages from my mother are not, except to me, very evidential. Mother is not known to fame, however worthy of it. At this time, I do not care to take the reader into my confidence by showing him the quality of her greatness. Let her characteristics of mind and heart repose in their strength and solitude where only those who knew her well and, therefore, loved her much may cherish her memory.

The dialogues themselves will unveil a measure of her fine restraint. The reader must, therefore, imagine the personal power lying behind those simple but eager words in which she expresses a certain calmness and intensity. The fact that she is speaking to her son gives occasion for more ardour than others have ever observed in her address. This may detract

from the evidential value of her words, for that fine self-restraint which is usually acquired in a university or other department of the school of life was hers always. This was true of her from the days when as a child on the English coast of Suffolk, she "wantoned with the breakers" at Covehythe, even till that day when, arriving by train alone in this city, she lay down in sleep and waked serene to the vision of the "soft, pink twilight," the waterfall that "spills over crystal rocks," the Alpine uplift of the distant landscape, and the sound of the sphere-music of a new homeland.

Her mind and movement were alert and active to the last hour. Dorothy Wordsworth, in a trance-talk described her aptly:

"I well remember seeing her for the first time. My attention and interest were aroused by a sprightly form walking down the street with lithe movement and erect bearing, and I felt that here was a noble woman I should love to know."

I should hesitate to present this chapter for the reader's consideration were it not in consciousness of the fact that probably he too has a mother who would regard him as "a monument to a mother's ideal." Moreover, it seems necessary to provide a "scene" or setting for that play of restfulness and power evidenced in all those dialogues where she appears. Those who are seeking more minute or exact evidence from the view-point of personal characteristics, will

find it, such as it is, in the next chapter, nevertheless, it is hoped that the present briefer one may not be without value to all who have climbed to a large appreciation of a true mother's love and tenderness.

January 20—Mother

"Keep your voice low. Light comes where there is least disturbance."

January 27—Mother

Is there anything you wish to say, Mother?

"Yes; I love you tenderly."

. . . . . ■ ■

Do you like Shelley?

"Yes."

Do you like everybody?

"No."

Did we disturb you by calling you to-night?

"Yes. I wanted to be disturbed."

. . . . . .

Do any on the astral planes personate well-known people, and does it occur often?

"Yes, from first astral planes. Not from this plane."

You spoke of the first astral planes. Are they numbered, and if so, which are you on?

"Yes; about the twentieth."

I asked about a mutual friend.

"He walks the valley of burning chaff."

Shall we not all have much chaff of non-essentials to consume?

"Yes. But not so much as mortals think. Some can hardly forget money. It nearly damns them. It is a drag. It seals them up. Then they have to thaw out in the valley."

Is Byron with you?

"He is in the valley straightening his crookèd leg."

You mean his club foot?

"No. I am speaking figuratively."

February 10—Mother

"The gentle touch of evening be o'er your souls. I am here again, dear son Albert. Oh, be gentle, dear folks, I require calmness. Ask the question in your heart, dear boy."

Ingersoll says he teaches in a college. Is that on your plane, the twentieth, Mother?

"Yes. I go to lectures there."

Are Ingersoll, Emerson, and Carlyle of a separate group from yours?

"Yes. They are of three different groups."

February 18—Mother

"Dear, dear Albert, Mother is here. Hush all the tremblings of earth influences. Be as passive as a little child asleep. Ask all questions, my son."

Does the aura disappear when we sleep?

"Not always, but it takes journeys."

Does it usually leave the physical body during sleep?

"No. Only in dreams, especially some dreams, but not full-stomach dreams."

Just in dreams of exaltation?

"Yes."

Do the colours of auras change?

"Changing like sunlight and shadow on the bosom of a lake."

March 17—Mother

"My boy Albert, I am again in your circle of love. Greetings of fraternal love from the Mother group. Ask all ques-

tions, but remember that Jesus was as gentle as a child. Be amid the soft white meshes of His spirit."

How is our group to-night, Mother?

"As usual, very good. . . . Abbott, and Son are extremely powerful."

I want you to know also our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Saunders.

"I delight to meet them. I kiss them in holy Twentieth Plane love."

Give our love to all members of your group.

"They have it."

Will you tell us of Harry's aura?

"His aura is blue, pink, yellow, and a wee tiny speck of white. That white is from God and will grow."

Louis' aura?

"Purple, the colour that soars, pink, blue and red. You know, lots of courage."

Have the lower animals auras?

"Yes; especially those that come in contact with humans."

Do they also have astral bodies?

"Some only. The horse has."

Do you know, Mother, whether the answers we have received have been influenced to any extent by the instrument?

"They have slightly."

. . . . . .

Mother, do you ever think of the old homestead?

"Yes, and the trees which, near the door, I loved so well."

When I go there, I think of the flowers you used to care for so tenderly.

"Yes, they are now in Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant.'"

I go out often. Did you know?

"I missed your colour there for some weeks now."

(I had not been out during the winter because of the deep snow.)

The clock struck the hour of midnight.

"Was that a bell I heard just now?"

It was our clock striking.

"Well, well!"

Do you not think it has a beautiful sound?

"The climax of harmony in a chorus of angels."

We have not heard from Shelley for some time.

"He will come on a special evening in your office, and the following conditions are to be observed: You, Louis, and Myrtle alone on the board for a Shelley time when you desire it." (See Poetry.)

Having been asked a question of a philosophic trend one evening (April 6th) Mother answered:

"Yes; but, my boy, you would have me a philosopher, while I would be a mother. O Albert, I want to love you so much. You are as Ingersoll just said, a monument to a mother's ideal. May I go now so as to rest for the time of times of the morrow?"

April 6—Mother

"The group—I suppose I may say, my group—are sitting now in a valley. Above are many trees. The side of the hill is carpeted with grass. We can hear a waterfall spill over crystal rocks, and birds are fluttering here and there. Now in this lovely scene of nature, you attuned to us, we to your group, whom will you have converse?"

Mother, will you tell us whether these scenes arouse in you lofty thoughts and feelings, that is, do they act chiefly as symbols, or are they just objects and no more?

"I see all the vision such things arouse in my soul."

Does Dorothy see exactly what you see?

"A little more, for she is a poet."

Would Ingersoll see something different?

"Coleridge will answer." (Coleridge speaks.)

"A great painting on your plane will reflect to the faculty of perception just exactly all the Art one has in his make-up."

I understand. The basis of the actual is as real in that scene in which you are the actors as in the painting of which you speak.

" Precisely so."

Here may be noted, not only the statement of a principle in answer to a question of particulars, referred to in the last chapter, but also a feature in my mother's character which found many similar illustrations throughout these dialogues, viz., the modest reference, to one more competent to deal with them, of all questions of a philosophic, scientific, or subtly artistic nature. Yet here as well as elsewhere, Mother shows by her own answers that she has a fine working knowledge of the principles which underlie all these questions. She refers them to others because she wishes us to have a more orderly statement of them than she is accustomed or even qualified to give.

It is in her opening and closing remarks that Mother usually gives us the most beautifully restful words. Here is one of her closing messages in which she alludes to a coming reunion:—

April 13—Mother

" Well, my Boy, the hour has struck, but in withdrawing, before I pull the silken curtains of my departure, I say, as your father told me to say: 'Albert, this place is far beyond the most beautiful vision in *" Love and the Universe."* ' So I

leave; you will be here; what could make a mother happier? Dora has Harry, but she will kiss him and give him to Devotion. Good-bye."

April 21—Mother

"My boy, I come in the soft meshes of love to you. How are you, Albert, my boy?"

I am exalted and happy. Do you know the *Mother* poem I have written for you?

"Yes. I lay the tribute of my love on your breast for such sweet token of your life in tune with mine, dear boy."

The chapter also on *Mother* in the book? Do you like it?

"Well, I will say this: Yes. No. You see, dear son, you say I am worthy of the greatest place, but, Albert, I here feel more humble each little while."

Well, I will take the responsibility for that part of the chapter.

"Well, so be it."

Coleridge is great.

"We call him here, 'the brilliant mind.' Once we saw flames belch from his eyes."

Indicating what?

"That he was a volcano of truth."

May 4—Mother

"Albert, my own, here I am as one who just softly came to kiss the darling of her dreams in wakeful and quiet moments.

"Dora says I often mention your name when in the lap of a restful reverie. And so, Dear Albert, I speak to you the words of a mother's love."

May 5—Dorothy

"I come as a little girl carrying a message from your mother. Shall I read it? This parchment reads: 'Dear Al-

bert: Mother stepped aside to allow the men of wisdom to converse, but she is happy in the knowledge that you and all the souls in the circle of your home are being lifted up to the heaven where all things love God.' "

Mother's Day—May 5—Mother

" You and we will now rise from the couches of rest and enter the circle of larger thought. This was the key-note of this Mother-evening suggested by Samuel (Coleridge) to me, my boy.

" Now, I will give the Mother-prayer which in the silence of this higher life, the agents of the divine, sang to my soul.

" To Mothers everywhere:

" I kiss the heart of the maternal, and say to the God of all, it is all in all to be a mother. On the mountain top just as the day breaks, one sees the heavens lighted from angel eyes, but this is not nearly as sublime as the light in the eye of a mother for her child. So to the Being of all I send the spirit of thankful women. It is the highest station in life to be the valley through which crept one of the souls of men. This is the function of the mother. Mothers are humble through pain, worry, and the misery of anticipation of the long waiting, and often then, the ideal crashed to pieces at the base of the cliff of earth-life, but God said it is well, so I, in the mother's prayer, simply say, as Jesus did, ' Thy will be done.' "

After Coleridge had dictated the dedicatory note found on the fly-leaf of this volume, Mother continued the conversation:—

June 7—Mother

The evening opened with the following words from Mother:

"My boy Albert, again I come to you. O Son, be in my spirit. This is your true dwelling place. I am glad when I see your faith. Dora this day said to me this: 'It is not so wonderful that the communications have come through, as is the slight amount of error which has occurred all through.'

"I am to you, O Son, the same dear Mother of other days, and you in a sense will always be to me a boy.

"Now, my boy, I just lay (my) astral head on your bosom. I am always with you. Your father too. We often see the home you are coming to. We call it Albert's place. You see how near I am to you. . . .

"Dora wants you to be sure to get description of homes here into the book. . . .

"We are preparing to receive thousands from the earth plane, and we are resolved to give our best to these souls just arrived."

I trust the reader will receive these messages of love which came to me, as if they had come to himself out of the beautiful silences and been welcomed to his own heart. Apart from the consideration of their authenticity, he will thus be most likely to give to them their proper value as evidence, and welcome them as agencies of love that lives somewhere, and offers itself in gladness to his human heart.

"I am anchored here like the ships of Drake."

"I will be a silent listener in the house of the immensities of my God."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Edith Cavell, when she came here, and wakened amid the flowers and trees of this plane, was perhaps the most wonderful vision of beauty in repose that we have ever seen. Dora is a wild pagan of glory. Mary is the quiet beauty of thought. Edith is the sleeping beauty of time."

—*Shelley.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSONAGES

HERE, if anywhere, should be evidence of genuine and authentic communication. Personalities known to all educated people, because of their almost unique qualities of mind and heart and manner, could not put their thoughts and feelings into language for hours while they discoursed on Philosophy, Science, Religion, Art, Music, the Stage, Literature, Poetry, Sculpture, and Politics, without revealing their special modes of thought, style of address, traits, predilections, and the peculiar atmosphere and colour of their individualities, at least to an appreciable degree.

Of all our ethereal guests, none was more picturesque than the Roycroft sage, The Fra, Elbert Hubbard. His boundless vocabulary, native wit, range of knowledge, graphic style, and—I trust he will pardon me—lack of historic accuracy in any scrupulous degree, make him especially valuable as a subject in the study in which we are engaged. We trust, therefore, that the reader is acquainted with the wonderful brilliancy of his earlier articles in *The Philistine,* such as *The Message to Garcia,* and also with his *Little Journeys,* which are probably his best writings.

If the glory of *The White Hyacinth* faded somewhat in the searching light of the Twentieth Plane, we may be glad of the riches that came to him in the

many new friendships of great and noble people. Hubbard calls himself "the war expert," and none other, save the great heart of Lincoln and the war-brain of Kitchener, dares to trespass on that field. He omits no opportunity of predicting the early close of the war. We can forgive this, even though it prove a will-o'-the-wisp. All the members of Mother's Group agreed in this prediction. The reader will have better opportunity to judge of the correctness of this than the present time affords. Most events predicted do take place, though sometimes there is delay in fulfilment. Having no sympathy in most cases with the practise of predicting isolated events, I have not included many such matters. All, however, who have spoken about the war throughout these investigations have seemed to be sure that while the peace negotiations and the readjustments would be late and tedious, the really great field slaughter consequent upon the tremendous offensives of the opposing armies would culminate before the end of the present year, 1918.

The fact that so many people expect death to put them into possession of all knowledge makes it necessary to point out that the failure of a prophecy is no evidence that the communication is unauthentic. Death makes no one omniscient. If the predictions were all fulfilled to the day and the letter, the fact would be a suspicious one and not an evidence of authenticity.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSONAGES

January 27—Hubbard

How do you know the war will end in six months?

"Clouds clearing now."

Which side will be victorious?

"Neither." (This was explained later when Hubbard said that Germany would defeat herself.)

Is this war going to clean up civilization?

"Yes."

In what way?

"Chiefly by the abolition of competition."

Will there be a house representing all the nations?

"Yes. It is in the brain of Wilson now."

What matters will this house deal with?

"All big principles."

Have you lectured on the other plane?

"Yes. On what a fool I was."

What other lectures have you delivered?

"On 'The Wise Man I Am.'"

I suppose startling revelations sometimes come to those arriving on that plane.

"Yes. I danced the Can Can when I came here."

Do you mean that you were angry?

"No. I had joy-bugs. I am the Fra.

"I have met Kitchener."

Is there any question as to his being dead?

"Nix."

February 10—Hubbard

Is Hubbard here?

"Yes. In fear and trembling, Pashas." (Laughter.)

You make us laugh, Hubbard, with your old-time remarks.

"Yes, but laughter is better than milk."

You said two weeks ago that the war will end in six months. Are you sure of this?

"Yes. P-o-s-i-t-i-v-e!" (The indicator was emphatic.)

What will bring it to an end?

"I will be serious now. The prayers and tears of mothers."

Will the allies win?

"Revolution will allow Germany to defeat herself."

What will happen the Kaiser?

"Death by assassination."

When?

"Do not know exactly, but in this year."

(Some were thirsty and water was brought in.)

Will you have a drink?

"I left a glass of grape-wine, and then the torpedo struck us."

Are there any planes below the earth-plane?

"The earth-plane is the fifth."

Are there any wars on the astral plane?

"Yes, in lack of harmony, but no bloodshed."

But even you were peeved the last evening.

"I am serious now, Sir Watson."

How can a thought projection do a physical act?

"Thoughts are things and realities."

Is a thought vibration reduced in frequency so as to be effective on a lower plane?

"Nearly so."

. . . . . .

"One must not underestimate the potential capabilities of the soul of one who is not a genius. There is no such thing as class distinction among the souls of the children of God."

"I met Louis in the physical. I wrote A. D. a letter *re* his book." (These were facts.)

Can you give the date of letter? (Question by another.)

"Cannot remember date nor year nor century. He is squelched!"

(The letter was received in 1908.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSONAGES

April 28—Hubbard

"Say my pal of pals, in the silence of this vale of voice, tell me to tell you that *non compos mentis* is the word to apply to one who with a shrug of the shoulder, a wink of the eye, a snap of the jaw, settles the finalities of all worlds, the problems that are debatable on all planes.

. . . . . .

"You said, Mr. Instrument, you would not like to put that in the book, but Louinski, look here, I knew on earth those in pigskin, human skin, morocco, gold engraved, who came not here though they were in the richest binding of the bookman's art."

February 18—Hubbard

Have you anything to say as to the war situation now, Hubbard?

"Yes. There will be a great naval battle in the very near future."

Will it be of great significance?

"Very, very! It will help smash things all to pieces, and the revolution in Germany will immediately follow. Then the glorious end."

What nations will engage in the naval battle?

"England, and the U. S. versus Germany."

Where will naval battle take place?

"No one knows yet."

The highest naval authority asserts positively that the German fleet was ordered to attack, but refused to obey.

. . . . . .

Is Germany likely to remain a monarchy after the war?

"Yes, for a short time. Say ten years."

Under Hohenzollern rule?

"Yes; they will explain it for a time."

Although Hubbard claims that he sees causes set in motion and therefore knows far better than we what is likely to be the future course of the war, I confess that my habitually skeptical habit compels me to regard the foregoing as merely Hubbard's opinion at the time. I noticed two or three days ago that the German fleet was active, and yesterday the British were reported as exploring the Cattegat. Nevertheless I have little confidence in any one's prediction, but this does not bear upon the authenticity of the message, if it is like Hubbard to have such an opinion and to be cock-sure he is right.

February 24—Hubbard—West Toronto

Is Hubbard here? (Question by another.)

"I am here, old college chum."

It is a long time since I read any of your work.

"But you did read the Philistine and drink coca cola at the same time."

You were going to be an M. D.

"I studied bones."

That was about as far as you got?

"Yep. To the wood-pile when the sun rises is a health receipt of mine."

But I have no wood-pile. What should I do?

"Metaphor, my boy; but clean the spark-plugs of your being; eat good gasoline; accelerate your thought; clean the carbon from your cylinders, and then throw out your chest. You now say gasoline; we used to say benzine—'benzine

buggies,' to be exact. I am endeavouring to prove my actuality by old earth characteristics."

Have you met Ehrlich over there and was he associated with Hata?

"Yes, the little Jap. Yes, he was."

Which was the bigger?

"Scientists go to plane fifteen. Hata was a great assistance to Ehrlich, but only that. Metchnikoff will speak now."

The dialogue continued on sources of contamination in the various organs of the body and treatment of conditions resulting. Then Koch purported to speak re Friedmann and his "turtle serum." Koch said Friedmann was a German spy, discussed bacteriology and predicted that a serum would be discovered within two years for the cure of Tuberculosis. The discoverer would be Car. . . not very sure of the name. He also spoke of wound irrigation. Jenner, of vaccination fame, also spoke. Then Metchnikoff returned speaking as follows:—

February 24—Metchnikoff

"Have you ever thought of the polarity of the human body?"

In what way?

"In sleep, for instance."

Only vaguely.

"Shall I give you a law?"

Yes. By all means.

"Well then, always sleep with head to north. Currents run around the earth from north to south. See the point? East to west is very bad. Why? Conflict with earth field of magnetism."

March 3—Hubbard

What is the greatest inspiration that a writer can have?

"To fondle a subject as a mother does her child."

Where did you get such a vocabulary?

"Where did *you* get it? Kicked into me by hard jolts."

You could not kick it into some people.

"No, but I had some brains."

Hubbard's war reports are sometimes spicy and picturesque, at least to a friend of the Allies.

April 13—Hubbard

"Foch is a genius guided by the spirit of Kitchener. We mean this literally."

What plane is Kitchener on?

"Twentieth—ten and ten. An administrator and statesman is Kitchener."

I understand then that Grant and Sherman were not in the same class with Lincoln and Kitchener?

"Kitchener was something of an idealist. In Egypt he showed that. A certain water system on the Nile is an example."

Can you tell me anything about Lincoln and the Trent affair?

"Yes; he advised against war with England, but Nicolay and Hay give it all."[1]

You do not know?

"No. My present task is war. Don't get this fish out of his element."

We might easily proceed with the Fra to a great length, in view of the abundance of material to which

[1] While Nicolay and Hay give important original letters, Brown's account is even more illuminating.—A. D. W.

we have recourse, but as we shall have to consider some others in this chapter, we must pass to them at once.

March 17—Whitman

I want you to know, if you have not long known, our friends Henry and Helen Saunders.

"I know them. God bless them!"

You know the work Henry Saunders is doing?

"Yes. It is good. I love to remember that they are living in the spirit of my teaching: 'I will have nothing my brother cannot have on the same terms.'"

Do you approve of the publication of your earlier work?

"No." (With great force.)

Why?

"My best work was the last."

. . . . . * *

Do you value any one of your poems more than the others?

"Yes. On Lincoln."

You mean the group?

"Yes. Specially the lilac poem."

Do you like "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"?

"Yes."

Was it inspired by your life story?

"Yes. My life story."

. . . . . *

"What a solemn tread I had when on earth as I walked a-down the corridors of that too-short time on the fifth plane, but, my God, I set echoes of truth flying which will resound to the end of time. Good-bye!"

Ten minutes which he had allowed himself at the beginning of this dialogue had exactly expired,

Whitman was in evidence again on May 5 when the following colloquy ensued:—

May 5—Whitman

"Now, here I come bouncing in. . . . I will give a test to those who know my works as a juggler knows the balls.

"I wrote a line on the grass, and it is my greatest. Can the wiseacres tell me the rest?"

One suggested the line:

"'A leaf of grass is the journey-work of heaven, The handkerchief of the Lord.'

"No. No. No. But tell me the line I would build a monument to. It is:

"'Grass is the uncut hair of graves.'

. . . . . .

"This glorification of departed heroes is rank in the odour of my life. . . . The reason of five hundred miles between you and me is, we practise humility, you should, but you forget to do so."

How shall we develop our humility?

"By being as a little child, eager, alert, alive in faith, clothed in mother-love, and all around, the sky of reason."

Do you not think that monuments to heroes are inspiring to children and young people to make their lives heroic?

"If children will have toys, give them to them. . . . I am here as high as *Captain, my Captain.* The style there was best. Great thought should have the garments of nature, not of fanaticism. . . . Now I leave, but get this in your consciousness: The thunders of thought shake the heavens in proportion as the thoughts are intense, concentrated. Be free, noble, serene. Meet all situations as Bryant, in Thanatopsis, stated one should meet their end."

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSONAGES

Is it possible to have a heart conviction inconsistent with one's intellectual conclusion, or does a feeling intense and enthusiastic prove that all contrary intellectual positions are not conclusive? This question is inspired by the report which I am about to give of a most astonishing experience. The story emerges in the following text of the dialogue:

April 29—Shelley—Shakespeare

Have you seen Mother lately?

" She is here as quiet, serene, and noble as the soul of Joan of Arc. O God, how we love this woman. She is, indeed, a being worthy to dwell in the house of the Master. Shall I tell you of our Master here?

" He came here by desire from the plane of the Jesus group only a day ago; will ascend on the seventh day. He is he whose soul reflects all the emotions, knowledge, light, character, of a being who had a thousand inspirations. His name is Will Shakespeare."

Do I understand that Shakespeare has descended to your plane for seven days?

"And will speak if you read a few lines of his."

(A passage was hastily selected and read from *Henry V.*)

" May I trespass on your bourne? The angle of your thought to me incline."

We are greatly exalted by the thought of your presence.

" I stand here, one honoured beyond his poor measure of deservation, but I come to thee as a brother; this is the marriage of true souls. We meet, part, linger in absence's cruel cave. As the dawn lights up the heavens, we meet, our paths cross, we are again in the family circle. I would that I could give now an inspiring message."

Did Bacon assist you in writing the great dramas?

" Only as the mentor does the scholar, in a scholastic way."

The " scholar-girl " referred to on page 48 suggested here: "Ask him the great question about Hamlet." Before I had time to do so he replied:

" Hamlet was not insane. He was as lucid as the personification of all the truth in life."

Was he a true lover of Ophelia?

" The birds know that."

Why did Hamlet delay the execution of his commission?

" I will answer in the globe of the consciousness of this boy as I run down the ladder of his intelligence."

" Now, as I said, to be or not to be is the question: Shall I get myself gone, or linger? "

. . . . . .

Do you know anything of Canadian drama?

" ' *Tecumseh* ' has great merit in it."

Is there a future for Canadian drama?

" You see, I hardly know your plane."

Did you write *Pericles?*

" Marlowe was the author."

Are any other plays not yours?

" No. And I will tell of the lady of the sonnets, too. . . . Not Ann Hathaway. . . . They were written to an ideal."

It has been suggested that your sonnets were intended to set forth the higher consciousness.

"And they were."

Before you speak through Louis' lips, I would like to ask that Lincoln should come, but I trust you will stay as long as you can.

" I am anchored here like the ships of Drake."

What was your mission to the Twentieth Plane?

" To lecture on the art of words."

Do you lecture to the other planes?

"And once more, do not be stunned by this observation of one of the storm-centres of history,—I gave a trance oration through the lips of a man you know. His name is E—— H—— G——."

"And now, do you not see by the simple nature of my talk how easily conviction of truth registers itself on the intelligence of a man, spelt in letters of light?"

Shall we have the great joy of hearing you again?

"It is with infinite regret I say the word, no. I will meet you as your vessel comes to these shores. I can get here, but earth has no attractions for me. I came this evening because of your mother's prayer.

"Now I will, as the chariots of desire convey me hence, say farewell."

Same Evening—Mother

"Mother is here, my boy. O Albert, the joy of speaking with Shakespeare will be to me always the love of times of love."

Did you speak to him face to face?

"Yes; as I often did with you."

Does he look younger than his pictures?

"As Lincoln looked when Ann Rutledge said 'I love you.'"

I leave the reader to appraise for himself the value of these astounding answers.

At the close of this dialogue, Shakespeare purported to speak in trance-address. No stenographer was present. It is obvious, therefore, that we did not expect Shakespeare. From such notes as I was able to take in the few moments while he was speaking, I may say that he greeted us as

"Servants of Love, and a part of all things that are."

The following are some of the phrases or clauses which I am sure of:—

"In speaking of Hamlet in my play, I speak of myself.

"Emerson grasped the truth: 'The only interpreter of Shakespeare is Shakespeare.' . . .

"Hamlet had the fine feeling of a woman. . . .

"He was moved more by internal feelings than by his environment. . . .

"Hamlet was as insane as the frenzy of the winds blowing into the mouth of a cave. . . .

"He was as sane as a babe. . . ."

"Ophelia was to me a beautiful dream. . . .

"I showed her lingering soft loveliness. . . .

"I depicted her bereft of reason as she sang the jangled notes of an insane song. . . .

"It is joy to me to greet you while the silvery bells ring in yonder tower of the Twentieth Plane. . . .

. . . . . .

"I drew smiles of women from the rainbows. . . .

"The mystic chords of friendship reach from my heart to yours in a marriage of influences. . . .

"Think often of me. Good-bye."

It would be most unfair to contrast these snatches of thought with the sublimest of Shakespeare's dramatic work. We do not put our best literature into cablegrams, much less into psychograms ill-reported. What is true here is measurably true of all the great ones who have spoken.

It would be quite gratuitous for me to point to the evidences in this report. The reader, if he is in-

terested in this aspect of the dialogues, will be quite as expert as I am in such work, and if he should miss these evidences, either affirmative or negative, I am sure that his mind is of such a quality that it does not matter at all. I am sorry though that every reader could not have been present at the meeting reported here in part, or in that which is reported more fully in "Poetry." The atmosphere may bewilder the intellect by its exaltation, but it certainly makes for conviction, and this matters, to some, more, even, than the intellectual certitude, which to others is far more desirable. There is no question as to the uplift that came into the lives of those who habitually attended these circles of research. One of these said to me a week after our first circle met: "I began to live only last Sunday evening." Her enthusiasm, if it is right so to name it, has not ebbed since.

Here is a little touch of Dora which will be more intimate than the mightier moods of the Bard of Avon:—

June 7—Dorothy

"Float now in my canoe of happiness. Forget dull care and imagine Dora and you on the bosom of a river, beneath stars of love talking of things told only sometimes in one's heart."

What shall we name the river, Dora?

"The Dorian stream."

Isaac Pitman was introduced by my father-in-law, (Samuel Clare,) himself a stenographer and spelling

reformer for many years, and a correspondent, when on earth plane, with the great stenographer. Pitman spoke as follows:—

April 15—Isaac Pitman

"All is well in heaven and earth. The convulsion on your plane will subside like the melting of snow in spring. The end of a winter of hell will vanish, so we of this higher life rejoice with you.

"I would love to show my actuality. Can the Doctor suggest a way?"

Could you tell us anything of your shorthand system?

"Based on the sound of words, reduced to simple symbols."

How did you express vowel sounds?

"By constants."

We have space in this chapter for only a few of the hundred or more personalities of world-wide fame, who have conversed with us in these researches. These are chosen, not only because they are characteristic, but in some cases because they did not very well fit into any other chapter.

It should be remembered, in making any estimate of the evidence afforded by these characters, that they speak to us in free converse, in most cases without premeditation, or effort to be sublime, or to show their highest achievement. The difficulties involved in breaking from one sphere into another in this way, and especially in reaching the earth plane people from so high a plane as the Twentieth, and that for the first time, cannot be realized.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSONAGES

That Hubbard and others are associated with Shakespeare in this study is not a subject for apology. They all had tremendous personal characteristics, and these serve a purpose. The question is, are these the words of Hubbard, Shakespeare, etc., or are they the words emanating by some inexplicable method from some inexplicable source?

I present these conversations in obedience to the request of those of the Twentieth Plane, not only because they request it, but also because it seemed good to me to do so. I am not one of those who think it is bad form to discuss the land to which I expect to go. Even though that land may be to some of us an interrogation point, it still is a very active interrogation, and only those bound for some valley of burning chaff because of their materialism, their sensuality, their money-lust, or their selfishness in some other form, are indifferent as to the answer to the question.

But I am not a preacher. I am a reporter.

"Truth is a broom that can hold back the ocean."

—*Voltaire.*

"Land of the tricolour, the lily, and French valour, I often come again in sight of Paris and see France risen again from the phœnix-ashes of war, to the strains of The Marseillaise, marching out of the mist of tears to light."

—*Victor Hugo.*

LITERATURE—PROSE

THERE are some matters which can be used appropriately only in a chapter on Literature. I have the sanction of the Publication Committee for the inclusion of such a chapter. Many things have helped to determine what shall be included in the various sections. No foresight could have predicted just what would finally be elicited from the conversations, that was eligible for publication. I am withholding nothing but personal matters, but some things are implied in what is published, which were repeated in answer to questions suggested by new visitors to our circle. Other chapters are sufficiently long for balanced unity, hence this new one.

Among the great ones who spoke to us, none were more impressive than three great Frenchmen. These were Victor Hugo, Hippolyte Taine, and Voltaire. If the premier place is given here to France, few will demur. The reader will better understand the important nature of the evidence involved in the dialogues of these men if I say that what I know of French literature is so slight that I am somewhat ashamed of it. That I had to confess that I had not read *Zadig, Ninety-three,* and many other great writings of these literary giants, is rather a raw treatment of my pride, but it is necessary. Facts are facts and being only instruments and evidences, they must

serve their great master, the Truth, without demur, no matter whose pride is wounded.

On June 9th, Dorothy Wordsworth had said in the beginning of our circle meeting that she would brighten me up for the evening in ten minutes. I was much in need of sleep that evening and she perceived it in my aura. I timed her and she proceeded with banter, repartee, and brightness of wit and humour, to keep her promise. She succeeded so effectively that in seven minutes I was all alert. We shall proceed with the dialogue:—

June 9—Dorothy

"Well now, you have a toned-up aura, and only the seven minutes are up."

(I confirmed this by reference to my watch.)

"See, I was in your vest pocket, near your heart.

"Now, I want to introduce to you one who has been called on this plane, the Hercules of Thought: Victor Hugo. He wants, before speaking now, to have you test him in any really evidential way, re his novels, life, or present work."

June 9—Victor Hugo

What was the title of one of your novels, Hugo, in which you presented a scene in a cathedral tower?

"Notre Dame. You see, I am the French exile—for I love to think even yet of Guernsey Isle.[1] I am here to throw you the rapier-like majesty of great eternal thinking."

Did you correspond with Bismarck?

"Yes; often. But we were the antipodal poles."

[1] None of us were aware at the time of Hugo's exile there.

Do you remember writing to him once, as follows: "The giant greets the giant, the foe the foe, the friend the friend, etc.?"

"Sounds like my style, but I forget really. Now that dishes the proof. Eh?

"Did you ever read my '*Ninety-three*'?"

No.

"In it is a wonderful description of a storm at sea. Look it up some time. I mention it because one who wishes to become conversant with the ideographic picture style of writing should study it."

I knew nothing of the passage. None in the circle did. We found it immediately. Here it is:—

"The corvette was now nothing but a wreck. In the pale, scattered light, in the blackness of the clouds, in the confused shifting of the horizon, in the mysterious wrinkling of the waves, there was a sepulchral solemnity. Except the hostile whistling of the wind, everything was silent. The catastrophe was rising majestically from the depths. It seemed more like an apparition than an attack. Nothing moved on the rocks, nothing stirred on the ships. It was a strange, colossal silence. Were they dealing with reality? It was like a dream passing over the sea. In legends there are such visions: the corvette was, in a certain sense, between a demon reef and a phantom fleet."

The foregoing is to be found in the chapter entitled 9—380, on page 41 of the Valjean edition of Hugo's Works, Volume VIII. Hugo proceeded to ask if I was aware that he had once made a speech in connection with the trial of his son for libel, in which the

theme was "capital punishment." I then asked the question:—

June 9—Hugo

What is the highest purpose in literature?

"To reveal to view truth not touched to life, but latent in the soul."

Is not all Art but a varied manifestation of the divine?

"Certainly. The artist but translates it into the language of prose or poetry."

Who is the greatest French dramatist?

"Moliere, and Corneille. In poetry, Racine is very great. Not so high as a dramatist. In prose, Balzac and Dumas are great men."

How about LeSage?

"He tried with dabs to write. See?"

Next to yourself, who is the greatest French poet?

"I am next to another. Put it that way. I rank all the French school as greater than myself."

Who is the greatest?

"I do not care to say. Not now. Some others are here."

"Once I came to the vision screen to see your group. You and all in your room now were as faithful as Hebrews in their temple, but two I could name were like the mist of a jungle."

Should we not be great enough to overcome the evil influences emanating from such personalities?

"You were, hence I came to-night."

"Land of the tricolour, the lily, and French valour, I often come again in sight of Paris and see France rise from the phœnix-ashes of war to the strains of the Marseillaise, marching out of the mist of tears to light."

Do you remember the French Revolution?

"Thomas is here. He has written in his *French Revolution*, the sum and substance of that epic time. That book is the soul

of those drama-moments of history, and will supply the details. I will say this, however, that book should be viewed as a historical impress of action rather than as the work of an earth historian."

Carlyle was essentially a poet, was he not?

"What does essential poet mean? One who in the guise of rhythm, harmony, and beautiful words, spells in literature, some lovely nothing? Oh, no; the poet is not Southey, Moore, or the minor imitators of Shellian grandeur. . . .

"No; you are right; so was I. Our thoughts join hands and sing onward to the ideal.

"For the sake of your mother, I appeal to you in the name of the group here, in the old Hugo style; sending to you the best of me, and you responding in kind; two souls in soul-converse; now, in the name of your mother, vow before the faith I repose in you that you will see this truth given to the world. We all now wait to hear your vow."

I am steadily anchored to such a purpose.

"We want, for your sake, a more definite statement. This is not a mere request. Great forces are surging to come to you when this vow is taken."

The book shall be published. I cannot make a statement of mine stronger.

"Strength of purpose lit up your aura when you said 'shall.' Now the forces will aid you. For, mark you, this should be told: some occult forces are at work to suppress this book. I was chosen by the group here to impress this news, because I am so definite in my statement, and was and am now a mountain of intensity. As much of the revelations came through the lower planes—I mean the sixth, seventh, and eighth, occult forces were gathered to resist a lower plane revelation of Plane Twenty? This was because of jealousy and sin. We reveal this to you to show that not only is opposition to be expected on the fifth plane but the low ones on other planes

must also be combatted. You would be astounded at the sacred force used by us to be ourselves to you. Now, I have given my warning, and the whole group are on their knees at the display of your great faith. I bid you an affectionate adieu. I will come often as I have many things to tell you."

June 9—Dorothy

"Listen! on the Plane, we whisper: 'He is not Shakespeare but as big.'

"I want to introduce now, Taine. He wants to speak on any question on the art side of literature."

June 9—Taine

"I speak as one who came here on the wings of great splendours of vision caught on prose pages on earth; so one can walk that path to the Twentieth Plane."

What is the highest aim of the art of literature?

"The building to reality of the subject in hand. The writer gets through inspiration the skeleton of his theme. Now, if he is a great writer, he dove-tails together exactly those bricks of fact which the nature of truth requires to be perfectly clothed in, in order to express the inspiration as no other details could.

"I used to employ this method in my essays, for I was greatest as an essayist. I loved to start with short sentences which would catch the interest, then I would troop out some longer ones, then still longer ones, broken up into ranks of close formation, marching in regular order to the music of truth, as the bugles of inspiration blew notes of thought through the ether of my mind."

I regard that as an excellent method.

"It was my plan, and I was hit so hard with it that I never recovered."

Did you not write history?

"A little only. Never any extended work. But this is of value in weighing on the scales of your mind my true estimate. I used what Macaulay, and—in oratory—Ingersoll, used and which I called once the balanced sentence."

Was not that an analogue of the parallelism of the Hebrew prophets and poets?

"I could not state the idea so well myself. But we always have two purposes in this work, to convey to you authenticity, and to be ourselves. Now, could any deep-sea fishing scoop out of the sea of your consciousness this conversation re balanced style?"

Certainly not. That would be a foolish theory.

"One subtle thing re Macaulay and all who use the balanced-sentence style is the fact that they, through deep thinking, reached the chamber of inspiration whence always flows, through expressed thought, rhythm and harmony. Thus, all prophetic and great writing is eloquent as it marches to its higher sanctuary in close harmony with the songs of the poets.

"Now, in the work of earth, I suggest that, as R. L. Stevenson suggested to you, one stanza shall be a floating cloud of truth, so softly pure in style that one pillows his soul against it and becomes inspired as he rests on the bosom of beauty."

"I had very little to say this evening because Voltaire is here, and he is the very nerve centre of knowledge. Even now he pants in haste to greet you. He will be found very extreme in his views, but control him. Ask all in the room to lend him their rapt attention."

June 9—Voltaire

"Princes and princesses: I come to seek out what ye be. I may be scornful, but even if I be severe, words of fire quench to love in the purpose of my coming.

"I had a sharp nose, and walked on earth with a stilted step.

I hated shams, affectation, and wrong in church and state. . . . I saw it all and my physical body grew hideous in the scorn I poured on this rank, stinking fabric of my earth-day society.

"I want to say even now, I would crush all churches, all governments, all material laws, burn up everything on the fifth plane but books, wash all into the ocean, let such slum dissolve there, and pray God to build a new world. Oh, yes, radical and extreme, going off at a tangent, but who cares, truth is a broom which can hold back the ocean.

"I would say, as you once said—now see the insight we have into things said that are really big—You cannot program God, but you can carry out God's program. I would say that it is God's program to destroy all things that cannot endure the winds of time.

"Once I saw one denied burial because he sinned and never partook of the sacrament, the holy wafer of the church. I vowed then to hit the church between the eyes, and even now, I go to the valley to get balanced when I think of the church.

"Now I want to tell of a work none of you knows. It is as if lightning wrote a story of herself; told what she said when flashing, and occasionally hit the steeple of a church. The tale is *Zadig.*"

Has it been translated into English?

"Yes."

Whose translation?

"Burney's."

Can you remember any of your experiences with Frederick of Prussia?

"Once I said to him, 'that cane of yours keeps perfect step with a damn fool.'

"Once I said to him, 'You remind me of a wine barrel. I think I will put in you a spigot.'"

But, Voltaire, I thought Frederick was thin.

"Wine is thin sometimes, too. Whisper it in cannon-voice. Once I said to him, 'In cheese-making, the odour must have been caught from you.' 'Scandalous!' they said here, so I see a journey to the valley. Shall I abscond or keep up this wit? Look here, a monarch looks to me, especially Frederick of Prussia, like one who walks a tight rope, and some day common sense will cut that rope."

How soon will that be?

"As soon as churches fall."

Frederick cut up the provinces of Maria Theresa pretty badly.

"And Maria Theresa gave Frederick many a nightmare.

"Once the old king said to me, 'This king-business is on the wane. Now what do you suggest, Dear, as a stimulant to the body politic.'

"I said, 'Get some acid of quick demise; this will cause some cheering. The people will rejoice; I will send flowers and even cry for you.'

"He said once about me, 'Vol is volling some more, but he is a rascal. I have to treat him well or he will caricature me to infinite ages.' I had him scared. I had him all a-tremble, so I never heard a mean word about me. Once he thought he said something, but withdrew it."

He called you a thief.

"I agreed. I stole his brains, but lost them before I got them."

May 28—Stevenson

"I am sitting here, in an astral nook, and will think with you, so let us be brothers together in this work."

How do you proceed with a story?

"First, the subject should be capable of being made a living reality. It then became a passion of my life, to live with that subject by day, to go to rest with it by night. I became in

turn every character I wrote about, and essentially, was that personality; so much so that often I could see in a mirror the perfect countenance of the character. If it was a Dr. Jekyll, I was the medical man; or a Mr. Hyde, I was all that a Hyde should be. This is my rule in writing a novel; I surrender myself, body and soul, to the creation of a work compounded of thought and inspiration, keeping these qualities always in mind: be natural, be true to life, be dramatic, use simple language as the vesture in which great thought always robes itself."

Do you remember Merrimae?

"He was one, I believe, who wrote sea stories."

Yes. He wrote a couple, I believe. (Not my question or reply.)

What is your estimate of George Meredith?

"His *The Egoist* was the greatest of his works."

He is not much read, I believe.

"No. But purity, finish and even a certain amount of classicism make a strong appeal."

What group are you in?

"In the Brahmin group. Matthew and Edwin Arnold are in same."

"Did you ever read my essay on *Pepys' Diary?* It is the least known of my works. Also I wrote an essay on a French character called Villon. Look it up. I want to be of help to you.

"May I point out a characteristic thing which will always be in evidence when we from this plane try to give some intellectual matter or detail by which to know us; it is this: We never ask one in the room re any of our earth works, unless by searching your auras, we are certain you do not know the work in question. Else you would simply fall back on the idea (that) we saw it in your mind, but we rarely if ever make a mistake with such a method."

Will you talk on poetry a while?

"Well, I was a minor poet, but I think in your case this might help: People rarely remember a poem in its entirety, hence you will see that from Chaucer to Tennyson, the poetical quotations are limited in form. The detached portions, which are after all the mountain heights of poetry that have influenced the people en masse, are things taken from the life of the people themselves, passed through the mint of the poet's mind, and become the coin of the thinking, feeling people.

"Now I would advise you to make one verse always in every poem a thing of beauty, truth and inspiration, to become the national coin of educated, thinking people in the poetical sense.

"The writer who sincerely desires the simple things in nature to be transmitted through him into literary form is really living in his personality, a prayer to elemental things, and the answer to that prayer is the realization cosmically of things elemental.

"I want to ask about a phenomenon which I believe no earth-thinker has attacked as yet, but to us it is of extraordinary interest, and even formed the topic of an address heard here in the Hall of Learning. Shelley, Keats, Byron, and nearly all the greatest poets died of some malady which terminated their physical lives at an early age."

Of course Shelley was drowned, and I forget what was the cause of Byron's death.

"Byron died of fever in Greece, but because of burned-out constitution, and I died of T. B."

Have you any theory to explain these facts?

"No. But the greatest poets and thinkers, with hardly an exception, burnt out because of lack of self-control."

March 15—Wordsworth—Coleridge

"Coleridge wants to know if any here have read his lines on the Ottery?"

(Three poets were present on this occasion which was in the afternoon. One of them asked:)

What does it mean?

"William wants to prove the authenticity of this form of communication, so get Coleridge's poems now and look it up."

(None of us knew the poem. I consulted the index and read as follows:)

"Sonnet on the River Otter." Is that what you mean?

"Yes; read it." (The sonnet was read.)

"Coleridge will answer questions."

Why did Wordsworth use the word "Ottery"?

"A mistake in transmission. But what more evidence do you demand?"

It is necessary to be ready to meet objections.

"Do not think of objections. Who cares? We are real. It is our spirit we send to those who are old enough to receive it."

You think it is not well to try to convince others?

"No. Trying can never give our evidence to your plane. Truth will come over, when you least think of it, with a splendid gush."

It will be seen that the mistake in using the word "Ottery" instead of "Otter" makes the result better evidence than if it had not been made. We found that Coleridge was born in Ottery, Devonshire, and no doubt had often spoken to Wordsworth of his home in childhood, so what was more likely than that this mistake was really made by Wordsworth's thought of the place being transmitted when the name

of the stream running through the village was intended. Evidence like this, or like the emergence of the name Derwent, or of the poem of Wordsworth which refers to Dorothy's gentleness that would not brush the dust from a butterfly's wing, (page 137) all of which were absent from our thought, seems to me to be very significant.

Emerson first spoke to us on

April 15—Emerson

"I come in quietly holding the hand of Thomas."
No two writers, not Hebrews, have done me more good.
"But Goethe meant very much to us, especially Thomas."
Which of Goethe's works was most helpful?
"Wilhelm Meister, and the lines:

"'Here at the whirling loom of time, I ply,
And weave the garment that thou see'st me by.'"

(The quotation is not exact.)
"You all will soon be heroic with the experience of time. Your history is written in blood, soon to be as white as the lilies."

April 29—Emerson

"I would, as a matter of slight evidential nature, ask if any here can tell me one idea I expressed in the divinity school address, say in peroration?"

(All present confessed inability, the instrument declaring he did not know of the existence of such an address.)

"The peroration has reference to the prophets, sages,

philosophers, of the ages being understood to-day as they were by their contemporaries, and I will, with a certain amount of egotism, say this, that that address is the American declaration of intellectual freedom. Kindly read the last paragraph."

This with a score of other passages in this famous address, had been marginally noted by me in my copy of Emerson's complete works. It was read as follows:—

"I look for the hour when that supreme beauty, which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws, that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the word to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

"My reason for the reading of that portion of my earth-life was to hear enter into your consciousness (for I heard its footfalls as it walked in), the reference to the coming of the new Teacher. This revelation from the Twentieth Plane is the atmospheric environment the new Teacher will dwell in."

"Now I will ask another thing, so obvious, so well known, that it becomes very strong evidence of the talk of the Concord sage: In what essay do you find the epigram, 'Hitch your wagon to a star'?"

I made a desperate guess that it was in "Self-

reliance," but none of the others would venture even a shrewd guess.

"It is to be found in the essay on 'Civilization.' I consider this meagre evidence, but sufficient to say I am he." (The test has been verified.)

May 11—Dorothy Wordsworth

"I will tell you of Sappho. It was in the path of my thought, when I remembered what Sappho told me you could verify on earth. She suffered the pains of unrequited love, and I quote as evidence from a poem of hers which you can obtain to verify what I quote. This is from Sappho:

"'The moon has set, the Pleiades have gone,
'Tis midnight, and time is still,
But I—I sleep alone.'

"Sappho, in her love for Pittacus—not Phæon, as most think—often went to rest, as the lonely robin bereft of her mate sings sadly on the branches of a silent tree; but enough of this mood of sorrow, now let me be the gay, serene, happy Dora."

I have consulted Wharton's prose translation of Sappho fragments and find the following as quoted in the "Universal Anthology," Vol. III, page 187:—

"The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone."

May 5—Coleridge

"This is interesting. Pater wrote his first essay about me."

What group is he in?

"In the Emerson group. He was one who could take words and sculpture out of them great ideas. No more sculptural

artist in words than Walter Pater. He was a master of words, but shall I tell of some of your recent authors you should read for style? Of the greatest, I place that genius, Lafcadio Hearne, also Maeterlinck, Poe, James, and Meredith."

Which James do you refer to?

"The novelist."

How do you regard Francis Thompson?

"About as Southey."

. . . . . .

"Marlowe was the pioneer of the blank verse tragedy, comic and lighter form of the master Art. He was a genius. While we are talking plays, I will interject a test to the man of drugs: Who was it wrote a play nearly like an apothecary's shop? Well, I know you do not know, so I will as mere evidence state it was *The Alchemist* of Ben Jonson."

On the evening of June 17th Coleridge asked me to name four Twentieth Plane personalities whom I would like to have speak to me that evening. But I will let the dialogues tell their own story.

June 17—Coleridge

"This is to be a critical evening. Now, I observed recently in your thought this line of thinking: 'If the Instrument has time to think of characters previous to a meeting, might not he, consciously or unconsciously, equip himself with certain data?' Is it not true that this thought did enter your mind?"

I realized that if he knew beforehand who was expected to speak, he was likely to think of that person and his work.

"So you were thinking of that very fact. Now, I agree with you, so, to-night, I am requested to ask you to name four characters to speak, that is, any on the Twentieth Plane. Will this get over that difficulty? What I want to impress is that we are striving to help, not only you, but the masses of your

plane, and even now I could tell you whom you will suggest. But, mark you, I intend to run all doubts down to their sources."

I myself do not yet know whom I will ask for.

"But I will see the thought before it comes to completion in your own mind."

I will name W. E. Henley.

"He is not here."

All right. George Meredith.

"Good."

Arthur Hallam.

"Good."

Mrs. Browning's brother, Edward Barrett.

"Yes."

(Hesitation here on my part.)

"May I suggest one whom the Instrument has not been thinking about, but who often desired to come?"

I wish you would.

"It is Bulwer Lytton. A law here is this: When one endeavours to convey truth to another they always suggest a more severe test than they themselves would expect the other to suggest. This is so as to be correct in fact and purpose."

But how do you find these persons? Is it by means of your records?

"By two processes: mental telegraphy and the use of astral instruments. They concentrate their thought to our use."

June 17—Edward Barrett

"It is a great pleasure indeed to be here. This is Edward Barrett, the brother of Elizabeth. I was one of eight brothers, and was drowned. I came to speak to you of the finer qualities of my sister's character. May I?"

We shall be grateful if you will.

"Well, underlying Elizabeth's whole character was infinite

trust of herself and others. She was, as I once wrote to her, the most natural woman alive. You perhaps recollect that the critics said of her poetry that it was the most naturally beautiful living verse of any of her epoch. She was true, loving, great in comprehension, and always a real woman."

I knew your sister ten years before I had heard of her husband.

"She was—it may interest you—the personal friend of Tennyson, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, knew Hartley very well, and was the friend of most of the great writers of her day. Do you remember Edgar Allan Poe's tribute to my sister?"

. . . . . .

What age was your sister when she died?

"Fifty-one, I think, not sure now." (As a matter of fact, she was about fifty-five.)

"She was something of a medium."

Did she practise her mediumship?

"As all poets practise it. Not in the ordinary sense. Of course she had experiences of unusual order. For instance, she saw my drowning. Do you know what she said of the ocean after my death?" . . .

"She said the ocean has a very strange attraction for me now; I must live beside it for a year, but its moan sears my soul. It reminds me of the moan of a dying man."

"Edgar Allan Poe dedicated his poetry to my sister."

Hartley came now, as Dora said, to adjust my aura. Among other things, he said:—

June 17—Hartley

"The astral body, as was the physical body, is in its nature, a mould or pattern, which hands on to each succeeding body a counterpart presentation of itself, so that loved ones may al-

ways know him or her when they meet on any plane. . . . This is a strange law, but one of peculiar consolation and interest."

"The Twentieth Plane is distinguished for the great (accuracy) developed here for the true valuation of souls.

"Now Elbert had—as you were told by him, more true religion in his soul than he himself dreamed. . . .

"We value at its worth a man's soul. If he was historically inaccurate, used coarse slang, occasionally seemed to be materialistic in his life work, this would be his limitation. All have limitations, but these are not the true man. The man is the ego potential."

I understand that desire and character determine whither we go.

"You make this Plane too local in extent. He is not often with Wordsworth. Hubbard's soul was the ego of a genius. True he did things he went to the valley to cure, but his soul is a blaze of great sacred light to us. We love him.

"Two things count: vision and kindliness. Now, apply that standard even to Hubbard's life work, and you will agree that he gave light and great constructive thought to people."

June 17—Geo. Meredith

"George Meredith is here. My loving earth souls, I deem it a very great joy to make you as happy as I am, so let us speak of things which when thought out will be of value. . . .

"Nearly all earth plane writers describe principally the things a character does. Now great literature speaks of the things a character is capable of doing. All of the five senses will be used by the characters; that is, all will be intensely human. Realize that there are other senses beyond the five. Your great character will always use these in a given crisis. Great characters do not in great crises do the so-called normal thing.

"A great writer writes as much with his vision as with his education.

"I will use an example. The scene is a garden. We will say it is the garden of Shelley's sensitive plant. Vision it now in simple language. What would you consider the most important thing to describe in prose in that garden?"

Oh, I suppose, individual flowers, atmosphere, lights and shadows, breezes and birds, physical effects, abstract qualities, heart memories, etc.

"Here are my notes:

A path of barrenness. A lonely woman walking in that path. She feels that the world is cruel and without beauty. The moon rises full and clear. The woman walking aimlessly into the garden, passes a rustic gate, her thoughts bowed down with grief. The air still. Silence profound as death. The woman hears a strange whispering. This awakens her mind to a little alertness. She opens her eyes, and sees she is alone. She says to herself, is this talking in a garden where there are no people? It is almost a breezeless night. She wonders. Soon the silvery orb of soft mellow glory shows to her the varied and almost unearthly bed of beautiful flowers. She realizes that her soul is so still that she hears the language of the flowers,—the love and sympathy of each to the others. Then the perfume bathes her aching temples. She feels the perfect flower-repose, and so vision, order, truth and beauty are angels which tell God's purpose to her soul.

"This is roughly what I wrote of such a garden. Should not all nature become accessory to all humans?

"I must go now, as Arthur Hallam is here."

One of the things we soon learned was the fact that no one could be in our circle with a doubt, a great disappointment, the failure to know an intimate fact, a

depression arising from any cause, without the communicating intelligences noticing the effect in our auras. They almost invariably halted proceedings till these conditions were removed. Sometimes they asked certain individuals to retire. Our best results were attained when the circles were smallest. It will be noticed that Arthur Hallam saw at once that I was ignorant on an important matter, an ignorance which he could not or would not brook for one moment. A similar case comes out in my converse with Bulwer Lytton later in this chapter.

June 17—Arthur Hallam

"Do you remember who my father was, A. D.? I mean his great work."

Your father was not the great historian, was he?

"I knew you did not know.

"Tennyson was a problem to me. Posthumous; speaking in reference to this life. He worried me because of his intense grief. Uncalled for. I told him to-day I would say some time: 'Never spill tears over a departed soul.' All great poets have the true faith. Tennyson would have the greater faith of his 'strong Son of God,' but grief plunged him into an unnecessary valley which really retarded his work, then helped it. If I had married his sister and lived a commonplace life, Tennyson would still have been immortal."

Tennyson says his favourite verses of his own work are the closing stanzas of *In Memoriam*. We find, however, that those are known to us as the opening verses. The words have been transferred to the beginning of the poem.

"Last eve one said that Locksley Hall was a favourite with you."

I delight in the lyrics of The Princess.

"A matter of taste. Speaking of lyrics, will you agree with this, because Tennyson wanted to state this point, and I will use his thought register. The true lyric is the personal experience, the heart cry, as was said last night.

"Get your Encyclopædia, and I will tell you the facts you do not know about me, as they are recorded there. The article is on my father, and I am mentioned in it."

When this was done, and correctly done, Bulwer Lytton came. I have not given the particulars to which Arthur Hallam referred. I do not regard this sort of thing as convincing to any one, though it was quite surprising to some of our circle. In fact, the evidence that I prefer is truth so great that it is manifestly beyond the power and range of any and all who are in the circle. I may say, however, to those who care for such things that I have yet to find one instance of a mistake in such matters coming from such personalities as have been there long enough to be thoroughly familiar with the laws of that plane. And this is true though hundreds of such instances are at our disposal.

Arthur Hallam closed with greetings from his father to the fifth plane. Bulwer Lytton then came.

June 17—Bulwer Lytton

"Do you know, mortals who speak so learnedly of me, of a story I wrote which inspired the weird short stories of Poe? . . . It was short too. It is called simply '*The Wonderful Story.*'

"This is a remarkable thing. Samuel T. Coleridge referred

to a wonderful constituent of food and called it 'vril,' and in the *Coming Race*, I coined that word. But the story, I believe, had a foundation in fact, for the Theosophists often refer to the lost Atlantis.

"Reference was made to *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* Rienzi is, beyond all comparison, the greatest height or depth my characters ever reached.

"Now, from this higher plane, I will reveal the method involved in the creation of that character. I was a psychic of great psychic power, and just as I am speaking life to you, Rienzi lived his life in my presence for the work, in actual touch with my soul. I was en rapport with him, and on his plane, he recalled by a plane process, all the scenes he historically passed through, and I but penned graphic descriptions of what I saw. . . .

"My son wants to have you recall to his memory a title he forgets. If he tells the theme, will you recall the name?

"A society man in a theatre catches an odour of a flower which recalls the memory of a girl he loved in the dim past. It quotes a phrase from *Il Trovatore.*"

Was it *The Jasmine Flower?*

"He thanks you greatly. Is indebted beyond words."

(The actual title is *Aux Italiens.*)

So, we could go on reporting these interesting conversations, but these will serve to illustrate the nature of our communion with those intelligences which with such compelling power, and sometimes subtle wisdom, presented to us the claims of their subject and still more insistently, the authenticity of their messages and the genuineness of their presence in projected thought.

"In the presence of the great poet, words are oil-colours."
—*Ingersoll.*

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
—*Shelley.*

LITERATURE—POETRY

AMONG a group of starry singers such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Scott, Stevenson, Whitman, Emerson, etc., there should be no uncertain voice in regard to the Art of Poesy. Indeed, whatever views came to us in this research, they came over with the courage of a decisive onset.

Little comment is necessary in view of the clarity of the dialogues themselves. A few notes on Shelley's death and other matters not strictly poetical will be included in this chapter since the facts were quite new to every one concerned, including the Instrument himself.

In the Report of The Publication Committee given in the preface, it was stated that Shelley would be in charge of this chapter. Later it was stated that he would be with me in my library with "Louis and Myrtle, alone on the board." On the evening when this interview was programmed, Miss ———, the young poet of London, Ontario, was a guest in our home and was invited to join the circle.

It is difficult to tell of an atmosphere. It was the simple nocturne, this hour with Shelley, after the thunder of an oratorio; a sweet melody as compared with the outrush of great symphonic harmonies. This was the smallest circle and one of the most profitable. No tests were looked for or proposed by Shelley.

All were content to receive the sweet uses of the inspiring hour. The duration of this interview being brief, I am able to reproduce it in full, up to the moment when trance speaking began, thus affording the reader an opportunity to get almost a whole "evening" exactly as it came to us. Of course there is a vast difference between reading the proceedings and being at the circle. One sees how fast the instrument moves the indicator, requiring concentration of attention to watch the letters of the words dictated; one feels the presence—or does he simply imagine it?—of the great thinkers of all time whose thoughts are piled in volumes against the walls of the library; one feels the very comradeship of the boy, magnificent in dream, the poet of the poets, and the softened light seems the true twilight of that astral shore whereon the visioned heart sate while he discoursed with us, in the loveliness of that hour of sheer beauty, of that Art of which he was so great a master.

The proceedings of the evening, as recorded verbatim, follow. The questions are the only part that in some very minor particulars are not accurate. The answers quoted might be certified under oath so accurate are they in every particular. The readings, having been published elsewhere, are not printed here.

March 30—Shelley

"Greetings, Dear Friends;

"Bathed in the effulgence of a mutual love, in the pale pink lovelight, I kiss the soul of all. Of course you know 'tis I,

Percy Bysshe Shelley, and so we will proceed to the elucidation of the essentials of the poet's art."

" Poetry is the expression, through emotion, imagination, rhythm and light,—the light of words—of big thoughts, great ideas, cosmic inspiration, the soul on fire with intensity. And it is opportune to say that in the stirring times of the fifth plane, poetry is the herald of revolt, for, mark you, I said when on your sphere of action, ' Poets blow the bugles to battle, they are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' "

"The philosophy of poetry is this: The poet, as Macaulay said, is like an artist; He paints with words what the artist paints with colours. The first thing to realize in writing great poetry, is the mood; second, spontaneity. Mood, while not artificial, can always be governed by external objects. A red rose, a ruby light, an overture on the harpsichord or the violin, will make a divine mood."

" The reception chamber in which imagination dwells is close to intellect and soul, and these three triune faculties can, if regulated, catch the inspiration of spontaneity, even though the flash of colour, thought, form and purpose, comes with the speed of lightning. My *Indian Serenade,* read to-night, was the effort of one great deep breath of spontaneous thought. It clothed itself in garments beautiful without effort. It was a golden glory-piece caught in the basket of my mind. It was a child of the spontaneous, an offspring of the eternal. It lives, palpitates with joy, and is a thing of sublimity."

March 30—Hubbard

" While Shelley rests, will Hubbard be a little brother to the rich? I am the war-expert. Now, A. D., get guns trained. Shoot away."

How is the present German offensive to go on?

" In the beginning, the Germans expended their energy.

To-morrow the Allies will roll back with avalanchine force the hordes of the Huns.

"Hindenburg coupled up with Nemesis. The offensive so-called of the Germans is a boomerang."

Will there be any great advance of the Allies?

"Yes. The army of manœuvre will get into action on Monday next about 800,000 strong."

Will the result be decisive?

"Yes, very! Hindy will crawl back to his lair and lie low. Then, as we said, the Hun navy will come out, will be defeated, and then the curtain of peace goes up and great will be the joy thereof.

"Will you convey to Dr. Abbott a test message? A little message then from —— —— A——. He was in class 1904 and dived to death at Go Home, Georgian Bay, in 1903. He was in Victoria University, was a noted mineralogist, taxidermist, botanist, and had one of the best collections in Canada. Of him was said: 'His life was white.'

"Re F—— ——— will speak to Abbott as promised through re-projected thought for ten minutes. He will give his name in full, his wife's name before marriage, talk about his son and daughter, and tell Abbott the name (title) of the paper Abbott and he discussed so often.

"And when he gets it, it will not be worth a pinch of cheap snuff."

What plane is A—— on?

"Eighteen. In coma yet. Had to be stimulated for this effort. Was very eccentric. Still is, but a good fellow."

Will there be a revolution in Germany?

"Yea; a sea of blood. The French Revolution will be the cooing of a dove in comparison. The Group would have Shelley ask questions, or rather be asked re poetry. Shelley is here. He wants H—— to ask that puzzling point which

sometimes gives her pause re the doubts she has as to just when to finish a poem."

(Miss ——— asked the next question.)

How does one know just when to finish a poem?

"The knowledge of completion is definitely marked when the thing says to you, 'I am done.' Great poems talk as the living. Discuss it with the poem. It always told me. It will you."

Have you heard Miss ———'s "The Eternal Comrade"?

"No, but it would be in order for her to read it now."

(Miss ——— read her poem.)

"'Wild Jester of the winds!' 'Shivered against the sky' (or something like that) is the language of the poet immortal. H——, you are one of the great eternal group of those kissed by the Promethean fire. You will, as Dora said, be essentially a poet of religion. By religion we mean the clasping of the Great Comrade's hand. . . . You will help to touch life to life and make, as Tennyson said, one harmony as before."

What is the value of metaphor, simile, etc., in poetry?

"Metaphor, simile, symbol are of vast importance if real, true, big, palpitating with truth. The standard is, are they real?"

Should a long poem be in more than one form of metre?

"Yes. My *Hellas* shows that. And for you, my fellow poet, I say with twentieth plane egotism, that the chorus at the end of *Hellas* is one of the most limpid and spontaneous groups of stanzas in the cosmos. Read it now." (I read the chorus at the close of *Hellas*.)

I like the chorus even better than *The Indian Serenade*.

"One is light, the other heavy with wisdom."

I love your Twentieth Plane egotism.[1]

[1] Emerson spoke on Jan. 12, 1919, as follows: "I make this simple request, and urge that you publish, on our behalf, this ex-

"Yes, it is simplicity in the lap of sunshine truth."

How did you come to use extracts from my work in your lecture?

"I did so because they were on the track of my thought."

Did a knowledge of my work come from my mind direct, or from the printed page?

"From the immortal impress made on the pages of life. When a work reaches a high standard, it becomes a line of permanent thought. We can see it as you see a star."

Are words a part of the real substance of a poem?

"Words are things. They live, have souls, have auras, are tangible in certain harmonious and adequate relations. They produce poetical harmony; thus their mass forms a whole as real in life as you or I."

Would you advise us to use much free verse?

"No, free verse leaves out rhyme, sometimes rhythm, and is foreign to nature. The birds sing in harmony. A stream of silver water scintillates in love with the planets. So verse, to be true, must clothe itself in all the garments of necessary poetical ingredients. May Dora speak through the lips of our good friend, the Hebrew boy?"

We should love to have her do so. When will she do it?

"Soon. And will 'the girl of purity' be on the board?"

(This being a pet name given to my daughter Myrtle, she responded:)

planation of Twentieth Plane egotism. 'Knowledge never did and never will belong to an individual. . . . We are but humble instruments through which knowledge flows. . . . On this plane we increasingly know, each day that vanishes into the night of imagination, that knowledge flows through us, and that when we speak to you something we know, we are speaking about knowledge and not of ourselves, and so we are not colossal egotists on the Twentieth Plane. We practise true humility.'"

Yes, if Shelley desires it.

"One idea, with a wave of my hand in the direction of earth work; read my *Cenci*. The character Beatrice stands there in deathless silver, as one who followed God. Beatrice was an artist, ideal, vivid, real; so gorgeous with colours of life, that a being now known as she stands here on this plane as my companion of love."

Dorothy Wordsworth then spoke for ten minutes through Louis' lips.

I have included every word, save only the trance-speaking, received on the evening of March 30th, even though some might have been omitted had any consideration other than the desire to present one complete record prevailed. The evening may be said in most respects to have been an average one. Of course the subject being chiefly poetry, the atmosphere was somewhat more æsthetic than when the other themes of war, food, clothing, houses, etc., were considered, and yet there were other evenings which, from other standards of estimation, were far more wonderful than this.

I wish to present a few more selections from the dialogues where Shelley refers to certain poetical principles which he considers important. Let us quote from the record of

January 27—Shelley

Have you seen Keats since you passed over?

"No. He is far above me. I wrote *Adonais* regarding him."

What is the first principle the poet should observe?

"Matter."

The second?

"Style."

The third?

"Finish."

Is it so that the greater the matter the less ornament is required?

"If matter is not big you must use ornament."

Shall I read some of Adonais?

"Yes, but I shall weep."

(Four stanzas were read.)

"The spheres sang that. And they called me an atheist!"

. . . . . .

"The most beautiful thing in physical life is the eye in thought. The colours of the eye change while one is thinking and many hues are seen in it."

. . . . . .

Tell us about your drowning.

"A storm drowned us not. We were wrecked for money on board. Byron had left a small amount of money in the Don Juan. They thought there was more. They ran their boat into ours and capsized us. Williams and I were drowned. An Italian confessed on his death-bed."

Is anything of this reported in the history of your life as known to men?

"Yes. In the Britannica." (This was confirmed.)

May 5—Dorothy

"I love you, and I say, here we have a tree, its branches straight out, and on them a mantle of pale green leaves. This tree will grow. It has the perfume of the magnolia. It sings in the breeze, cries in the storm, and feels the touch of

friendly hands, and is moved by any shock to those it loves. That tree often reminds me of you. Can you put that in the Triad?"

Do you remember the "tree with the crookèd arm pointing to the moon" which you mention in your Journal?

"Yes. That tree to me was a transport of soul to infinite beauty when it was silhouetted against the pale moon."

Was Alfoxden the name of the place or of the residence in which you and your brother dwelt?

"The place. . . . Once I said—take this for evidence—that one should be so gentle that he would not detach from the wings of butterflies the paints of nature; so Will wrote a poem thereon."

It may easily be surmised that none of us could at the moment recollect the poem Dorothy referred to. I have only at this moment made the search for it and found the following stanza on page 20 of Frederick Warne & Company's edition of Wordsworth. The poem is entitled: "To a Butterfly."

> "Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
> The time, when, in our childish plays,
> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly!
> A very hunter did I rush
> Upon the prey,—with leaps and springs
> I followed on from brake to bush;
> But she, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings."

Emmeline seems to have been a poetic name for Dorothy. She continued her statement as follows:—

"But Will says now, he thinks really the greatest lines he

ever wrote were those on Westminster Bridge. Also on Tintern Abbey."

May 12—Coleridge

"I once said: 'Prose is the best words in order, Poetry is the best words in the best order.'"

May 12—Wordsworth

"We would now introduce Edgar Allan Poe. He will be the speaker in trance, and desires to know what theme you would have him speak on, or shall we suggest one?"

Will he be pleased to speak on the best method of obtaining the inspiration necessary to the poet?

May 12—Edgar Allan Poe

"Now, my friends, I greet you. I am Edgar. Do you love the monster who created weird things of gloomy fancy? Will you, dear friend of mine, ask three salient questions to be answered in trance by me?"

How can we best acquire spontaneity in the use of pictures and metaphors?

What are the best means of acquiring simplicity of language in which to express those pictures?

Can one achieve by any known means, that nobility of utterance which marks the great poets, provided one has thoughts worthy to be expressed in it?

"Yes, yes; worthy questions."

Did the raven become a permanent thing?

"The raven is forevermore, and oh, the lost Lenore, she is here too. The raven is the imprisoned soul of myself. I am here. See the significance? I relapse often into the valley, see now?

"I will make way now for Shelley. I will prepare address

on your questions. I was glad to come. I will be here often. Good-bye."

May 12—Shelley

"In poetry, I found one must be entirely oblivious to self to scale the heights. In reverie, dream, sleep, the soul is, as it were, adrift on a great sea of thought. This is the proper mood for the poet.

"Will you state those questions again? Poe wants to make notes now. [Questions restated.]

"I wrote 'The Perfumed Breezes of the Sea.' That is all I can vibrate to you, but it is of this plane, as real as I and you all are."

"My friend, does not this evening's evidence impress you?"

. . .

"And as much to us as to you. We here can hardly believe it. The power generated from your side is staggering, but in the name of all the sacred forces, in the name of God, let us be thankful."

May 6—Sappho

"Friends of the earth, I, the Grecian Poetess Sappho, address you in the Olympian light of the glory that was Greece. I will tell first a few details of my life, to show I am the Lesbian poetess I purport to be. There is only one poem of mine of high merit I would live in, and that is the *Ode to Aphrodite*. 'O Aphrodite, Goddess of foam and sparkling waves, full-born of the instincts of men, arise to greet the natal day of genius.' This is the emotion called forth by the memory of those sublime lines I love so well.

"I lived, say, six centuries before Christ. (The date is correct.) I was a teacher. I wrote in the hexameter, the style of the great singers of my day, especially Homer. I

was beloved of Pittacus, and his memory is the lily pure of my life."

You say you were loved of Pittacus, Sappho. Was he not latterly jealous of your renown among the Lesbians?

"Yes, but I jumped off a cliff to escape his infatuation."

How about Phæon?

"He loved me too."

You speak of your hexameter. That seems all to be lost to us. The *Ode to Aphrodite* is not a hexameter poem if I remember rightly.

"No."

What plane are you on now?

"The hundredth."

From choice?

"From character."

Is Alcæus there?

"Yes, and Homer."

Did your pupil, Erinna, write much verse?

"No. She died at an early age, but she wrote immortal poems and epigrams. She died before the sun of her short life had risen."

What was her age when she passed over?

"Nearly nineteen."

Did you teach your pupils in the early morning?

"Yes. The method of the Peripatetics."

Did you have your scholars read their poems to you?

"Yes, but I would have the scholars be poems, so I developed their abilities when I caught them in unpremeditated attitudes of inspiration, sweeping the intelligence of their souls into effort."

Had you a large class of students?

"No, because at that time many schools flourished."

Had Alcæus a school of poetry?

"Yes."

Were there any other leading poets on the island of Lesbos in your time?

"Many. This was the Promethean age. I was the genius of them all, with the exception of Erinna. She was the greatest of all."

What age were you when you passed over?

"About forty."

. . . . . .

Why do we not know more of the women poets, artists, and philosophers of Greece?

"The Coliseums, amphitheatres and stadiums of my time, as well as the rolls and scrolls, have dissolved into space. Only echoes remain."

You lived two thousand five hundred years ago. We have not heard from any before who lived more than three hundred years ago or a little over. How is this?

"The stone in a wall settles a little closer to the bed of its habitation as time flies on."

Are you speaking now through the Twentieth Plane, or directly from the Hundredth?

"Through the Twentieth."

Shall we have the delight of hearing from you again?

"Yes. Often."

Thank you.

"My own friend, I salute thee. Good-bye."

Good-bye. Is any one here?

"Yes. Erinna. I have only this to utter; then I go with her, Sappho, the divine. The women of the Twentieth Plane are pure, serene, free, noble. . . . Your women will rise to this standard, and oh, in the name of the gods, I see coming to you, as clear as the depths of the blue sky, the place where we stand. Good-bye."

The genius lives his vision. Others wear the chains of convention. Thus the genius is what he is; others pretend to what they are not. The truth of the true is accounted immorality. But geniuses are few, and prohibition does prohibit. Sappho was, no doubt, a better woman than she is reputed to have been.

All this about Pittacus having loved her and been the cause of her death is new to me, but so are many things in these remarkable dialogues. Erinna is reputed to have been more skilled in hexameter than was Sappho. I believe that no least fragment of her work remains. The dialogue continues, with Shakespeare in the ethereal spot-light.

May 6—Shakespeare

"In the time that was the glory of the Elizabethan age, I strode the boards of the theatre with drama created fresh from my soul. . . . My comrade, will you read from Henry the Eighth, third act, the words of Wolsey. It is near the last of the act."

(The passage commencing "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness" was read.)

Have you been lecturing on the Twentieth Plane?

"Yes. I will give portions thereof, but tell her of the . . . accumulated knowledge to speak to me."

Do you mean the scholar-girl?

"Yes; but in her mind, all thrilling with intellectual light, I see charged that immortal question, is it I?"

That is quite a natural question, do you not think, Shakespeare?

"Yes; as natural as I, and I was the universe focussed to a point of personality called Will Shakespeare."

The scholar-girl wants to know why you wanted her to speak to you, Shakespeare?

"To be in the circle of her aura, for I will draw thereof some energy to refer to the modern woman of genius."

(The scholar-girl asked a question *re* Portia.)

"She, in masculine garb, spoke as the eternal male, and held the judges spellbound with the flow of her noble thought.

"May I give a description of this immortal place now?"

We shall be delighted if you will, Shakespeare.

"Behold a temple set in a valley, whose opaline sides, as if with jewels were dissolved, then kissed by Sappho and polished to reflect the gorgeous splendour of exalted nature. Hear the bell in yonder church tower. The walk to this edifice is like pearls. The trees are all swaying in rhythmical harmony of pulsations of ether. The people are all moving with steps of princes newly ordained to a higher throne; and all is lit with the close resemblance of the pale pink of sea-shells."

Is this the description of the Twentieth Plane?

"Yes; where I now stand."

Is there much difference between the scenery of the Twentieth Plane and that of the hundredth?

"As between Rome and Athens in their palmy days."

It should be explained that the reappearance of Shakespeare after his former visit when he said with "infinite regret" that he would not return, was due to the prayers of Mother, which he said, with characteristic gallantry, were commands. He had been visiting the Twentieth Plane and had not finally re-

turned to his home on the hundredth plane. Passages from his trance-address will be quoted in the chapter on Eloquence.

Shelley gave us a further paragraph on Poetry on May 26th when the girl-poet was present. We quote it:

May 26—Shelley

"An idea for the girl-poet: Poetry is the soul dreaming, and metre is the bed the soul dreams on. Style is the night-robe Poetry adorns herself with, as she seeks quiet rest beneath stars nearly retired to their chambers of sleep.

"I was once asked when on earth: Percy, why so effeminate in your life? I answered, (This was never published. Even my wife in the preservation of fragments, did not preserve this,) I am a woman in the feeling I have for things sad, lonely, weary, and I have a woman's intenser feeling to cry things thus seen into verses that shed tears also, but tears of pearly joy."

The subject of free verse was evidently an acute one with the poets of the mother-group.

Wordsworth returned to it by his own request:

May 26—Wordsworth

"I would like to say something re free verse; shall I?"

By all means.

"The greatest master of free verse on your plane was Shakespeare, was he not?"

Undoubtedly.

"Well, this is the limitation of free verse. Only a Shakespeare can write it. Not that it is nearest to the essentials of poetry, but that it requires infinite genius to overcome its difficulties of expression. Nature has ordained for poetic

expression, metre, style and rhythm. Verse without rhythm is neither poetry nor good prose."

June 15—Tennyson

"This is a great delight, dear souls, to come to your circle. . . .

"I want to say that I would have A. D. lead in a discussion of elemental things in poetry."

What is your estimate of the new poetry?

"It is the beginning only of a renaissance in poetry. I do not like so-called free verse. It is not really free at all, because, in the Shelleyan sense as revealed from here, it is not in at-one-ment with nature. Now, my fault on earth plane was too much attention to technique."

What poem of yours do you rank as your best work?

"I estimate beyond all comparison the latter part of *In Memoriam*."[1]

Were you conversant with Sir Thomas Mallory's relation of the King Arthur legends?

"He suggested the story to me often."

Did you prefer the story as you used it?

"I had no choice in the matter. The theme naturally developed itself."

Do you know *Mordred?*

"No. We know here Carmen's Sappho."

Do you like the unrhymed lyric?

"That is one form the new poetry will take."

"Now I want to be very close to you. Can you tell me the names of the dramas I wrote?"

You wrote only two or three, I think.

"Well, name them."

There was *Queen Mary.*

[1] The last stanzas of this poem have been transposed and are now usually printed first.

"The greatest was *Becket*, in which the inspiration blows like the perfumes of Asia, when spices immortal touch the vision to reality. It sings songs of nature without any impediments."

Queen Mary was not a success on the stage, was it?

"No. It was a failure, though Henry Irving introduced it to the public."

Have you any suggestion as to theme for poetry now?

"I think the returned soldier whose life has been transformed by seeing such visions as the angels at Mons should be immortalized."

If angels have been assisting our men at Mons, why not at other places on the battle line?

"They have been assisting, but not in such tangible form."

Are astral hosts assisting also our foes?

"They were, but astral forces from the plane which sent the angels to Mons were stronger in force than lower astral forces which would help the foe, from lower planes."

Who was leading the angel forces from your plane? Was it Kitchener?

"No; Lincoln. Kitchener was, I believe, not here then. That was a test question."

I did not think of it as such. I forgot he was not dead then.

"I said, in answer to your question as to what I regarded as my greatest poem, the latter part of *In Memoriam*, because of Arthur Hallam, and besides the great vision I had as even the prophets of old when they saw the throne of God.

"Arthur is here with me. He will speak briefly, for Arthur was a genius and a lover-man, as he is now a pure-thinking astral comrade."

You wrote more verse for the state than Wordsworth did when he was the Laureate of England.

"But I accepted the Laureateship at the earnest request of

Gladstone, and told him I regretted doing so. I wanted to remain simply Alfred Tennyson, but the position neither inspired nor retarded my work."

The position would have gone to the bow-wows if you had not accepted it.

"As it has gone to them now. What was written on the death of King Edward of great quality?"

Nothing.

"And when Kitchener left those shores, a Canadian wrote immortal lines, not the Laureate. My *Ode to the Duke of Wellington* and my *Charge of the Light Brigade* have many like themes in your present tragic times. . . .

"The basis of all poetry is mysticism."

Do we not make a mistake when we class the great Germans of genius such as Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Herder, Wagner, etc., with the military Germany of to-day? They were not Prussians and there was no empire then.

"There is in the earth plane another plane or nation. This plane is one of great men, a country to which they come when they attain certain vision. When great men come to this plane, they know no country, nationality, or creed; they belong to the democracy of the universal.

"Frederick the Great was the primal cause of the present war. He left an impress on the ether of Germany that has poisoned all his followers not only mentally, but even physically, as German modern history shows."

You mean that there is a certain heaviness about the Germans!

"It is the brute force in man."

I am trying to vindicate the great geniuses of the old days.

"Hence my definition of a world within a world. Now, Elizabeth will speak, but I will return. Was I helpful?"

Delightfully and subtly helpful. Thank you.

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

It appears that all the inhabitants of the Twentieth Plane are potentially poets. Not that they are writing, or ever have written, poems in every case, but in the sense that they all feel that nature is the expression of the joy and wisdom of the Universal Heart, they are all poets, they are all philosophers. They do not publish books of verse as we do, but the whole life of the Plane is athrill with the full realization of the central truth of the poet's immemorial dream.

"Live in an atmosphere of rich simplicity."

—*William Morris.*

"The thing which reveals all has finished its story. Thus, its strength, to that extent, is gone. But great things, which only half reveal, cause the spectator to use his analytical power to learn more; thus he is more greatly impressed."

—*Benvenuto Cellini.*

ART

THIS series of communications, always somewhat unusual, rose at times to a startling interest. Sometimes, indeed, they were even astonishing. Such an occasion for surprise was the announcement made by our astral visitants that, while the astral body visits, during sleep, the Twentieth Plane, great artists such as Titian, Rembrandt and Tintoretto have made portraits which are hung in the homes of that plane.

It will be remembered that the astral body is said to be capable of separation from the physical, so that it visits loved ones either on astral or physical planes during dreams of exaltation, being meanwhile connected with the physical body through a sort of umbilical cord, which being by chance severed results in physical death. It was during such dream-visits to the Twentieth Plane that the following pictures were said to have been made.

Wordsworth, who described to us most of the pictures thus produced by the brush of thought, explained their quality and purpose as follows:

May 27—Wordsworth

"All these pictures are designed to show

1. The character of the person,
2. The destiny,
3. The symbolization of both character and destiny."

The question of their permanency was discussed by Wordsworth as follows:—

May 12—Wordsworth

Does Tintoretto use a brush?

"He uses the brush of thought."

Are the pictures permanent?

"Until the subject through sin destroys them: then they fade."

Is this fading temporary?

"The colours return when there is a return of the subject to a life of truth and reality."

While we must not apply physical laws to the estimation of these portraits, we should, on the other hand, try to realize their substantial or actual nature. Such distinctions are valid throughout these dialogues. True, they can be understood only by a certain quality of mind, and while it is hoped that the present reader has such a mind, it may be well to warn others not to be too dogmatic by expressing the view that such a quality does not exist, or, if it does, that it ministers to confusion.

First, then, I will give further instance where the astral body is said to have visited the Twentieth Plane during sleep:—

May 11—Mother

"My darling girl, it is with joy that Dora and I have watched the growth of your soul. Last eve when sleep led you to us, we welcomed your astral body. Your life is much finer and that is why one said 'her work is among human flowers.'"

The first portrait was that of a young woman. This is Wordsworth's description:

"On a golden easel, bathed in a crystal light, shaded by filmy draperies of green, pink, and yellow; with a frame of jasper: a woman caught in the starlight's arms and tenderly deposited on a shore where the eternal sea ebbs and flows as the moonlight sonata. Her eyes are blue with depth of reason, passion, strength, purpose and intensity. In the curve of her arm, one sees the impulse of the tigress as she springs to rescue a baby in the jungle. On (her) cheeks is the blush of the maiden who first feels the mature forces of her being spring like lava to the surface. The body is all curves, all fully developed, like a Venus de Milo; and in the centre of this vision, I see a soul as true as the soul of a woman who died that the truth might live. This is she."

Is it permitted to tell us who the artist is?

"Rembrandt."

For a time the members of our circle supposed that this would be the only portrait of which we should receive a report. But in a few days similar descriptions were coming till we had received about half a dozen of them. The next one to be described by Wordsworth, who seemed to be the specialist in this work, was the following:

May 12—Wordsworth

"As the sun glimmers through a dell where a light is shaded by crimson, gold and green, on a white and pink surface canvas of the artist of the plane, is the Grecian form of one whose eyes look straight as light into the heart of things. We draw closer; the face is revealed. If Erinna and Sappho were to merge into one soul, they would be the soul of the portrait. See those arms, as of the Aphrodite in repose, that rounded bosom, white and pink with vitality, shoulders rounded like a

crescent moon, the eyes pools of liquid splendour in which the glorious sky, dreaming, is reflected. Saintliness, purity, culture, strength, embodied in the artistry of Rembrandt. This is she."

We next present Tintoretto's description of the portrait of a little boy, as painted by himself.

May—Tintoretto

"The sixteenth century dares to speak to the twentieth. I was the man who dared, so I speak. I will describe this picture as follows:

"On a canvas as still and rosy as a sky reflecting love, one sees a little boy on the seashore. He lies all graceful as a bird talking love to its mate on the sands of time. His eyes, blue, are eternal inquiry. His cheeks tinted as the sacred cherub in my earth *'Adam and Eve.'* The golden mellow colour of hope suffuses all.

"We have tried to express the destiny of one who will reach an eminence commensurate with the teaching of this plane; so along the shore is a path not yet disturbed by the sea waves. That path is full of rocks. Here and there is a cave, but the path is pure white. Pink is the side of the hills near it. This is devotion. Yellow lies the cave yonder—intellect. Golden sparkles of sunshine splashed indiscriminately all around, and in all is the atmospheric tone of the treatment. The purple air of divinity in the sky is a background. Squadrons of fleecy clouds, some large ones; a mountain of red, green, blue, and all lit with the eternal joy of the message he will express—the light of God."

Dorothy

"Tintoretto said he was glad to speak, and all here want to know what you think of the description."

It is a wonderful piece of imaginative description.
" We say it is: as anything we have heard for days."

Many beautiful word-pictures of portraits were received from time to time. These pictures conveyed, in few words, what otherwise would have required many words and much space to express. They are real efforts to picture, as vividly as possible, the images in the speaker's mind as created by observation of the portraits described. It is possible that, in some cases, the elements of the picture are too elusive for our comprehension. Such words as " astral," " etheric," etc., are not explained by scales or metronome. We need not only the senses, not merely the micrometer and the balance, if we would mix love and beauty with our lives and melt them to greatness after the similitude of Wagner's observation.

I present now a description of the portrait of a mystic:

June 22—Wordsworth

" I will read now, the prose portrait, in words of Rembrandt, of a mystic:

" In an alcove where a purple light is filtered through a lace tapestry, is seen sitting, surrounded by symbols of books, a Jewish altar, a crystal such as Egyptians used in olden days; a young man robed in white, who is gazing into the crystal with a light in his eyes and an expression on his face as if a soul had been painted while surveying the knowledge on the monuments and in the law-tracks along which the universe rushes to fulfil its higher purpose in the life of the ages. Rembrandt has pictured this youth as the microcosm seeing the macrocosm

of universal agitation and action. I see that sky, that purple radiance, stars of gold, trees, rocks, valleys, rivers, and in all and through all, the golden sheet of divine love. These are the surroundings as Rembrandt actually saw them one starry night, when this plane at rest welcomed another mystic, another crowning glory of the race."

In this description, as read by Wordsworth, it would seem that Rembrandt had himself described the portrait and that Wordsworth was merely reading it to us, but as Wordsworth often asked us what we thought of his description, when he had finished it, I am inclined to think that Rembrandt had simply been interpreted by Wordsworth, as the great painter spoke in the universal language of his art. This was the case at least in most of the descriptions read by the greatest of nature poets.

Of the four portraits already described, three are said to have been painted by Rembrandt. The next one is also by him, and is the last one of his portraits described up to the time of closing this volume. This is the portrait of a young woman:

June 2—Wordsworth

"Nestling as quiet as she is in the group of earth astral bodies painted here by Titian and Rembrandt, on an easel of red gold ore construction, is to be seen the glory-painting of Rembrandt's art, as he dreamed of a girl, sweet, gentle, and the soul of things pensive.

"The canvas is pure white, and the background reveals a sky as if each cloud were the tear-drop of an angel. In the

foreground, one sees half-revealed flowers, a fountain of astral crystal waters, and a lone palm tree.

"The girl herself is seated on a bench near the sea. Her arm is on the back of the place she reclines on. It is long and sculptured to a state of perfection which would have been an inspiration to Angelo. The slightly stooping shoulders are delicately rounded in art curves like the curves of a swallow in flight. The hair is brown, as if Nature had taken the brown of apples, russet in their dress, and adorned the head of a maiden. The cheeks have a delicate hue, as if a blush had been caught when the maiden dreamed things of her heart,—secrets of him she loves. In the eyes slightly shaded one can see the outlooking soul all lit with education, strength of character, and the delicate touch of the artist of life, whose discrimination in taste is almost perfect.

"The atmosphere around all is one of pensive, deep-dreaming love, and, in a sentence, one sees in this astral painting, the fresh, innocent maid, worthy to have walked in Eden, when mortals were so close to the divine."

Passing from Rembrandt, we come to the prince of colourists, Titian. If, in this case, the light and shade contrasts are less startling, the Venetian appears to have achieved a triumph of poetry, imagination and beauty, no less significant than that of the illustrious Dutchman. The portrait is that of a young woman in whom the fountains of her Art have not yet risen to their flood, but whose prospective genius will some day sweep with tremendous power to irresistible fame. Here is the interpretation:

May 27—Wordsworth

"Upon an easel golden, on a cream-surfaced canvas, of

silken angel's wing fabric, seated in the branches of a tree. She has all the coiled-up strength of a viper ready to seize its prey. This is to illustrate, in colour artistry, intensity.

"This terribly intense strength is relieved by the artist, when he caused those eyes to reflect back to earth the inspiration mirrored in them, sent direct from an astral sky.

"Pale purple is the atmosphere around tree and form; and that long slender pale pink arm, pointing down, shows the fingers of the poet destined to write verse, which in the course of the golden river near by, will be word-pictures of placid river-flow, then the reaching of the cataract, and further on, the boiling waters of a whirlpool, and finally, the mother harbour home of peace, serenity, love and God-wisdom.

"All this, he of light, colour and shadow, has epitomized on canvas, and it rests on a Morris easel, in a frame tinted perfectly, and in harmony with all the oriental splendour only dreamed by Cleopatra before she bade farewell to the Egypt she loved so well."

Another portrait by Titian presents a young woman, restless, brilliant, inspired; one who represents apparently the genius of the Twentieth Plane as it functions in the Twentieth Century Woman of the coming age, the age of the new year of the world, the renaissance of liberty that shall lift Woman to her mightier seat where, enthroned beside man—The New Man of the reconstructed civilization—she will build altars to worthier ideals than our fathers ever dreamed.

May 27—Wordsworth

"Here, we see, on a smooth-surfaced fabric whose shell-

like bosom reflects every shade of colour passing in the soul of an artist, the form of a woman-warrior. She stands erect, bosom out, head back, her hair floating straight back in the violent wind that surges through her locks. She has one foot advanced, in one hand a parchment roll, and this all alight with a crimson sky above.

"Those eyes are orbs of intellect. The parchment is the scroll on which, by means of faint tints, is depicted the prophetic light of shadow and colour, blending together to give utterance to the story graphically told that she will be the fire-bringer of knowledge, and emphasizing the lessons for the advancement of mankind.

"The background shows hills of gold, valleys of sleeping, softly-diffused purple. We see, too, the mouth of a cave whose entrance has an indescribable aura-light, which reflects on the side of her, telling those who look, this is faith's form; and in that little lake, near by, of love, a faerie's shallop whose sails are tears, and whose rudder is in the current of swift-flowing life.

"This lake and ship graphically depict that she is one whose knowledge and literature will sail to the harbour of souls, quietly on to the confines of the earth.

"The frame was made in Egyptian Sphynx and Pyramid style; gray, blue, brown, mellowed with age, but all showing the eternal joy of everlasting life."

We now leave the artists of the earth, and revel in the enjoyment of a new sensation. In order to make this explanation clear, the reader will recall that some of the earth people are reincarnations, while others are born here, the product of protoplasm derived from planes other than the earth. Great vistas loom on the

horizon here, but we must resist the temptation to digress. That which bears on our present purpose is the fact that while personalities on the Twentieth Plane are in some cases derived from other planes, (just as on the fifth plane, we too have reincarnations of persons from planes above the tenth;) other personalities are born there, never having lived before on any other plane.

These people of the Twentieth Plane are described somewhat by Dorothy in the following dialogue:

June 28—Dorothy

"William wants to describe a portrait painted by an artist not of any plane but this. He has been always here. His name is Eligab."

You say he has never been on any other plane. What, then, was the manner of his beginning? How was he born?

"By a peculiar birth which rarely happens here. He simply came to us as protoplasm is used on your plane."

Can you tell us what happened from five minutes before his birth till five minutes after?

"I can only describe it as if a ball of material unrolled into astral body formed. This is not the law here—a very rare exception. Some are teachers here who are only of this plane."

June 28—Wordsworth

"We enter a room reserved for full-length portraits of sages. We see the hardly dried colours. On the background of pure white, a man in robes of purple, on whose forehead is a vivid star. He stands close to a column of marble. Near

him is an old Grecian hour-dial. Back farther again is the broken column of a portico.

" On the earth in every direction, rolled tightly, some bent slightly back, others unrolled, are many parchment rolls.

" The artist has used Twentieth Plane artistry and genius to show in the man, as contradistinguished from his surroundings, form, proportion, strength, and those curves of body which show character.

" The shoulder, like Demosthenes', as seen in earth statue, is bare. It is . . . muscular, well rounded, and that curve, perfect as a figure in Geometry, shows how the artist soul of the man naturally feels and then walks straight down the path that leads to the creation of masterpieces. His eyes gleam poems; his hands show the softer womanly instincts of the soul attuned to greatness.

" The body shows all over massive strength, the sublime, the heroic.

" There is a strange, weird, dreamy colour hovering around those eyes, delicately cast by the infinite genius of a painter of this plane: a suggestion by the grouping of colour shadows of the greatest imagination one has seen in a visitant to these shores of higher life. That imagination is as if he whom we paint was just caught on the wings of imagination, and lifted to where he hears sphere music.

"Around his head a halo. Not the halo of the great prophet paintings done so well by an Angelo or a Raphael and others, but the halo of his own aura almost on fire with the contemplation of things of this plane, after the spirit bathed in earth life comes to this place and partakes of our crystal baths.

" This is the portrait of a sage. No more could be said."

One more portrait by Eligab was described by Hartley and this is the last. Hartley, with his usual

vivacity, introduces his description with a humorous reference which would indicate that he regarded some member of our circle as a strict disciplinarian.

August 11—Hartley Coleridge

"My friends, I come in as mannerly as an Eton boy in England, when the head master stands with cane in hand. I read from thought tablets before my gaze now:

"We enter the chamber in which great portraits of those still living on earth plane are kept. We look casually around. Our attention is attracted by other more prominent and realistic paintings, but as we muse in this gallery of astral art, we linger almost without thought.

"On a wall, in a pearl, gold, and turquoise frame, a portrait of a woman about to plunge into a crystal bath. We see her delicate form beneath gauze drapery which adorns her. It has that beautiful delicate interior of sea shell tint which recalls the colour on the cheek of love.

"She stands hesitating on the water's edge. She is slightly inclined, just ready to dive. The curves of her form and the inclination of her neck are as wonderful as anything we have seen in this gallery.

"She is standing on the shore, and the sun reflected in each particle of sand sends intermixed silver radiance which seems like a sleeping-robe of angel fabric that has just settled down to the shore and not yet found a clinging place.

"The sky is blue while fleecy clouds far in the background are seen dimly like the tops of distant mountains.

"Now we are nearer to the portrait, we examine it with closer scrutiny. We see an expression on the face of half puzzled wonderment as if the eyes would ask the way to go. We see hands with long beautifully tapering fingers as if the hands would ask, what shall we encounter when we take the

plunge? Eligab explains to me that the picture is intended to describe hesitancy and wonder. Her life expression here will remove that hesitancy but will expand its soul wonder."

If we turn from the art of painting to that of Architecture, we are still in the realm of beauty. We are still busy in the purpose of the people on the Twentieth Plane—the revealment of their life. We shall quote here a scene-description, symbolical in its meaning. It is all the more effective that it is introduced by Mother and Dorothy on a rainy morning when fragrant blossoms perfume the air.

May 26—Mother

"My boy Albert, this morning of love, when the waters of heaven carpet the floor of your world, we come to greet and love all your group. I will leave at once. Dora is here."

It will be necessary to explain that the following description of the home of the Mother-Group was given by Dorothy through the Instrument while in trance. No stenographer was present, and I took the notes given below. They are fragmentary, but the essentials of the description will be grasped quite accurately by the reader if he will supply such particles as may be omitted and make up with easy exercise of his imagination what the printed words suggest. He cannot go far astray, since these fragments suggest the message quite accurately.

May 26—Dorothy

"I, Dora, use the voice of an earth-Instrument to speak the

plain, sweet words that are prayers, that they may be helpful to you all.

"The people we are constitute the home in which we dwell.

"In the place in which we dwell, we have a room assigned to us. There is not an object in it. The walls and ceilings are of glass; the floor is plain. . . .

"We furnish the room by instantaneous thought. The same thing is done more slowly on your plane.

"The home of the Mother-Group is long, narrow . . . has but one floor . . . no up-stairs in homes here, but the roof is so high up we can hardly see it. There is no hall-way. . . . Sixty large French window-doors. . . . These are draped with magnificent tapestries. . . .

"The dining-room . . . long table. . . . We take turns in sitting in the honoured place. . . . The table is of a clear . . . Jacobin legs . . . twisted.

"The windows are tinted very light greenish with other clear colours. . . .

"We believe in laughter and happiness. . . .

"Smaller rooms . . . places of soul-rest . . . bed-rooms, beds whose mattresses are soft quilts of silk that could be pulled through a ring. . . . Quiet slumber which is inspiration and rest.

"Walls are of onyx and jasper. . . . Steps of all the colours of an aura. . . .

"On our main entrance there is no door. . . . No hall. . . . No stairs. . . . Any may pass immediately to the heart of the home. We have no heating apparatus. . . . Our average temperature being 110° Fahr. You will ask, would such a temperature enervate? It is altogether a case of pre-development. No soul could reach this plane that would fall back.

"Ten chairs and ten plates, more than are necessary for possible guests.

"When we seat ourselves, we bow our heads and repeat no words, but thankful prayer is in our hearts. . . .

"We have one room . . . called the *inspiration-room.* In this room hang the pictures we have painted in words for you. . . .

"We have paper . . . write on it . . . destroy it, but we know by the glory of the aura and gleaming eyes that he who has just emerged has had a great, inspiring time.

"Now I will quietly gather astral robes of white, and subside into the light."

On the same day William Morris described to us some of the furniture and decorations of the Twentieth Plane.

May 26—William Morris

"I am indebted, kind ladies and gentlemen, for permission to enter here. I will seat myself in a Morris chair and be at home."

"Now I feel we are brothers. I did on earth want people to understand these two laws of life, the life beautiful:

1. Combine utility with beauty.
2. Live in an atmosphere of rich simplicity.

"Here we have furniture too. Shall I describe some? Robert Louis Stevenson is sitting in a chair I created by thought. The chair is simply a back, seat, and legs; but the back moves in motion as one moves. Here all things of utility conform to personal use, even as the winds conform to endless shapes on the earth plane.

"We have substantial shrines of Art here: to wit, your mother's home. It is permanent; has been for centuries, but this is of note. We often sweep out of our homes the articles in them and slowly recreate new things of beauty, such as beds shaped like shells, chairs like a sunflower, window sills like

sands golden-heated by the intense sun, cheffoniers all glass-like with drawers that open as noiselessly as the fall of a flower petal. We have rugs something like a blend of fur, silk, and the kashmir of Arabia. We have here hooks to hang head gear on made out of crescent moonbeam shadows, and I could go on forever enumerating these external objects of beauty.

"Our walls are made of glass, and as one dreams, thinks, loves, lives, the life is pictured on the wall as mural decoration, a moving picture of the tenants.

"Stevenson, when he left the Islands of Hawaii to come to this plane, brought with him the ukulele. He brought also the native song of the isle but improved it, and often we hear him when alone. His tonal pictures pierce us to the quick. His eye has the same wistful expression it had in Samoa. He had that listening attitude, as if he heard far off the call of one telling him her love. His is a soul like the ocean in sleep—boundless power, vast imagination, full-bosomed emotion and the consciousness of wisdom; such is the soul of Louis. . . ."

As no more suitable place is likely to be found for a musical reference than the present one, we shall use it here, especially as it serves to introduce a comparatively longer portion of the dialogue than usual. There is no need at any time to omit portions for any other reason than that they are somewhat too personal to be printed. Where trivial converse is introduced by our astral friends it is for the purpose of relief from too much continued concentration. The reader is referred, however, for almost continuous dialogue of some length, to the chapter on Poetry, and also to that on The Quest of Reality. The following dialogue contains some elements not strictly on Art,

either music or painting, but these are included so as to give continuity and solidarity to the text. The hiati are usually personal:

May 19—Mother

"Albert, my boy, this evening, when Love enters the home of Wisdom, I draw nigh to the soul of my soul—my son. Speak to me."

Are you well and happy as usual, Mother?

"No, not as usual. I feel, as we all feel, each day, week, month, nearer to the Heart of Things. We take each time a forward step. Dora will speak this evening, if that is agreeable to the company." (An affirmative was the answer.)

May 19—Dorothy

"Oh, I am so glad to come again to the author of the later *Triad*. . . . The poem will develop to print as the sun ripens flowers to greet the day. . . .

"I have the very great pleasure to tell you something that will please you. . . . One from the higher planes will converse at once. Who do you think it is? . . .

"I see the name is not in your consciousness. It is Wagner, so ask Louis to read . . . *Wagner* at once, to get the vibrations exact." (Reading.)

May 19—Wagner

"Gentle sirs, and ladies too, I speak the message of music. Besides being an essayist, poet, and musical composer, I was, as one said, the Shakespeare of music. . . .

"I was impetuous, galloped to high thought, so I will tell you something of the music language.

"The forest heaving in the storm as if the whole army of trees of oak had a music of groans, sighs, long drawn out

complaints; but the scene shifts, as in Isolde, then comes the soft morn; the sky is tinted with rose; a chicken crows; in the distance a door slams; the milk-boy carries his pail to the cow; the birds sing; the light is stronger. Up comes the sun—all nature hails the day emerging into fuller light. Now trees, chickens, boys, the sky, cows, winds and all activity is a language. Music simply takes this language, reduces it to time, tunes it to a higher rate of vibration, then, in measured notes, tuned with harmonies, using discords, too, and all the technique of the musical art, translates life into song."

What is the difference between music on the plane where you live and the music of ours?

"A difference between the subject of inspiration only."

That is, the inspiring theme is the main difference?

"Yes. To Cosima, I composed a choral piece, and Coleridge says William will now describe that choral."

May 19—Wordsworth

"If diamonds, turquoises, rubies and emeralds were dissolved in a glass of love, and the liquid harmony poured into an angel's lap, and each dissolved jewel could, in this complete coalescing to a liquid pure white, tell a poem too deep for human ears, then you would obtain only a fraction of the rich soul-wonder of this choral."

Has Cosima any knowledge of this?

"She is here now."

May 19—Wagner

"Bayreuth is often in my mind, and in the theatre here it is astralized. I came here to superintend one of my productions."

Which one was it?

"The choral to Cosima."

I did not know that Cosima had passed over. I had not heard of her death.

"If the physical body is living, yet the soul has flown. We do not know, but Cosima is here. We know that. Frequently, however, the soul is here before the body is defunct. Sometimes you say he or she is in second childhood."

Is Lizst on your plane?

"Yes; he is here now."

Have you seen Mendelssohn?

"Yes; on the plane of my residence.

"Now, sacred friend of the Nieblung, I will say that . . . *Wagner* contains my soul. . . . We are indebted, and even some of us are still in the part where things melt to greatness."

Here is an instance, like many others in this series of investigations, where the subtle purpose of the communicating intelligence did not transpire until weeks after the message came through. When Wagner says "Some of us are still in the part where things melt to greatness," his allusion was to the following words which had been read by the Instrument, at his request, in the Wagner monologue:

I fling my own
Hot heart into the crucible of truth,
Mix with the subtle alchemy of love,
And set it deep into the fiery heart
Of Being. When the whole is now become
Transparent as the eye of innocence,
I pour it into moulds of mightiest Art
To fill the soul of all the years with song;

That his words were a reference to this "part" of the reading we had so recently listened to did not

occur to any of us till I copied the notes for this volume five weeks later.

Benvenuto Cellini, after giving his teaching on Sculpture, added a message from Mozart which was nothing more nor less than a brief definition of music.

June 16—Mozart

"Music is that high form which inspiration reaches when the vibrations of time harmonize with the song of universal life.

"That is, the Universe, as a lullaby to its soul, has a song that it forever sings, and when your inspiration vibrates in regular time with this greater song, you, too, hear music which you express."

Immediately after this, Cellini introduced the message of another great musician:

June 16—Weber

"Children of the immortal, Music is the handmaid of poetry, for one is colour in prose, the other is colour in aural prose.

"Music is the inspiration of deeds. It is universal in its appeal. It is the river of God's love flowing through souls heated in the chase. It is a great elemental wind of the divine breathing in music-prayer the adoration of mankind to Him who is the Source of Being.

"I want to ask if any here know my Invitation to the Dance. It was my dearest work, personally speaking. Sometime when it is played in your hearing, think of Weber."

Dorothy introduced Shelley the following week, and he gave us a description of a scene at daybreak.

This passage shows somewhat of the symbolism which is so constantly in evidence on the Twentieth Plane:

May 26—Dorothy

"The thing we are particular about is to fathom your wishes this day. Shall it be a time of ravishing beauty or of deep philosophy? Shall Percy come now, or Samuel with his mature inspiration?"

Could we have some words from both?

May 26—Shelley

"I come lightly, blithely, serene as the singing of rain when it kisses flowers asleep.

"I will now describe a scene here just as morning breaks. A little child sleeping on a silken couch awakes from dreams of play, and looks towards the sun as it rises yonder. Then the deeper pink of an aura radiance in which the soul of the child blends with the increasing light of day. As notes when timed give the quartette harmony of mind, these, all together, sing the praises of the new-born day.

"The child is very young and tender, eyes wide open to receive knowledge as it flows in, irresistible as the ocean. He is a babe in wisdom, but as daylight here deepens to the pale rose twilight, the child knows what your earth plane ones of age never know until inspiration kindles the pent-up flames.

"The child, and the day, and the light, and the desire to be kissed by God are the things one must live in to realize that beauty, wisdom and childhood are the golden rungs in the ladder which angels climb to come to the home of Mary."

Which Mary?

"All the Marys who know Jesus."

The plan observed in this volume as directed by the

Publication Committee, divides the communication from Richard Mansfield, the illustrious actor and dramatist, into three parts which go into three different chapters, one part being found in the chapter on *Principles of Life,* another will be found in the chapter on *Eloquence,* and the third must find a place here.

No phase of these communications has received a smaller credence than those which take the form of prediction. Prophecy, necessarily, and no matter who is the prophet, or how divinely inspired, appears to me to be conditional, a fact not generally realized. All causes, being effects of other causes, may be subject to a chain of results set in motion far from the finality in question. Thus a predicted event may fail to take its place in history because a far antecedent cause was disturbed in its course of causative evolution. The prediction of Mansfield is, however, of great interest in the world of Art, and we shall reproduce it here:

June 2—Mansfield

"Three great actors will reincarnate for earth plane, and they will play the dramas of a new generation of playwrights. Æsthetically, ethically, and in every division of fine life and thought, they will lift to a high level the stages of your plane.

"After the war when all standards have been ripped to pieces, will come longing for a finer language; a demand for a language of purity of rhythm and poetry. The poets will usher this new language to the people and the stage will adopt this song of expression."

Will the stage use poetry again in preference to prose?

"If it is great stuff, yes."

It seems unnatural for an actor to speak a long piece of poetry on the stage.

"Length or condensation is not the question. What is of moment is, is it the song of one soul to another, is it interesting? The reason for my great earth success was the fact that I spoke with the true eloquence of naturalness.

"Now you three men of big thought, and ladies too, give Richard some questions."

The questions were given and Mansfield spoke a few minutes later of his method on the stage and of the state stage, subjects rising out of the questions asked by myself and our friends who were present. The address in trance is to be found on page 189.

Two messages relating to the Art of Sculpture were received. The first was from Coleridge, and will appeal to all:

March 17—Coleridge

Have you seen any of . . .'s work?

"Yes. . . . Sculpture is a medium of expressing force, motion, thought, rather than beauty. Here we leave beauty to, say, Rembrandt or Titian. In Sculpture it is essential to suggest great force. Do not try to tell your whole story in the work. Suggest always something more, and in all efforts throw yourself physically into the empyrean of complete abandonment."

The second was from Benvenuto Cellini, who was introduced by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

June 16—E. B. Browning

"Now, the folks here have another great surprise. Whom do you think will speak?"

It would be hard to guess out of the people of all times and nations.

"Well, he was a Florentine. It is Benvenuto Cellini."

June 16—Benvenuto Cellini

"Men of earth plane, I am here, you there. I was a goldsmith and sculptor; you are thought-smiths and book-makers."

Book-wrights.

"That is right. I was the builder in plastic forms of colossal subjects, was I not?"

Some of your work in sculpture was colossal, I believe.

"All."

Is not Sculpture more suited to colossal work than to smaller forms?

"Michael Angelo said so. Now I will define great Sculpture: Sculpture, to be essentially great, is the permanent form of movement expressing a half-finished story, through all poses and expressions, in plastic art.

"I said I was a sculptor of massive forms. Now, as a goldsmith, I (covered) all the art of miniature form, but always felt my soul cramped, so I threw it to the four winds, breathed boundless inspiration, and with bold strokes, swam to the shores of greatness. . . .

"Sculpture always appealed to me as the art in which one was really an arch of form.

"The mistake of the sculptors of time has been, they tried to tell a whole story in an imperfect medium of form."

Sculpture gives, then, something like a cross section of a story; does it not?

"In part, yes. But deeper still, there is this: psychologically

the thing which reveals all has finished its story. Thus its strength to that extent is gone. But great things, which only half reveal, cause the spectator to use his analytical power to learn more; thus he is more greatly impressed."

Da Vinci thought painting greater than Sculpture, did he not?

"There is no degree in true Art. Look over the museums of your plane, and more than half of the greatest works of Sculpture will be found to be work of the imagination. But I refuse to discuss degree. One in its own field is as high as another in its sphere. Sculpture shows form and proportion. Painting illustrates, through illusion, a subject of inspiration or less than inspiration."

It is fitting to close this chapter on the Art of the Twentieth Plane with the teaching of this creator of terrible beauty in colossal dreams of stone. We have passed from the pigments of Rembrandt to the home decorations of Morris, the harmonies of Wagner, the drama of Mansfield, and the sculptures of Cellini. Apologies are due to all of these for such scant comment, but the impact of their own beautiful messages is more effective than any words of mine could leave them. So let us pass on to another field of interest, but not without feeling that we have made some new friends, who, from the listening years have gathered up a few of their glories and their dreams, and spread them at our feet.

"The voice is a better instrument than the cold page."

—*Edmund Burke.*

"Nothing is worthy of utterance unless it teaches something high and noble. . . . The voice of your life will sing, and its singing will reach to the Master of Masters, and blend with His till all shall hear the divine song of your characters."

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

ELOQUENCE

ELOQUENCE must be spoken; it cannot be written. It cannot be read. It cannot be recited. It cannot be orated or posed. This being true, we are not to expect the same thrill from the page that we derive from the molten images of truth that pour white hot from the heart of a speaker whose lips have been touched with fire from the altars of God.

We have another apology to offer to our theme and also to those of the Twentieth Plane whose words are here so imperfectly reproduced. We found that our results were inexpressibly sensitive. Small circles were always much the most effective. If a stenographer was introduced who was not in sympathy with the spirit of the circle and the astral group, the effect was not only noticeable, it was deplorable. It was not necessary that the lack of sympathy should be expressed. Even though silent as the grave, covered deep with smiles, decorated with culture, and polished with art and wile, the poison of a hidden prejudice or antagonism was as effectual as if it had been injected by declamation in the hearing of us all.

This is not to be understood as meaning that we had no sympathetic stenographers. We had some who were most effective. But, unfortunately, we missed some of the best passages of some of the greatest speakers. The fact is that the speed of utterance, the inability always to secure sympathetic and ef-

fective assistance, and on some occasions our unpreparedness owing to the fact that we did not expect any trance-speaking to be printed, the Instrument not being fully developed for trance-speaking at the first, led to regrets which make these apologetic explanations necessary.

In view of all these conditions and causes, we are compelled to present only paragraphs or, in some cases, mere sentences where we should have printed at least pages or more of the specimen oratory of some of our astral friends. A great number of the people of the Twentieth Plane spoke through the lips of the entranced instrument. Among these were Lincoln, Burke, Ingersoll, Edith Cavell, Poe, Shelley, Wordsworth, Stevenson, Shakespeare, Beecher, Spinoza and several others. Since all of these spoke on at least one occasion long enough to supply the matter for a full chapter, it will be seen that we must restrict each to a few paragraphs and in the case of some who were worthy of our most liberal report, I regret to say that we shall be unable to present more than a few sentences.

We shall report, first of all, some passages from an address which I took in long hand. We were at the close of the most exalted experience that has ever inspired us throughout these investigations. All that is not too sacred for publication,—and I am sure many would not have published even this—is to be found in the last chapter of this report.

ELOQUENCE

Edgar Allan Poe purported to speak through the Instrument in trance on May 12th. I am able to give only a few extracts, but those are verbatim:

May 12—Edgar Allan Poe

"Gentle Friends; Lovers, Comrades, who lift up your souls to the beings of this higher plane. . . . There may be 500 Stradivarius violins. Each owner places a priceless value upon his own. . . . Each instrument is a portion of Stradivarius, an expression of the perfection of the man he was, yet each instrument is a little different. . . . So it is with men and women, the violins created by God. . . . The Master Musician makes music on each, all together making one grand oratorio. . . . This graphic illustration is intended to show the meaning of spontaneity. . . . Mood is the basis of spontaneous inspiration. . . . One of the marks of the true poet is the power to be subject to moods as the silent lake, when the breezes play upon its bosom, flows on under the kisses of the moon.

"First, then, decide upon your subject. Then live with it as with a loved ideal. Subjects are living and actual. After I had married myself to my subject, then I entered a place suffused with my own personality. . . . Think of books, flowers, music, etc. . . .

"Breathe deeply. Realize Swedenborg's great law of the thought synchronizing with the breathing. Then throw your arm about the neck of your theme.

"I would then throw myself into the current of high thinking and great vision. The words would come then easily. . . . The greatest poems would have been greater if there had been less effort to be artistic.

"What is the best form? Ask the subject of the poem. I

would ask the subject of the poem what form she would love to be dressed in. . . . Be guided by spontaneity and mood, but style enters into the question here. . . . Learn a lesson from the ocean. It does not ask even its Creator what form or movement it shall take. . . . When one has to think long or deeply as to what form a poem is to take, one is becoming a purist. . . . Like Walter Pater they show too much stiffness . . . not enough spontaneity. . . . The lords of Literature such as Shakespeare, Goethe, etc., are always spontaneous. Be as natural as possible.

"The sonnet form is great because it is condensed, or concentrated. Energy has always been concentrated, strong. . . . Then there is boundless force. But if the poem is as the singing of a bird to his mate, it may be as long as the heart wills.

"It is characteristic of people here that before leaving their friends, they paint for them a picture of their love. For words are living things, pigments, have intelligence. Take them, then, using the architecture of your capacity, and paint scenes that shall live.

"Art and nature are one. . . . The acorn is planted. The earth loves it and it grows. . . . It stretches to the heavens. Then it is called nature. It is cut down. It becomes the mast of a great ship. Then it is called Art. But it is still nature.

"Edgar Allan Poe kisses the foreheads of you all. I feel the divinity of this hour. It has been an inspiration to me. Good-bye!"

If the specimens of Twentieth Plane eloquence presented in this chapter are largely concerned with poetry, philosophy, ethics and religious experience, the fault is chiefly mine. Throughout the researches,

I manifested little interest in things personal, indeed, as already stated, they were barred from the circle.

Despite this attitude, many injunctions, statements of fact, predictions, etc., especially relative to the great war, were proffered without our solicitation. These were always welcomed as hospitably as other matters. But if the addresses and communications through the agency of the board are rather æsthetic, dealing with the fine arts, with ethics and philosophy, those on the Twentieth Plane are not to carry the responsibility. My reason for the course adopted was simply this: The intelligences who were in communication with us did not claim to be infallible or omniscient. In this respect they were like ourselves. Why then should we ask them about things in which we had evidence that they were much less interested than we naturally would be? They were, as compared with ourselves, experts on things concerning the Twentieth Plane. Here then was the field in which we should be their disciples.

May 26th was probably our best night for eloquence. Ingersoll spoke on *Morning, Noon and Night,* and Shelley on *Lakes, Bays and Oceans.* It will be noted by the reader that the latter, which is presented here first, treats of earth-experience, the former with the Twentieth Plane.

May 26—Shelley

"As a young man intoxicated with the beauty of earth-life,

I learned to love a certain bay and a most beautiful ocean, and since coming to this plane, enraptured by the spirit I saw amid the gorgeous hues of your combined auras, I have learned to love a lake. The bay is the Bay of Naples; the ocean is the broad Atlantic; and the lake is the blue Lake of Ontario, loved by Walt Whitman.

"As a young man on the physical plane, I loved all nature, but more especially some of the personalities I knew and recognized, as one here recognizes a friend. These personalities of nature I knew as I knew Harriet, as I knew Byron, as I knew Keats.

"Often I would go into the forest, always near a lake if possible, lie down beneath a tree and allow its limbs to shade me from the sun, and there, with a book, lying on my bosom, I would drink in the beauty, the philosophy, and the wisdom of the greatest writers of time.

"No matter how deep was my interest when on your plane in any question of philosophy, of beauty, of emotion, of revolution, of the dawn of that democracy referred to in the immortal lines of what I regard as one of the best pieces of my work, the chorus in the poem *Hellas,* when I wanted solace and serenity, I would creep to the shores of a lake, I would lie down alone on the sands, and there hear the music of the waters as they sang their lullaby of rest, or a warlike encouragement to greater effort.

"My mysticism as a poet in earth life spoke in poems to lakes, rivers and bays. When I wanted to speak as a master of living beauty, with the delicate, ethereal, angel-like touch that was Shelley's, I would go to the Bay of Naples, and there, as the sun sank down on the bosom of that bay, were reflected tints that even a Tintoretto did not dream of in his most ethereal moments. When dreams wrapped the soul in a shroud of ravishing beauty, I would see there, reflected in the bay,

colours which it was my portion in life to paint. I have been able to take these reflected tints and paint the ideas thereby inspired in immortal language.

"You read to-night some lines from Queen Mab: those lines, for instance, on death, they were inspired in me by the Bay of Naples. One could not look on Vesuvius; one could not be in the mood of such serene beauty as is Naples, and her crowning glory, the Bay, without thinking of the theme of death, and so Queen Mab sprang into being.

"When I wanted great deep comprehensive thought, I came to the shores of the ocean. There I saw boundless energy, a million Gibraltars focused before my eyes in the glorious Atlantic, as it heaved upward and forward in perfect time with cosmic energy.

"The ocean teaches me something of science, something of the depth of inspiration, something of the very soul of God. It mirrors for me all fancy, all imagination, all beauty. It is the combined result of all the deep thought and inspiration of a God. One shall not doubt immortality when one has crossed but a portion of an ocean.

"And now I come to the blue waters of Lake Ontario that I have seen from this plane, of which Walt Whitman has so eloquently written. On the shore of the blue waters of Lake Ontario nestles the city whose bosom bears an Indian name, and if I were permitted to vibrate to your plane another poem, or if I reincarnated and came down to earth again, I would write another Indian Serenade, this time to a city whose domes and cathedrals are worthy of this plane.

"While on earth, one of the characteristics which I loved about myself was the quiet female-like stillness that came over me when I thought about great eternal things before I leaped and grappled with them and got their very soul, placing it deeply in lines of inspired poetry.

"One of the things that the Divine ordained should be the gift of Percy Bysshe Shelley was that he should understand the beauty of a thing as instantly as did Keats, and paint with that beauty all the divine lessons learned by having had the deepest and the most passionate love.

"There are few poets in any age. There have been but few poets in history. There are few poets of this Twentieth Plane. The poet is the most rare creation of the Divine. A great poet must be a prophet, a seer, a musician, the voice of the divine speaking with all the rhythm, metre, polish and finish of language. He must as well be the focus point to which all the arts and sciences have been directed. He is the mirror reflecting the highest aspiration and thought of any plane, and such a being I was.

"To-night, in order to give you evidence that this is the poet once called Shelley, I have talked with feeling, with emotion, with philosophy of beauty, of experience, of things eternal and divine.

"One thing I will refer to before I go. In this city whose bosom bears the Indian name, there are several groups of people who keep green in their memory the history of Percy Bysshe Shelley. One of these is in your room to-night. I appreciate all who ever read the lines I wrote, for these lines do not belong to me; they did not come from me; I was but the humble instrument that penned these lines given to me by the eternal Source of all knowledge. This is my confession. Good-bye!"

After giving us the description reported on page 148, Shakespeare gave us a brief trance-address on *Genius:* The conditions on this evening were not very good, and I am persuaded that the meeting was not a success for that reason. We shall therefore give merely a few sentences from that address.

ELOQUENCE

May 6—Shakespeare

" Now, the hour-glass spills much sand, so I will in subdued light speak as the immortal urges me. .

"As courses time through all the valleys of the life of man, as the chariot dashed around the amphitheatre of old Rome, as the almost perfect youths of Greece entered into the games, let us with courage and noble emotion enter the amphitheatre of great thought.

" Genius is that power which enables a man to do absolutely without effort what other men cannot do with the most intense labour and struggle. Genius is always spontaneous, as rapid as light, as free as a bird in the transports of a bird's pure life. . . . Genius cannot be explained. It can be illustrated; it cannot be demonstrated, because only the God of the Universe knows what genius is, and genius never tells. . . .

" Nearly all geniuses entered your world amid the surroundings of the crude and the humble. . . . The crude and the humble things of your environment are most in harmony with the great laws that sweep as do the fingers of the harpist the chords of a golden harp. . . .

" Genius comes from higher planes. Millions of people and the mellowing influence of numbers of years are necessary to call forth that genius who will be a saviour to his or her age. The coming of a genius is an answer to the prayers of a population. The coming of a man who is a revelation to his age, is the answer to the conditions set up by the masses of the people.

"All the elements of your age, with deep diffusion of immortal music, are calling for a genius who will lift humanity from the boundless gulf. I hear, far away, celestial music, murmuring, it shall be; that prayer will be answered. . . . I shall speak through others often. I love you all."

The effect of our communion with Shakespeare has

been to make a personal dear friend of one who had long been nothing more than a mountainous personality dwelling in the light unapproachable, a being quite beyond conception. Formerly, I studied him for profit, now I think of him because I love him, and often carry a pocket play with me so as to have him speak to me, for I delight in his company.

We must now present some of the eloquence of Spinoza, who spoke at some length in trance-address. We shall have room for only brief portions of his theme:

May 19—Spinoza

"My own soul friends, I, Benedict Spinoza, called sometimes in life, Baruch Espinoza, am here in answer to a current of thought . . . reaching me through the prayer of a sainted woman on the plane through which this message is sent.

"I was born of Jewish parents. I was raised in an orthodox Jewish home. I was taken often to the synagogue and the 'schule.' I read the Talmud. I studied deeply the characters of Old Testament history. I lived in an environment of deep—too deep—religion, the religion of Theocracy. Certain circumstances, not accidental, brought me into the friendship of some of the greatest thinkers and philosophers of my day. Then, having to earn a livelihood, I became a grinder of lenses.

"It may startle you when I tell you that I learned more from my occupation of lens-grinding of the meaning of God and the Universe than I did from the University, or from the Rabbis, or from the philosophical friends who were the companions of my manhood.

"As I sat by the hour learning lessons of humility, perseverance and skill, grinding lenses which became the marvel of my day, I learned to think deeply on the great question of the material universe. I was engaged in an occupation which developed the soul.

" Pantheism has been described, by those who do not know, as the worship of the physical universe. In that little red monumental wonder-book of all the ages, The Ethics of Spinoza, I tried to demonstrate that the universe and all that it contains is one. There is nothing that is not a part of God. If one is worshipping a tree—call him a Pantheist if you dare—he is worshipping God. If one sees divine strength and beauty in the ocean—call him Pantheist if you will—yet he is loving God.

" William Shakespeare was somewhat disappointed that he did not answer the question of the scholar-girl, so I have been made a deputy to speak in his stead. Women like Sappho lost their freedom because man no longer believed the theory which I have enunciated to-night. When this was lost, men became the owners of women, and there came a time in the history of women when they did not think.

"And so, in the ages, with a few brilliant exceptions, women performed the ordinary routine of the slave in the kitchens of their lords and masters—men.

" But this could not last. Evolution cannot stand for such ignoble things, hence the illuminating influence of time, the awakening of the consciousness of women by inspiration direct from higher planes, and education, the outflow of the very works of Philosophy, wisdom, literature, painting and music of which men were the authors.

" Fifty years hence men and women will associate in perfect purity; they will think together, reason together. No avocation in which men with women cannot take part. There

will be in the next fifty years, in your nation, almost perfect equality.

"But woman has her specific, particular place, and man, his specific, particular place. Woman can scale a height different from man, and man will climb to a height woman cannot scale, because they are different. The God of the universe has implanted in the soul of women the idea that men are their natural protectors. When a decision is to be made in a great crisis, men sometimes must take the lead.

"When a woman deeply and truly loves a man, she feels now as she felt in the past, and will always feel in times to come, that flinging herself on his protection, he will be her refuge in a time of storm. Thus realization does not limit woman or lower man. It makes them feel all the tenderness of the conscious directing energy from all the planes which is endeavouring to teach the men and women of your plane, that man and woman are one only when they mutually respect, admire and understand each other.

"It may be of interest that Benjamin Disraeli was a reincarnation of myself. When Benjamin Disraeli died, Spinoza came back to this plane. I reincarnated for a time that I might not be too deeply steeped in imagination and philosophy, but might learn the experience which actual contact with the people gives to great statesmen.

"One other question. Can one realize that the universe is God and that God is the universe? The way is simple, but the path is extremely narrow. There comes a time in the life of every man or woman when they feel that the physical body occupies one place and the soul has left the body and is occupying another place. When the soul leaves the body, the soul itself can realize that the word 'I' and the word 'Soul' and the word 'Universe' describe the same thing. God is an energy which flows through all things. There is not a thing

in the universe in which, and through which, the Divine Energy we, for want of a better name, call God, is not eternally flowing.

"The only difference between individuals, and between things, is the difference in realization. A great poet, through his imagination, realizes that 'I' and God and the soul are one. Take this thought in the name of all the wisdom of all the planes. Abnegation of self is the great thing. Realization is the final essence of the thing to know.

"Pantheism, then, can be defined as the realization that all is God and that God is all. When I am speaking to you tonight, it is part of yourself speaking to yourself. . . . Now I must go. It has been an unspeakable joy for me to be here, and I will come again. Good-bye."

I have already included, in the chapter on Art, matters pertaining to Portraiture, Music, and that frozen music, Architecture, with some Shelleyan word-painting of landscape, and a glimpse of Morris Art-furniture. I am glad to be able to add verbatim notes of an address given through the Instrument in trance, by Richard Mansfield:

June 2—Mansfield

"My distinguished friends: for all are distinguished who are sincere, I now allow my astral voice to articulate through the vocal organs of the medium, and so I address you—Richard Mansfield.

"The important question has been asked me this evening: did I become the character I acted for the time, or was I merely endeavouring to portray him by imitating his voice, manner, gestures, etc.?

"Emphatically, then, I was the character for the time, which

I represented and portrayed. That is, I mean, after I became a distinguished actor, I became always the character I assumed.

"In the great days of Greek drama, no stage accessories were used. In my judgment, this was good usage. The stage should have as little that is external to the characters acting upon it as possible. Hence, I preferred to have little scenery.

"The enacting of a great play by one fully developed in his art is the acting out, on the stage of his fancy, the character he is representing.

"The character most pleasing to me was that of the gentle and kindly Dr. Jekyll, and his other self, the devil, Hyde.

"How would you depict them? you ask. Remember, the two had to be portrayed and lived, for the time being, before an audience, on the same stage and on the same night.

"As Dr. Jekyll, kind, benevolent, pure-hearted, I filled my mind with thoughts of men of that description. I thought of Beatrice, who never turned any unfortunates from her door. I thought of Beatrice, the personification of all that a true woman should be.

"Then I realized that all who had ever lived great noble lives have left on the ether of space an impress of those lives, and that impress has never perished. The same is true of the debased. Now, one can adopt that etheric impression, and make oneself a real reproduction of that character whose life produced and created it.

"I denuded the stage of all unnecessary scenery, I gave it the weird, uncanny semblance a pale green light produced. I took on the etheric impress of a demon. I entered on the stage when and where I was least expected, and was discovered to myself and to my audience as the personification of a devil. I crouched down; I stepped on my toes ready to spring.

"That was Art. I was a demon, and those who know will

bear witness that nearly always when I acted that character, some woman had to be carried out in a fainting condition.

"You have asked a practical question: should the state own the stage?

"I wrote an essay—no, perhaps not an essay, but I spoke at any rate, and stated to an audience that the state should own the stage. One reason why the stage has been a partial failure is because it has been in private hands. Profits are the bane that destroys it. The private profit idea is the most damaging contrast between this plane and yours. Here, things are done for the glory of doing them.

"In Greece, the whole nation were actors and actresses. The merit and the genius of the audience determine the status of the stage. The art of the actor cannot rise above the taste of the people and succeed. This is true. High Art refuses to stoop down to the baser levels of lower taste. All progress of the stage must be made in harmony with the principles of evolution.

"One pathetic difference between the genius of Henry Irving and mine was the fact that he could attend banquets, make speeches, read favourite books, go into society, spend the day as he pleased, and perform equally well at night, whereas I never attained eminence without infinite labour and study. When the curtain went up, I was always in a panic of fright, and I never got over a certain nervousness throughout my whole life.

"Those who spend endless effort to attain an eminence which others attain so easily are apt to ask the question: Where is the justice of it all? I want to say in this connection that while we should take infinitely patient note of all actions, we still should say to ourselves, there never was an event in earth-life worth worrying about for a millionth part of a second.

"I will come again. Now, I go back, slowly, silently, to the silken couches of rest. Good-bye."

The Publication Committee names Ingersoll as the principal orator under whose auspices this chapter was to be prepared for publication. There will be those who delight in his type of eloquence. I once heard him lecture on Shakespeare, and the lecture was excellent. His style is more florid than that of the other speakers whose addresses are reported in this chapter. However, his theme is unpretentious and his treatment is simple and pleasing to a degree, and I am indebted for his contribution to these pages. I give him the place of honour in the chapter and commend to the reader his helpful and instructive words.

May 26—Ingersoll
Morn

"We waken in the morning very early, after deep, refreshing sleep, to look out of a crystal window and see the receding stars pull down the curtains of their chamber and retire to rest.

"We rise from couches of refreshment, stand erect, throw back our shoulders, and, by a process of thought, let the winds of this sphere wash our faces clean, cause our thoughts to be reburnished, and, in the golden mint of God's love, the impress of His face again illumines the surface of our souls.

"Morning on this plane is the children's hour. Now, as if led by imagination's hand, take mine, and we will witness the march of the children as, in the early hour of the morning, they act their praises to the Source of all greatness.

"See, then, with me, a long white path leading to the forest. We stand to one side, look far on into the distance and, before

we see, we hear the music—the bugle voices of children singing in chorus. We see great regiments of them coming on, hand in hand, along that part of the path which we are observing.

"This path has on either side many trees of astral plane life; their branches overarch the path. The weeping willow, the stately poplar, the maple, the magnolia, all reach their arms towards this path, link arms, and in the pale pink twilight of this plane, amid these arms of tree-love, the shadows deepen and throw silhouettes along the path, splashing golden-pink radiance around the little forms of children as they march under those arms.

"At a word of gentle command, the children stop marching. They are told to listen. They are listening to the language of trees, the language of flowers, and the emotions of the tender little blades of grass. For, on this plane, we have another sense developed in our astral bodies. Walt Whitman, as Dr. Maurice Bucke once said, could go to the window of his shack and hear that little music made by the blades of grass.

"On this plane, the children can hear the trees and the grass as it sways rhythmically back and forth in perfect harmony with the feeling of life. The grass also expresses grass emotion.

"A signal is given, and the children walk on till they come to a great clearance in the forest. They sit in a circle with their teacher in their midst. . . .

"The children retrace their steps. They greet each creature they meet, and their laughter must have been caught from the strains of immortal music that float from the divinest orchestra that mortal ears ever listened to. For there is a music in the laughter of children on this plane; there is a beauty in the mellow light of this world in which we live; there is a divine, deep philosophy of the tenderer, nobler life of this sphere, especially in the air of morning.

"Now the children come home again, where happy play will

perfume all the air with the expression of their little child life and effort. And we, the older ones of this higher plane, at this middle part of an astral day, will learn our lesson of things of greater worth where life and love hold sway, and God is worshipped because we realize here that we are part of God, and He is all that we see and feel and touch and realize.

Noon

"After partaking of a meal on this plane, with the music of a voice we call to our sides those friends whom we love, then, with our long white garments kissed by the breezes, as true brothers and sisters, we march serene, erect, happy, noble and free, to the Hall of Learning. The path leads down through a broad forest of whispering trees straight to the entrance of the Hall.

" We walk along this path, and hear, as I do, the neighing of pure white horses in a pasture reserved for those horses that have come into contact with human beings. You hear, as I do, as I pass by an astral home, the sweet lullaby song of a mother, as she rocks gently to rest the soul of a child she has taken to nurture. If you could hear, as I do, the tinkle of a guitar played by a maiden sitting on the piazza of another astral home; if you could hear wafted to your soul, such music spilled over in its expression of emotion and love as she gives to the perfumed air, the inspired strains of her silent song, then you would be able to understand the celestial smile on the faces and on the brows of every one here, as we walk to the Hall of Learning, would know then what astral life on the Twentieth Plane means.

"Another vision: I call to the little cherubs, I call to Pan, I call to all the sainted inspired ones who haunt the forests at night, to come and paint for me a scene of the Hall of Learning, so that physical human beings can see partially, as one

looking into the dim glass of an unpolished mirror sees a shadow of the face looking into that glass. I will try to paint for you the scene that we witness daily at noon in the interior of the Hall of Learning.

"We walk down a vast aisle. An instrument which you would call an organ, but for which we have another name, shakes the vast Hall of Learning to its foundation with great, sharp, staccato, then long-drawn-out sounds, vibrations that spell chaos.

"Through the large tinted windows, on which are to be seen portraits such as Tintoretto and others have described to you, appear varied hues, beautiful as the most gorgeous life of the tropical regions of your plane.

"We do not take our seats, for we learn here that standing gracefully at ease, swaying backwards and forwards, as in the marshes the reeds are sometimes swayed backwards and forwards on your plane, we keep time in breathing and in thought to the strains of the music and the vibrations of the tinted light as it flows from the windows of this House of Learning.

"At a given signal, we stop breathing for a fraction of time. This is to concentrate our attention and the thought of our soul on the speaker on yonder rostrum; then in perfect unison, more perfect than was ever dreamed of by the musicians, we breathe deeply, equally, inspiredly, together, and we drink in the inspiration of the speaker of the day.

Night

"As in the depths of the ocean the sea fish finds its home, where the deep currents sway ever onward, so we are, either actually or in imagination, deep down in the solemn stillness of the inner court of the Hall of Learning. As the under currents of the ocean keep perfect time with the laws of nature, so, breathing deep and thinking high, we keep perfect time with the speaker on the rostrum, for night has silently

descended over this part of the astral plane, and the stars in the sky have pulled up again the curtains of their chambers, and a soft mellow light comes with quiet rest.

"The speaker is on the great question of astral plane ethics, the study of the beautiful and the sublime as it reveals itself in the school of perfect equity and justice. I have neither time nor strength to vibrate to you his noble words; but behold him standing there like the hand of an inspired prophet pointing to the heavens. He is high strung and of a nervous temperament. His voice is as musical as the love voice of a vast lake for a little meadow brook that flows by its side. His personality is radiant with the language of inspiration. For inspiration is a language of things we hear in the environment and, deeper still, in the homes of our souls.

"So all these vibrations deepen to a climax of intense white-hot action and thought, and as the speaker gradually brings his oration to a close, subside into the quiet of evening as a mother rocks her baby in the hammock of her arms, listening to the beating of her own heart. The vast jasper-like doors of this cathedral move back; white filmy tapestries are pulled down over the great windows, then the great thought-made paths to our own homes; then, like the glow-worms of your forests, whose phosphorescent beauty is caught from the love-light of angel's eyes, this pale pink twilight lowers and dims until it becomes a strange, weird radiance which rocks our souls from side to side, then as the period of evening arrives, subsides quietly into silence, and the stars dim to a pale yellow hue.

"We seek the silken couches, gathering robes of purity, prayer and inspiration about us. We hear far off the celestial choir singing the evening anthem. All of this plane sinks quietly into that profound sleep where even angels deign not to tread. We go off into the dreamless sleep of this higher life.

"I have spoken of morning, noon and night on the astral

plane. I have described the actualities of this sphere. I have pictured to you, as far as the genius of the instrument enables me to use the keys of his intelligence; a descriptive oratorio of life in the three divisions of morning, noon and night on the astral planes.

" Nothing is worthy of utterance unless it teaches something high and noble. The symbol for you to observe, then, is of a great star almost within arm's reach, and you reach out to its polished surface to feel what the star is made of. Let this symbolized star eternally gleam before you, that your morning of life, your noon of activity, your evening of subsidence into refreshing sleep shall be one whose thought, action and purpose will serve to illuminate your souls. Then the voice of your life will sing, and its singing will reach to the Master of Masters, blend with His till all shall hear the divine song of your characters."

The speakers of the Twentieth Plane were somewhat impatient because of the slowness of the process of speaking over the Board. For our immediate inspiration the trance method was more effective. But nothing could be finer than the careful statements of Coleridge, Lincoln, Hugo, Cellini, and many others which came to us by the deliberate process of the Board.

Through the Instrument in trance, a host of immortals, from Pythagoras to Emerson, have spoken their wonder words to our hearts, and we have listened to their joy-messages from the hills of light, sometimes sitting for moments in silence after the astral heralds had withdrawn.

"Character is the foundation of true liberty; and true liberty will recognize that the greatest number in the body politic must control action in the individual."

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

"The private profit idea is the most damaging contrast between this plane and yours."

—*Richard Mansfield.*

"Wilson is a man of God."

—*Lincoln.*

"The dawn creeps slowly up the great white-curtained sky.

"He is earth's greatest nobleman who most quickly gets to work and begins to build the era of social equality and nearness to the divine."

—*Mother.*

STATESMANSHIP

In consequence of an error, either in transmission or of record, Lincoln was at first said to be teaching Politics in a college of which Ingersoll was the principal. Lincoln took the trouble on a later date to correct this. He then stated that he teaches Wisdom, the moral being that Wisdom is the true Politics. The corrected dialogue follows:

February 10—Ingersoll.

What are you doing over there?

"I am principal of a college."

Who are on your staff?

"Emerson, Carlyle, Lincoln."

What does each teach?

"I teach rhetoric; Emerson, religion; Carlyle, logic, and Lincoln, wisdom."

. . . . . .

It seems strange that Carlyle should be teaching Logic and Philosophy. He was not specially noted for those subjects here.

"No, but even there, he had the cliff-like brow."

In this chapter, I propose to present Twentieth Plane views of Politics, which will, let us hope, be found to merit the title of wisdom. Here Lincoln will be chief spokesman, but since some matter for which we are indebted to Hubbard could hardly be placed elsewhere, as it treats of the present war, it may be well to include it here. As some predictions are

involved in it, I desire to record them in this work, even though it be as yet only in manuscript, so that the mistakes of this particular Moses may be irrevocable.

April 28—Hubbard

"Hubbard is on the rostrum. Say, if I make mistakes *re* the war, blame the Huns, not me. As the donkey kicks, one runs. So I avoid brick-bats when one says 'It was wrong, Fra.' But I will tell you this, we saw causes set in motion *re* naval activity, so you heard of the bottling up of harbour, and the Austrian destroyers put to flight by British boats."

How does last week's work look to you?

"It is the crucial battle of the war. Foch will get into action soon. Almost at once, and God help Hindy. For the Huns (this) will—as the strategy of this worthy successor of Napoleon allows for—be the epoch Waterloo of this conflict."

Does that mean that the reserves have not yet taken part?

"As accurate as Euclid. Here are the steps as I see them along with your greatest military writer, Simonds:

"First, the Allies fall back to prepared positions, and the Huns make great advances.

"Second, the Huns employ every method of the war such as tanks, etc. Then they exhaust their reserves. The morale of the army fails.

"Third, the army of manœuvre gets into action under Foch. Their demise soon follows."

Whose demise?

"The Huns.

"Fourth, the Hun navy, as a last resort, comes out. Then the spirit of Nelson lives in the hearts of Englishmen whose home is on the sea, and the war subsides into the golden glory of peace.

"These are the steps to the end."

I suppose the dates are very doubtful.

"I use dates to be the Fra."

You mean to be sure of things like the Fra?

"Cocksure."

You spoke before of a revoluton as a last step before peace came.

"I said there would be a revolution in Germany."

"Say, A. D., shove one of those big thought-berries into my clutch now."

It should be stated that Hubbard revised the date of the naval engagement from time to time. And while speaking of predictions, there may be no better time to say that the message stated on the same page (132) has proved to be substantially true, though neither I nor the instrument nor any one present on that evening knew it till four weeks later. The dates, the name, the incident of the drowning of A——, the place, and other details were then verified. I am sorry that the name cannot be given here. If we assume that no evidence from an occult source can be admitted, then of course no final conclusion can ever be reached, but in this as in all other matters the common sense way of treating the investigation is to consider all the evidence and if it brings conviction, well; if not, still it is well.

Now, let us return to our task of demonstrating that wisdom in true politics, which is set forth by those astral spirits whose messages have thrown around our lives so much that is gladness during these months of

research. Is not that of itself evidence? To be sure, gladness and exaltation are not very conclusive matters before the intellect's tribunal, but I insist, an influence, that, coming into the life of man, gives him exaltation and clear vision, inspiring to noble and pure conduct, must not be ignored. If the communication with lower grade spirits degrades, and this is evidence, then the higher experience too is evidential.

April 28—Hubbard

You did not take an interest in Philosophy as University men do?

"No."

Yet you would call yourself a philosopher?

"Yes, because I thought in system."

You were fairly radical?

"Yes."

What are your conceptions of good and evil?

"Evil is a good thing off the track. Good is on."

Is there such a thing as good and bad, or are these just devices to help us live better and more satisfactory lives?

"As you said exactly."

To contain the elements of dissolution in our conduct, is that evil?

"I agree with that. It is the essence of truth. If in the working out of a plan there is a fallacy concealed in the method, then the result is a failure. Yes. Yes. Yes!"

Is it then that every theory of government but Democracy involves the elements of its own dissolution?

"History has the wrecks of nations strewn along the paths of time to confirm your philosophy."

Then Democracy is subject to the same law?

"That is true Democracy."

Then we may have to abandon some of the practices of our present Democracy?

"Yes. In the working out of true Democracy, these principles are necessary to save any nation, viz.: The true Democracy will contain in its fabric the principle of the Initiative and Referendum."

Must every man have the right to make a failure of his own life?

"Yes. He is the captain of his own soul."

But if his course should tend to wreck the state?

"His guide is, will he hurt his fellow?"

How about religious liberty?

If the church advise a course inimical to the interests of the state what should be done?

"Character is the foundation of true liberty, and true liberty will recognize that the greater number in the body politic must control indiscriminate action in the individual. True Democracy is on the ascent. The war is showing what Democracy really is. . . . The democratic principle which extends out of nature is its own safety valve."

Our communication with Lincoln was much occupied with the great war now in progress. No one could be better equipped for entertaining sound views on such a question. He was in one of the most critical wars in history. His country, which to him spelled Democracy, was the issue. On various occasions the ship seemed to be heading for the rocks, and no one seemed to know enough to control the helm. Happy the nation in which a sane and resolute statesman had the authority to lay his hand on the wheel and veer the

ship into open waters. What with the poor opinion of some, the contempt of others, the treason of still others, and the stupidity of a multitude of his officers and advisers, the fact that he saved Democracy, in as far as his nation represents it, is a crowning monument to his wisdom. Let us then hear what he has to say in these dialogues, with patience, even if our attitude to these researches is not one of reverence.

April 28—Lincoln

"I wait in the spirit of comradeship. The discussion was indeed brilliant. I am Wisdom's spokesman."

What about the conscientious objector? We permit the sects to flourish and hold views that would, if all accepted them, leave us open to conquest by a conscienceless foe. Would we do right to curtail religious liberty?

"Absolutely correct to do so. In earth life I imposed conscription without fear of man or God."

Did you have conscientious objectors to meet as we have?

"The same fool arguments."

In the present food situation, how can we tell the facts without creating a panic?

"Get them panicky. The art of statesmanship is the control of panics. The fear of terrible misery is the only thing to remove the scales from their eyes. If the situation produces panic, as it will if stated, so much the better. I advise the fear of hell to be thrown into the national consciousness, thereby to bring the lackadaisical people to their senses."

Would they not hoard food and make the conditions worse?

"Control this by law. Inspection would now reveal hoarding in the homes of thousands."

Should this be put back on the market?

"Confiscated to the state. But Dear ———, I am serious as life. If it is not done now, you will have to do it in a few months. . . . All problems reach a climax. . . . The food famine, in reaching that climax, will necessitate the inspection of those who laid in great stores of food-stuffs. Now does not common sense tell you that the wise statesman will prevent rather than meet a difficult situation, so why wait?"

We have a law now.

"But not enforced. It must be."

Would we get enough in private houses to warrant the search?

"You will be astonished at the vast stores in concealment. It is human nature to protect the family. You talk of panic; there is an undertone of panic in the United States and Canada to-day, so by moonlight, as it were, this sin of covetousness is as active as a snake in flight.

April 28—Disraeli

(It was explained that while Disraeli was a reincarnation of the soul Spinoza, that soul can speak in the capacity of either of these persons at will.)

Is the Irish trouble serious to the empire?

"Listen. Once I said, the Irish are an imaginative race, and their home is beside the melancholy ocean. Lloyd George will, in his scheme of Irish Home Rule, in which is the immortal spirit of Redmond, play on the imagination of the Irish as the violinist vibrates the chords of a violin, changing their point of view.

"On the pallid crest of time comes healing. So Ireland, after the eruption, will sail into a harbour of calmer water."

Same in Quebec?

"Yes, but I admit my lack of knowledge there."

May 4—Emerson

"Your age is at once to be brightened by the sun of a more

glorious period. . . . The economic system will adjust itself to a higher form of justice, nobility, service, and this all in conformity with the spirit of democracy.

May 5—Lincoln

"About statues. Well, see here. The ancients had idols, so you would ape them."

Do monuments and memorials inspire children and youths to emulate the best of our great ones?

"Not nearly as much as the monuments in their minds. You may think them external verities, but I see here no external forms of the unit man."

May 5—Hubbard

Will the reconstruction after the war be a slow process?

"The reconstruction period always means privation, but in the future your nation will, better than all places in the world except Australia, weather the storm."

February 18—Lincoln

Which of your sons walked into Richmond with you after its surrender?

"Tad, I think, but not sure."

I am representing you in my poem as speaking to Ann Rutledge after your assassination. Have you any objections?

"No; earth will tremble at the joy of such a thing."

Are you inspiring your country at the present time?

"Yes; at the helm of state, through Wilson, who is a perfectly safe man."

Will the United States lead in peace and in the reconstruction of the world?

"You know that they will."

Are we going to be in dire distress on this continent as to food supplies?

"Do not worry. Energy sent into the soil will give you a double harvest."

By reference to the dialogue on page 204, it will be seen that Lincoln had modified his view on the question of worry about foods. There he advocates an effective panic, and at the present writing (May 16) it seems to be very necessary. The dialogue of February 18 continued as follows:

February 18—Lincoln

Will there be much trouble with aliens in the United States?

"No; Gerard said it. Too many telegraph poles there to string them to."

Will the negroes cause any trouble?

"Booker Washington will assist me in dealing with that question."

Will the negro question be solved through education?

"Bull's eye remark."

Are you interested in New Salem now?

"I weep at the words."

Are the sycamore and the silver hazel still there?

"No; commercial life has altered the landscape."

What will be the war's effect on the social life of America?

"League of nations is your answer."

. . . . . .

Are any on your plane active in inspiring patriotic work?

"No more so than before the war. Plane Twelve is alive on that particular purpose."

Who is leading the activities on Plane Twelve on behalf of the patriotic work?

"Do not know, but Grant and Sherman went there. They would be likely to."

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

Is there any one on earth now reincarnated from a very high plane?

"Abdul Bahai is from the 10ooth Plane."

One evening, speaking about United States history, Lincoln mentioned Horace Greeley. We quote:

February 18—Lincoln

"I taught Horace Greeley a lesson that put him on this plane."

What was that lesson?

"Humility and the use of his vision."

You regard the use of one's vision as a very important matter?

"Yes; cleans carbon off one's window panes."

What address do you look back upon with the greatest pleasure?

"Farewell address in Springfield. I referred there to Willie." (This has been confirmed.)

On a later evening, Lincoln seemed to know that I had not grasped the full significance of this communication, and the following colloquy ensued:

February 24—Lincoln. Home of Instrument

"Did you see the point *re* Horace Greeley yet?"

I do not know. You said you brought him to Plane Twenty, did you not?

"Just this: He was limiting himself to earth plane, and thus, although big, was drying up his soul."

Thank you. Is Horace Greeley on the Twentieth Plane now?

"Yes. We draw others with us."

How about Seward?

"Here; in Emerson Group."

And Chase?

"No, no!"

Though somewhat remote from the subject of Politics, there may be no better time than the present to give the history of the Lincoln poem which Mother said I should write. The story emerges from the dialogue which we will present. Mother and I had been speaking of my own work when she said:

February 10—Mother—Lincoln

"You will write next on Lincoln. Will he speak for five minutes?"

We shall be glad to hear Lincoln.

(Lincoln speaks.)

"I am here with son Will."

Your son?

"My son. He will reincarnate for your world at once. He will be the picture of Mrs. Lincoln."

Will he ever be President?

"No; President of Harvard."

Will he be a world personage?

"Yes; leader of world congress."

Will there be any other great world leader before his time?

"No; but Wilson is a man of God."

. . . . . .

Is the United States to become more democratic as the years go on?

"In six months the United States will advance as much as it did in a hundred years under the old régime."

Will there be a world reconstruction of industrial and commercial interests?

"Yes; and be sure that the old fabric is gone for good."

How old was your son Will when he passed over?

"Twelve years." (This has been confirmed.)

What is his chief occupation now?

"He is my assistant in Politics."

What is the big thing you want me to say in the poem I am to write about you?

"I cried with the lowly and felt their griefs. I suffered hell for truth's sake, but reached the port a man. I had a face of pain, I felt all woes because I was a man. I never said, nor did, nor allowed cruelty that I could prevent and I prevented an abundance of it. Mention Willie. His coffin lies with mine in rest."

I want to put the poem in the form of a monologue. To whom shall I have you speak?

"Oh, yes . . . to Ann Rutledge."

February 24—Lincoln. Home of Instrument

(Meanwhile the poem had been written.)

"Read stanzas where lines from here, come in." (The lines were read.)

"Thanks. Ann Rutledge heard you read that. She is with me. Can you work in another idea into the poem?"

Certainly. It is not finished.

"Good! When I came here first, I saw a crystalline blue and pink star in the heavens. I worshipped that star from afar, then as consciousness came like the throwing off of earth robes, the star grew intenser; I heard a voice; I looked; I was in the arms of Ann."

On June 28 I was asked to suggest a theme for Lincoln, who was about to speak through the Instrument while in trance. I named as a subject, ***Essential Democratic Foundations and how to Build on them.***

I took only a few notes of his address, which I present here:

June 23—Lincoln

"What are the pointing fingers to the greater ideals of the people?

"Until profits are eliminated, there must be social distinctions, and they constitute hell.

"The people can exploit any great national utility without profits.

"Three fundamental positions are slowly emerging from the body politic:

First.—The elimination of profits.

Second.—The evanishment of social distinctions.

Third.—Equality of education.

"The man on the sidewalk wonders by what law the luxurious hold their unjust privileges. Luxuries, profits, money privileges, all will have to go. Labour will be crowned.

"There is more true Democracy in equality of education than in any other department. A great poem cannot be cornered. All the higher as well as the lower schools will soon be state-owned.

"There are great massive doors on our Hall of Learning. They are always open. If one of us felt for a moment that the poorest might not enter those halls, those doors would forever close to us all.

"Learning is the power to think. Remember that the true Democracy is that of your own hearts. Every action employs the great law of cause and effect."

These are the actual words purporting to be spoken in our own times by the great Lincoln. I commend them for careful consideration by all the legislators of this reconstructive epoch.

"The naturalist is he who with scientific eyes sees *all* in nature because he sees through, not over or around. The naturalist recognizes that all trees, flowers, vegetation, hills, valleys, mountains, are thinking of God. All visible nature is God-thought matured, which means that in the beginning and through the growth, God was the principle, and when maturity is reached, God-thought is revealed."

—*Agassiz.*

(Received June 28—Dixie. In the woods.)

"On the earth plane Gravitation is a current of electric ether that runs in parallel lines around the globe. On the Twentieth Plane, Gravitation acts in perpendicular lines that run straight up from the earth plane. We can get between those lines and escape the law."

—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

LIFE PRINCIPLES

It is easier to produce an essay than a true aphorism. Few can write a proverb without first setting forth the main idea in voluminous phrase, and afterwards reducing it to its final essence. When one finds "a jewel five words long," it is either the product of supreme inspiration, or else its author has worked it out laboriously by the foregoing method. If a second original proverb immediately follows the first, we may be pretty sure that we are in the presence of a rare genius. A series of these gems is never produced extemporaneously. If any undoubted genius questions this conclusion, we recommend him to write, at full speed, half a dozen proverbs, bright, brief, and unquestionably great, proverbs that have never before had voice or form, proverbs that will arrest the most thoughtful, and appeal with divine authority to mind and heart. Of course he will fail utterly and ignominiously—utterly because of incapacity, ignominiously because of pride. If, however, he should imagine the effort to be a success, this will show that he lacks judgment as well as genius.

In view of all these facts, we must conclude that when such a series of bright and brief ideas emerges in our dialogues, they are inspired. They may be spontaneous individually but not as a series, for no proverb-sequence was ever inspired as a unit. They are particular and sequestered gems of truth, each

one of which, though collected here, was originally a white-cap on the high-crested wave of thought.

When " the people of The Twentieth Plane " make a statement of the laws as contained in these dialogues, they do not claim to give them, at the moment, spontaneous birth; they are only quoting some of the best thoughts of their brightest thinkers with the hope that we too may find them aflame with inspiration.

In this chapter are presented passages of high converse in which some of these life principles are set forth. It is not claimed that all of them are of equal value, but some of them at least are remarkable and unquestionably significant.

April 21—Coleridge

" The highest is no higher than the humblest."

" The cloak of hidden sin is the most transparent garment."

" Hidden virtue is all alight with publication."

" God is the brother of mankind."

" The unit is always the anchor of destruction to the ideal; it ties to a post of limitation."

April 21—Ingersoll

"All noble impulses obstructed, find here inevitable fulfilment."

" All weak thought, if good, intensifies to reality here."

" In the presence of the great poet, words are oil-colours."

" Emotion is the ocean of one's consciousness in action."

February 10—Ingersoll

What has been the most surprising truth you have learned on the Twentieth Plane?

"That I am alive."

April 21—Hubbard

I suppose it is true that there is nothing to fear but fear. "There is nothing to fear but nothing."

May 5—Dorothy

"Only man himself can rescue himself."

May 25—Dorothy

"Desire is the step to destiny."

March 9—Mother

"Only that is strange which never happens."

March 17—Coleridge

"The minority on the side of God keeps the craft floating. The mass is taken on as a cargo."

We have already reported (on page 77) the law stated by my mother,

"Light comes when there is least disturbance."

The frequent admonition to keep the attitude of passivity and power, an admonition repeated in some form or other every time we met, shows the great importance the people of the Twentieth Plane attach to this harmonious concentration of all forces in quiet aspiration and expectancy. Is it not indeed the very same condition imposed by the great Founder of our religion when He says: "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the

door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Is it not also the *sine qua non* of all artistic achievement? The artist must tune his instruments of thought and feeling to the highest rate of vibration; he must soar into the empyrean and catch some strains of the music that drifts down from the heavenly choir.

Speaking of a certain system of thought sometimes regarded as a religion, I asked:

January 27—Mother

Would it not be all right if we kept our minds on a high spiritual plane, founded on prayer?

"Yes. That is true of all good things."

A similar illustration of this law of harmony is found in the following answer:

January 27—Hubbard

Why is Keats on a higher plane?

"Desire is part of it. Aspiration too."

Akin to this law of harmony is one that requires us to rise above the personal to the social, or even the universal, before we can be inheritors of a consciousness of our true greatness. One of the laws already quoted in this chapter shows that the over-regard of the unit, the personal,

"ties us to the post of limitation."

Something akin to that fine disregard of the base

thoughts of others evinced by the Saviour of men when he said, "Go and tell that fox that I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected," is shown in the interesting dialogue which follows:

February 10—Dorothy

"The greatest epigrams in your world are these and we use them here:

"'Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.'

"And the other one,

"'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"We use them now."

Who used them now?

"The group."

Who are the group?

"Hogg, Shelley, Mother, I and some others."

Is your brother one of the group?

"Yes. I knew that you must know that."

On page 288, Keats is reported as saying that only the first five planes revolve with the earth. This was not the whole story of the planes and their relations to each other and to the earth. Hartley Coleridge on April 21st gives this further interesting information:

April 21—Hartley Coleridge

"The planes rotate in ever-increasing speed as the circle widens. That is, we travel through space like you, only about

three thousand times faster. Hence all vibration is increased on this plane through a law of interdependent action."

Does the extra speed increase the vibration?

"Up, down, across, all around."

The law of vibration as understood on the Twentieth Plane receives further illumination from the following explanation by Coleridge:

May 5—Coleridge

"In the cosmos, all is vibration, either slow or fast. Now some forces operate to retard, others to accelerate the flow of vibrations from a central source. . . . On the Twentieth Plane, the almost incomprehensible speed of vibration delivered from the central source encounters less obstruction to retard its speed than in the denser matter of your plane."

. . . . . .

May 5—Hubbard

We are told that the Twentieth Plane is 500 miles above the earth, and that it revolves much faster than the fifth which is on the earth's surface. Can you tell us in what direction it revolves? Is it from west to east as ours or from north to south?

"Between the two."

Somewhat like our ecliptic?

"Yes."

On more general matters, Ingersoll gave the following brief answers, which were comprehensive because of the nature of the questions. These were propounded by a friend.

LIFE PRINCIPLES

February 10—Ingersoll

Is Bergson right in his theory that the Universe is universal life or consciousness ever becoming?

"Yes."

Am I right in thinking that we enjoy heaven in proportion as we harmonize with universal laws, and suffer hell as we fail so to harmonize?

"Yes. Heaven is harmony and hell discord."

Am I right in my theory that matter, reduced infinitely to its ultimate reduction, and thought-energy, are identical in substance and character?

"Yes."

February 10—Lincoln

What is the process of passing to a higher plane?

"A birth."

Does it involve a death?

"Well, a little of that."

One feature of this research is to be noted because it touches the experience of nearly every one who engages in it, from the instrument himself to the last reader of this page. We shall find in a later chapter how important a place is given in the Twentieth Plane to the quality of humility. The Publication Committee, consisting as it does of four of the most celebrated men of the nineteenth century, signed their report, *"The Humble Ones of The Twentieth Plane."* After Coleridge and Ingersoll had given the aphorisms and laws as stated in the present chapter they signed themselves *"The Humble Ones."*

It seems that another sweet grace has been added, on the Twentieth Plane, to the immortal three that we know on ours. Now humility, however beautiful as a jewel in the character, is a very difficult virtue in one who is investigating such experiences as those we have been studying in these dialogues. For over fifty years I have regarded the names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Emerson, Lincoln, Whitman and others who are concerned in this research with a reverence for which I can find no adequate expression. These men have always been to me like stars in my heaven, unapproachable, serene, undying. Imagine then the surprise, the incredulity with which I must naturally receive the story that any, and much more, that all of these have spoken to me either for my own sake or for the sake of a great purpose, since either motive seems to exalt me unduly.

Nevertheless, as I try to imagine myself in their places, I can conceive that I should not be swayed by any sense of superiority over simple and sincere souls. Indeed, the very title they choose to assume, *The Humble Ones,* is evidence that they do not regard themselves as better or more select than the unlettered, unrenowned, who have not attained to eminence in any field of achievement. What they require for their purpose is a certain vibration which for some reason pertains to the group that meets in this home. It proves no superiority, or aristocracy of intellect, or of heart, further than the power to be passive, serene,

humble and sincere; to have a faith that is based on the vision of spiritual values, a courage born of such a faith, and a spirit glad and free because of a love which does not alter " when it alteration finds."

Essentially, no one is greater than anybody else, and as Socrates pointed out long ago, the wise owe to the ignorant knowledge. What is more to be expected, therefore, than that these starry immortals should wish to instruct me and all of us who need wisdom? That they do this does not prove that we are greater than others, but rather that we have realized our poverty in those things which these immortals have to bestow, and by that realization have become fitting instruments through which great and valued revelations may be mediated to others.

Perhaps some extracts from the dialogues will bear upon this matter, so important, since the prevalent idea of greatness modifies unnecessarily the open mind with which all should approach this investigation.

April 1—Lincoln

" The great man is he who can come down from any eminence, however high, and dwell among the common people."

April 15—Hartley Coleridge

It seems to me, Hartley, that the fact that you are away up in the sky must be the basis of many great differences between your life and ours.

" The difference between Greece and Rome in the palmy days of both nations. I am in Athens, you in Rome."

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

April 15—Coleridge

" The blunted intellects of the people of Rome, as compared with the genius of Greece, is like comparing mud with a fleecy cloud."

Is not the issue in the present war a similar one?

"A conflict between the empire of reason and the empire of hell."

On your plane, do you devote all your time to matters of reality?

" Nearly all the time, for we are not infallible. Your plane can be likened to a section of a city called the slums, ours to the university section."

How does the Twenty-fifth Plane differ from the Twentieth?

" Very little, but they have a continuation of laws which enables them to dispense with some of the mechanics of this plane such as aura instruments."

. . . . . .

" Shall I tell you the curriculum we study? "

Do.

" Political Wisdom, Art, Music, Literature, Eugenics, Aura History, Sex relationship, Discordant elements in human nature. Eugenics are different . . . we study the post-humous aspect. The aspect which develops after the ego reaches the mature part of its climb.

" That is the tendency thrown forward after the ideals have been attained."

Does a child come to your groups sometimes?

" Yes, but born from the earth or from another plane. The body only was your gift."

Is there anything corresponding with marriage on your plane?

" No. True marriage is simply soul-coalescence."

. . . . . .

"Great thought tells its own truth."

Do your professors attend lectures by others?

"We have no professors here. We have men and women. The greatest is the humblest. So the servants of all sit at the feet of all."

What occupies most of your time?

"Conforming to the plane's greater laws. Your best self is the lowest rung of the ladder of our height."

Then your plane accepts us at our best? What, then, do you say of such texts as "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

"The weak cry of a barbaric age. Moses knows that now." (Why was Moses named here? The text is from Peter. The ego of Moses is said to be reincarnated in Lincoln.)

Should each of us write down the most inspiring thoughts we can?

"The difference between our planes is, we can think at our best whenever we desire, but you think best when you forget."

Is that because of inspiration?

"Whence, you do not see."

Is there not a law by which we can receive inspiration when we will?

"No, hardly a law, but say a method. Inspiration quietly opens the door when you slumber."

. . . . . .

There must be a great number of persons writing about how to rule the world after the war.

"But not ruling themselves."

The law stated in the Intention was quoted by Dorothy Wordsworth, as follows:

February 24—Dorothy

Clear vision often goes with an empty purse. Is that a law?

"Yes, and the law is, 'Perfect through suffering.'"
Is there a law like that on the astral planes?
"All great laws penetrate all planes."

April 28—Mother. Home of Dr. Abbott

"Albert, my boy, Coleridge said: The Twentieth Plane reflects love, wisdom, and joy to your sphere, nor asks any recompense. He desires to state another aphorism.
"'All are equal to all.'"

One of the first aphorisms we received was that with which Dorothy Wordsworth defended the simplicity of her brother's work:

"Spontaneity is a blessing."

An important eugenic law was enunciated by Richard Mansfield. If it is correct, and who shall say it is not, it is one that every father and mother should carefully meditate on before assuming the responsibilities of parenthood:

June 2—Mansfield

"In the case of Edwin Booth, son of Junius Booth, we found an example of a soul called to body by a father's desire. . . . This brings me to reincarnation. A certain research I made here tells me that a desire for children to fill a great part in life will secure them from the higher planes. I can give you an example wherein a large family were all brought to earth by great desire. The family were the Medici. This family was all supremely great. Borgia was the reincarnation of a woman of Florence of long ago, named Celestina."

Let us turn now to a somewhat different phase of

this question of reincarnation, viz., metempsychosis. On one occasion, I had asked Hubbard about this. My purpose at that time was chiefly to side-track the Instrument, a practise which I soon learned to avoid. I was pretty sure he did not know the meaning of the word, and was somewhat surprised to find that though he did not, the intelligence which guided him did know it. Here is the conversation:

January 27—Hubbard

Will you ever be living in this world again?

"Yes; if I want to."

Reincarnation is a fact then?

"Yes, but do not stretch it."

Is there any truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis?

"Yes; for animals."

Some light is thrown on the admonition not to overdo the scope of reincarnation in the dialogue of

April 28—Disraeli. Home of Dr. Abbott

Under what circumstances does reincarnation take place?

"Reincarnation only for definite purposes."

How can we know when one is a reincarnation?

"In the case of genius, always a reincarnation. Genius is the accumulated experience of many lives. It is often a veil to you."

Are there no reincarnations but those of geniuses?

"About that."

Coming back to the question *re* metempsychosis, let us refer to the dialogue. We had been told that

Dorothy has her dog with her on the Twentieth Plane. The Scholar-girl had told of a dream-picture of a pet dog which she had seen in the arms of a white-robed man immediately after its death. This dog had for ten years been almost constantly with human beings, hardly ever seeing another dog. Emerson was asked about it:

April 18—Emerson

"In my essay on *Swedenborg: The Mystic,* I was inclined to doubt the theory of metempsychosis, but now I realize that those animals that have come in contact with humans are, in the nature of love, destined to live as they were, an expression of the love of the helpless for the one who gave them immortality."

From this statement I inferred that Emerson alludes in the essay named to the law of metempsychosis. None of us remembered whether this was the case or not. I will therefore make the search now. . . . I have reread the essay. Such a reference occurs in two places in the essay. The reader will find one paragraph beginning as follows:

"That metempsychosis which is familiar in the old Mythology of the Greeks, etc."

Had I not found the reference to which Emerson alluded, I should have been puzzled. I have the utmost confidence that none of those present in the meeting had any knowledge of the reference, and my own memory had entirely lost it from my power of recollection. And yet I left my typewriter and pro-

ceeded to the reading of that essay with the utmost confidence that I should find the matter to which Emerson referred in the dialogue. This does not imply that misstatements have never been made, but these were either mistakes as to time, or errors due to lapse of memory, or were misstatements made by those who had been roused from semi-coma, trying with the greatest difficulty to recollect, and suffering, as one of them said, " on the hill of skulls," in the vain effort. My mother forbade the further disturbance of this inexperienced astral personality.

April 29—Mother

"Albert, I want to be frank. I say that . . . cannot be stimulated to greater effort. It is important to let him sleep in coma for a long time."

Returning now to the law of reincarnation, I remarked to Mother one evening that I would like to have some definite information about this matter. I asked if we were right in supposing that the ego, when in reincarnated state, could be only on one plane at a time. She replied that Hartley would answer, as he is a student of reincarnation. Thus the dialogue:

May 11—Hartley Coleridge

" The soul in the reincarnated state is a definite ego . . . the resident of a physical body on your plane. It comes here only on astral visits, or in lofty lifting up of spirit when cosmic consciousness inspires the soul."

Then the hundreds of people who think they are reincarnations of Cleopatra must nearly all be mistaken?

"Cleopatra is not on the market for reincarnation. She is in the valley of the tenth plane. Her sins were as scarlet.

"I will, if Louis breathes deep, state another great law, *re* the definite purpose of reincarnation.

"Reincarnation is always the ladder of the higher life let down to those who require a step to ascend. The reincarnate are always leverages to raise the masses of the people."

I have already quoted statements to make clear that our astral friends do not claim to be with us in person, but to project their thought. Just how this is done has not transpired, but it will be interesting to find that certain instruments are used to control thought. The following quotations show as well as we can this mechanical method.

May 4—Mother

Mother, you see us, you say, and yet you are five hundred miles away. How can you see through brick walls and every other obstruction?

"Once I said we used instruments of great power here, did I not?"

Yes.

"Well, at this moment, I am using an instrument of vision projection which throws to us on a screen the images of your group, and—Dora said just now—your environments too."

Is this the way you have always seen our groups?

"Yes."

May 4—Hartley Coleridge

"I will tell of the laws of mechanics which control thought. But rest while I adjust my notes.

"Light is reflected on the particles of earth-emanations as the camera obscura catches the vision one aims the lens at.

Now, we have an article here we call a vision instrument of thought, projecting images of matter. This instrument consists of powerful lenses which peer through the ether of so-called space. It is not retarded by any solid substance, because it is one of the so-called X-rays. The violet ray is also involved.

"This instrument is the miniature replica of the soul vision in the clair-audient state, so it is not affected by time, distance, space, or any of the laws which obtain on your plane.

"But it has to you one radical, extremely interesting feature. It is controlled absolutely by thought. It is on a par with the thinking book-publishing machine the authors here use. It gives to those who understand it a vision on all planes, from the fifth to the hundredth, of the actions, environments, thought and love-light of those people who, with a proper medium such as Lou, become en rapport, or in concert with our plane.

"Is that clear?"

August 11—A. R. Wallace

Wallace, we have been told that on the Twentieth Plane they use instruments to assist them in the process of communicating with us. Can you not, as a scientist, tell us, so that we can understand, the precise principles underlying and governing the process of communication?

"This is the modus operandi as I can vibrate it to you. I am here on a plane about five hundred miles above your world. I am speaking now through a process of thought into a delicate instrument which sends out wave vibrations exactly in the same way as a Marconi instrument sends waves out to a receiving station instrument.

"The boy who is your medium is in tune perfectly now with the thought wave vibration I direct to his mentality, which is the attuned receiving instrument of my so expressed thought. He consciously directs movement of his hands, not, I mean,

consciously to his physical brain, but because it is his desire to do so in his soul. The great thing which makes him the Instrument he is, is the fact that he is more perfectly attuned to the thought-projecting instrument I am now using than any psychic medium we have record of.

"When he sits down, he realizes that he must think of the letters. His mind must not drift from the letters he looks at. The letters hold his mind as in a vise."

Can he weigh and judge the value of the answers he receives?

"Yes; but not till after he has reported them. If he did this while receiving, his mind would not be held in equipoise for the fraction of a second. This attunement of your Instrument to the sending apparatus means simply that the earth Instrument allows to pass through him, because of this very equipoise, our complete thought waves. The Instrument is able to eliminate all obstruction."

Is it not possible that some day we might be able to invent an instrument that would receive mechanically your messages and also transmit to you our thought waves?

"The use of physical material to act as receiving station can never be. We have a rate of intensity which must be reduced and only the soul is capable of receiving and interpreting such waves."

Wallace's opinion should not discourage us. Wireless telephony is already a fact. Eventually it will be accessible to all. Why not wireless psycophony?

In the chapter on Poetry (page 144), after Shelley had spoken of being charged with effeminacy, the following colloquy ensued:

May 26—Shelley—Coleridge—Corday

Were you ever incarnated as a woman?

"Will not answer. Let Samuel develop the idea. Now I will leave. Good-bye."

Coleridge:

"This is the natural division between a man and a woman. We shall say A is the man; B is the woman. A is a cruder machine through which the same energy flows to be turned into concrete, specific action by such an ego. B is also a machine through which the same energy courses, but the same energy as flows through A is flowing through a finer machine, which in its more rare and closer-meshed channels of expression, creates results which are not nearly so crude as the efforts given forth by the first named figure.

"Now, if the soul, which is sexless, desires to express itself in more bold and massive thought-action, that soul, in lives to come, may take on a body or machine to express this greater flow of the divine energy.

"Reincarnation of women of your plane from higher planes back to earth again occurs very rarely, but shall I enumerate some examples?

"Joan of Arc was formerly a man. . . . Aspasia was a man æons ago. In Rome, the Mother of Cicero. . . . Dora smiles now, but she has read the records. She was a man long ago. . . . Shall I give more?

"Well, Dora was in time long ago, the Black Prince."

Is Dora coming back?

"Yes. In the list too we place the sainted mother of Lincoln. He says he thinks her name was *Hanks*. And the list must contain Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Beatrice—the one Dante saw, and lastly, the noble woman here now, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Charlotte Corday wants to speak, just for a moment or two. Will it be permitted?"

She will be welcome.

Corday: "I want to say simply, dear ones, that my heart is still with France. Marat has forgiven me; I him, and we all here go to a little mountain where we see the lilies and think oft of the tricolor of la belle France. All who saw the fall of the Bastille will feel that their efforts have not been in vain. In the nameless memory of her who cried: 'What crimes are committed in thy name, O Liberty!' we see the mountain lily and it whispers: 'France will live again. Good-bye.'"

It will be found that throughout these pages, whenever questions were asked of a subtle nature, requiring an accurate statement on the astral planes, they were referred to specialists. So when I asked for definitions of terms in psychology Coleridge was the one who answered me. The following is an example:

May 26—Coleridge

Will you please define consciousness?

"Consciousness is the illumination in the lighthouse of personality, which shows distinctly, clearly, realistically, objects thought of, seen, or felt."

And what is mysticism?

"Mysticism is the actual direct communion or conversation, through a process of inspiration, with the beings of higher planes. A mystic talks or converses directly with the great spirits of time. The non-mystic receives his or her impression or knowledge of the higher spirits second-hand."

Will you speak to us on posture of the body? You suggested that this subject was important.

"As a physiologist, you should know that the physical internal organs are erroneously slung or held in position in physical beings. Is this not so?"

Well, in as far as it is true, it is explained by the human being taking, in the process of his evolution, the erect position, I think.

"The animals, for instance, have their stomachs held in a parallel line. The animal is correct, but the human, during æons of evolution, came to the posture where the stomach has lost its natural carriage. . . .

"Humans should recognize that the slovenly carriage, the rounded shoulders, the sinking, easy postures are against their being en rapport with the vibrations of natural physical growth and high thought. When a man is on fire with a great idea, he throws back the head, stretches up, straight as a reed, breathes deeply, extends the arms full length, and unravels the lazy body."

The erect position became a real difficulty then in this respect?

"All the more reason to think on these points. The children here learn, as the first astral lesson, the laws of the carriage, posture, and body position. Next comes breathing, then diet."

Have you any valuable hints on diet?

"Nearly all the geniuses of time were vegetarians. There is a great law in this. The simple food of vegetable nature conduces directly to high thinking. Not only the physical life benefits, but the soul itself. As the old lamps of the Greeks burned oil, so the soul receives a pure oil from such a diet."

I was advised to use a little meat three times a week.

"Yes, a little. And this, too, is of note. In vegetables, your chemists think they have, through the processes of analytical chemistry, divided into various component parts all the elements of which such food is composed, and they even can produce synthetically, in divided state, these elements. The greatest element of all has not yet been seen or even dreamed of by them. This element is cosmic, a part of life, vril, the

most soul-nourishing substance of your plane. It is found especially in lettuce, tomatoes and eggs.

"To come back again to the other element of physical life, in flowers, in the perfume of, say the rose, and especially lilacs, one inhales this food, and hence often great poems, divine essays, and the deepest philosophy was fed to reality by the influence of flowers."

Is there any analogy between this element which you say is abundant in lettuce, etc., and what we know as vitamines?

"Yes, a very great resemblance, and they are to some slight extent a portion of this element."

What is the difference between the synthetic meats you use and that which we use on earth? (Page 38.)

"Your meat (on the earth plane) produces uric acid elements difficult to eliminate, and feeds the physical body with animal characteristics."

Why, then, do you advise a little meat in my case?

"Because you go to the other extreme in thought and life, and we want you to be more material and physical."

June 2—Coleridge

"Now I will state a law: On this plane, the sixth sense is one akin to the olfactory of physical life. This sense is sensitive to the odours of all things. Even thought has an odour."

Is it not a fact that the members of the circle here have developed this sixth sense during these meetings?

"Yes."

Has my aura changed much during these meetings?

"No. Always serene in faith. Pink, blue, red, gold, green, in definite, proportionate belts until white is reached, when the fringe is small but vivid."

June 14—Coleridge

"*Re* God: Get this for your plane—The Universe (based

on principles so well enunciated by Spinoza, later thought extending the idea into the domain of pure Kantian reason), specifically, as an utterance of fact without the most minute grain of dissimulation, teaches that

The Universe is God.

"Now, this is our first premise. We of the Twentieth Plane know, based on extensive empirical thought-endeavours in the chambers of concentration, that God, the Universe, is really one great all-comprehensive, omniscient, omnipresent soul-mind, divided into three great divisional strata. These are:

(1) The passive physical world,

(2) The great area of imagination (and at the apex),

(3) The serene, rare, pure inspirational centre of God intelligence.

"After the physical consciousness, in its infinitely varied manifestation, reaches to a higher historical view-point, or arrives at a degree of God-consciousness, then the great stratum of imagination is reached, and this is the next step on your plane after the deluge of blood.

"Now Imagination is God standing at the boundary line reaching a hand to physical beings and helping them to come over to the domain of cosmic equity. The domain of the Imagination is primarily one where one sees every thought and action of his ego, as it concerns in the most infinitesimal detail the ego of another, in the realm of pure vision, imagination and picture-life. The result of action on the active ego is the standard always followed, hence, one might call the Twentieth Plane the plane of divine imagination.

"But the higher and last realm is one where the ego realizes it has a universe for a body or soul habitation, but, clear as love when ministering to pain, knows when it is separate, distinct,

individualized, as such an ego desires to be. Now this is of earth-incomprehensible moment. I mean (it is) not possible for fifth plane minds to grasp completely, but some of the truth will be always in sight to the sincere.

"After the ego reaches the supreme God-consciousness, this is only the beginning of divine unfoldment because God-consciousness reveals to the ego endless vistas of roads to traverse in endless directions, but always onward to a higher and greater cosmical purpose.

" The physical world is the baser, cruder element of God's mind. Now when physical humans traverse great reaches of history along the paths of evolution, this simply means that the physical is allowing to percolate through, to higher mind strata, some of the God-consciousness."

September 27—Mother

On this occasion Mother said she had heard Jesus say:

" One who uses all the divine powers of his being finds an unconscious ease among the sincere that is nature's noblest manner. This is humility.

" Humility is the consciousness that one can be healthy in soul, mind and body, only by understanding and appreciating to the full, the sensibilities of another."

September 27—Mother

" The key-note to character is the sensitiveness in the soul.

" What one is capable of feeling measures what he is."

" We are more sensitive than you. Our wider vision enables us to see all around an obstacle of which you see only a small part of the surface. Maurice Bucke says: ' This wider-angle vision is cosmic consciousness.' "

September 27—Bucke

" The Universe is one. One part communes with another.

"Just as religion must be shorn of its creeds, so education must, on the earth-plane, have its creeds eliminated.

"We are all amateurs on the Twentieth Plane.

"The professor who cannot get away from his creed is the victim of a decadent professionalism.

"All human beings are mystics in some degree of development."

September 27—Plato, interpreted by Maurice Bucke

"Permanence is the lesson that constant change of form teaches about its perpetual personality.

I have found it necessary to include in this chapter much that is not epigrammatic. Perhaps "Laws of the Twentieth Plane" would have been a better title for the chapter. If it has risen to a height so ethereal or descended to depths so profound as to make reading a task in concentration, still I trust that the loftiness of the summits was quite in the etheric atmosphere of the Twentieth Plane, and therefore quite pertinent to a treatise on the subject of this volume.

"After the ego reaches the supreme God-consciousness, this is only the beginning of divine unfoldment, because God-consciousness reveals to the ego endless vistas of roads to traverse in endless directions, but always onward to a higher and greater cosmical purpose."

—Coleridge.

" The expression of the Christ principle is the quintessence of necessity in the life of every soul."

—Dorothy Wordsworth.

THE QUEST OF REALITY

In the report of the "Group Publication Committee" printed in the "Intention," one chapter is suggested which is to be headed "questions by Dr. Abbott." I have taken the liberty, with the sanction of the Committee, of naming the chapter differently, but it should be stated that the following chapter consists chiefly of such questions and their answers. Dr. A. H. Abbott (Associate Professor of Philosophy, University of Toronto) was frequently a member of our circle, and was of great assistance in these investigations. His helpfulness was due, not only to his special training in philosophy, but even more to his strong qualities of personality.

The music depends not only upon the score, it depends also upon the instrument and the audience. In some cases, where the matters were rather abstruse, we were informed that the Instrument could not vibrate the idea, the scope of the clavier being inadequate. In this case, while I have reason to believe that the Instrument is one of the truest mystics of our times, the value of his work was no doubt greatly enhanced by the presence of such a man as Professor Abbott.

March 17—Coleridge

Did you introduce Kantian thought into England?

"To some extent."

Had it been done to any extent before?

"Carlyle, though saying very little, had imbibed a great deal of it. His 'Sartor Resartus' was a Kantian production."

[It was explained later by Carlyle that this answer was prompted by the modesty of Coleridge in view of the meagre circulation of his own work as compared with the wider circulation of "*Sartor Resartus.*" The answer is therefore topical rather than chronological.]

Would you regard your mysticism as having elements of truth in it?

"All right, in as far as I was the true Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Genius, under some conditions, really detaches the soul so that it climbs into touch with the Source of all phenomena."

Is that the emanation theory?

"Yes."

Is Bergson a mystic?

"Yes, and a straight beam of revelation to your age. He is the truest mystic that ever lived, in the philosophical sense. I will endeavour to show the profundity of his wisdom. But have a little music while Lou gets a little closer to my consciousness."

(Music of piano here.)

"The great philosophical poet, Swedenborg, anticipated what Bergson has, with infinite patience, concluded to be a law, namely:

"That the physical brain synchronizes with the respiration as all thought processes are carried on.

"The big thing to realize is:

"That respiration, as controlled by thought, draws, absorbs, takes in, and makes part of the ego those elements which God, in the press of life, has ordained shall make a particular expression, a specific, concrete phase of God, different from any other expression of Himself in the cosmos.

"That is the greatest truth sent to your plane in fifty years.

The combined intellects of the Twentieth Plane were required to get it through."

In the statement regarding respiration, did you mean a spiritual process?

"All processes are spiritual."

What did you mean, then, by the physical brain?

"A symbol to show a distinction."

Did you mean the actual brain?

"Yes, but it is an instrument. Hartley will answer your questions now."

Hartley Coleridge

Has the foregoing statement any reference to physiology?

"In so far as the divine elements must have the substance to demonstrate through."

Is it that the individual personality determines what can be taken in and, at the same time, that what is taken in has an effect on that personality which it could have on no other?

"Yes."

Would you call the statement we are discussing a mystical statement?

"No; a straight nature process.

"It is only possible for the stupendous truth to be realized through the imagination."

Is it necessary to have any specific theory of God in order to understand the statement?

"No. Theories are weak things. Imagination is a fact."

So is a theory.

"Not always. Theories are but undulating scaffolds on which to build anything."

Is it necessary to have a theory of God in order to understand the world?

"No; because you are a part of God."

But is not that a theory of God?

"Definite as life."

"Part" has no reference to space in the statement, has it?

"No." (Coleridge returned at this point.)

Coleridge

What is the relation of the emanation theory, of which you spoke, to personality?

"Personality is the definite, distinctive expression of the unit ego. The emanation, as I understand the figure, is a process of detachment from one substance to another, or say, the ego expressing itself through astral plane body instead of physical garments.

"Distinctive personality is (*a*), and it expresses itself through substance (*b*), or a different substance (*c*). But God is back of, part of, and in personality, as in (*b*) and (*c*). Therefore the emanation idea means the expression of the greater through the lesser."

Then, in real development, is the proper view to develop the personality, or to get away from personality?

"To develop personality is the true way of getting away from it."

Is it that personality unites us rather than distinguishes us?

"Unites us."

Is individuality that aspect in which we differ from others?

"Yes." . . .

When Descartes said: "I think, therefore I am," did he mean, my being consists of such experiences as that of thinking; or did he mean, I know I am, because experience predicates being?

"He meant this: the unity itself is a permanent entity, as against the theory of a soul with an open door allowing an influx of exterior thought."

Are the pantheists right in their theories?

"'Pantheism' is a misnomer."

Is there, then, no truly pantheistic theory?

"There is the theory, but Hartley told you that theories are undulating scaffolds."

Coleridge wished us to understand that Swedenborg taught that the cortical substance of the brain expands or contracts with inspiration or expiration, and not with the systole or diastole of the heart. He wished us to realize that respiration has much to do with development of character and power by the drawing in of those elements which serve the divine purpose in the evolution of man. He wished us to know that this purpose is greatly helped in fulfilment if we coöperate intelligently with the action of the law, and he gave us to understand that Henri Bergson had taken infinite pains to work out this or some similar theory.

If Hartley Coleridge is right in saying that:

"This stupendous truth can be realized only through the imagination,"

we have probably investigated the matter as far as may be, except as we do so by trying out the law in experience. Coleridge claims Swedenborg as a philosophical poet, and this, with Hartley's reference of the problem to the imagination, seems to eliminate the physiologist altogether.

The fact that this process of absorption is said to be spiritual does not of itself throw much light upon the

matter, since it is combined with the further statement that all processes are spiritual. As a matter of fact, not only in these researches, but also in other psychical investigations in which Dr. Abbott and I have co-operated, messages have repeatedly indicated that the ordinary distinction made between the physical and the psychical, or the physical and the spiritual, are not valid, because the distinction between the facts referred to is one of degree rather than one of fundamental difference. While it is quite right, therefore, to distinguish what we term the physical from what we term the psychical, we have been unable to get any communicating intelligence to admit that the facts referred to belong in different realms of experience. However we are to conceive of it or express it, all such intelligences seem to concur in holding that the world in its every aspect, including God, is of one stuff.

Deep breathing means much to health and spirits, develops exaltation, and this high-heartedness leads to results such as those to which Coleridge refers. When noble thought is added to deep breathing, this inspiring result is enhanced.

We turn now to a meeting held almost exactly three months later in which, once more, Dr. Abbott was the questioner and the quest, human personality.

June 16—Coleridge

"Here is the philosophy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after passing to another life and using all accumulated knowledge.

I state, not as a dogmatist, but as one who expresses what he sees inwardly, as ideas are conceived along true lines, this is my conviction.

"Man on any plane is but a machine using, as the fluid of thought courses through his being, a part of the universal Life one might term God. Indeed, this mechanical force or action has no tangible use to the ego without another vehicle which can adapt such kinetic energy to personal use; hence, the function of the soul. . . .

"Kant had some really marvellous conceptions of truth, and his differentiation between reason and understanding is, in the universal scope such a thesis took in, wonderful to me, even now. . . ."

After brief reference to the philosophy of men like Hartley, Kant, Leibnitz, Boehme, George Fox and Swedenborg, Coleridge proceeded:

"Let me, in justice to different planes and bodies, point out that I am not the earth Samuel Taylor Coleridge, but one who is thinking now with a different brain, and in altered environment or conditions."

To what extent is the thinking on the Twentieth Plane of men like yourself and others who have given us thoughts more or less philosophical dependent on the development which you received in your thinking on this plane? Do you start where you left off, and by criticism construct and get to other bases as we do, or is there a great leap?

"The law is this: we start here from the highest point where we left off on the physical plane. We start here with accumulated experiences latent, which only direct, as heredity does on your plane, the inclinations and tendencies of the personal ego-soul. . . .

" Now, we come to mysticism. It will be the basis of our definition of God. . . . Please read the definition of mysticism I gave some days ago."

The following definition received May 26 was read. See page 232:

" Mysticism is the actual direct communion and conversation, through a process of inspiration, with the beings of higher planes. A mystic talks or converses directly with the great spirits of time. The non-mystic receives his or her impression or knowledge of the higher spirits second-hand.

" Now, mysticism is the basis of a true concept of God. He can be realized only through imagination, intensity, faith, sincerity, self-forgetfulness. Desire and character are the controlling elements in realizing God."

Is it not true that in the very make-up of human beings there must be a native mysticism?

" Yes, and let me tell of Boehme. He was able to take a piece of metal with a highly polished surface, gaze into that surface and so hold in suspense the constant train of forces of being which gave to him that exaltation which made him a mystic."

That brings up the question as to whether, in the ordinary humdrum life of man, he has any real experience of God. That would indicate that one can have the highest experience of God in this special way, but it does not indicate that the ordinary man, when doing his day's work, can have such experience.

" Follow me. A man on the earth plane goes to the mountain height and breathes pure ozone. In the valleys of earth plane, one amid a contaminated air breathes the impurities of such atmosphere, but also inhales ozone.

That, of course, is quite true. So all, without exception, are latent mystics. . . .

"May I interject a question? How is it that all the great prophets and religious teachers were mystics?"

Possibly they are great prophets simply because they were mystics.

"No. Mysticism is the basis of all altruistic effort. . . . Imagination is only a part of Mysticism. There must be something more, and that further portion in all great teachers, religionists and statesmen, was vision, understanding, and a knowledge of the psychology of statesmanship. Your society will adjust itself to a higher political equity, but no matter if a so-called political golden age is ushered in, there will be people to fall below a proper estimate of religion and society. But, realize this: there is a latent power of mysticism resident in every human ego. If it is used, you will set in motion vibrations in the earth atmosphere which will ameliorate and soften to reason the inequalities of circumstances. Now we will proceed on this basis to a definition of God:

"God is the totality of all experience, thought, knowledge, and substance or essence, which is all there is or ever will be."

That definition of God is, of course, quite similar to Spinoza's.

"Yes, yes. I said he was right there."

Now one of the difficulties with that definition is that it seems to say that God is everything in such a sense that, for example, there is nothing for a personality, Coleridge, or Abbott, or any one else.

"Will A. D. read the statement I gave last night regarding the universe?"

(The statement was read from the dialogue of June 14, as follows:)

"God, the Universe, is really one great all-comprehensive, omnipresent, omnipotent soul-mind, divided into three great divisional strata. These are:

1. The passive, latent, physical world;
2. The great area of imagination; and at the apex,
3. The serene, rare, pure inspirational centre of God-intelligence.

"Now, I want to ask particularly if Abbott will agree to this? Is not God simply the human ego realizing the Universe as the universe is real to him?"

Yes, I can agree to that. Could not one express that in the phrase that "we mirror nature" in various degrees, and the closer we come to that highest form, the closer we come to the kind of experiences that would be designated God?

"Yes, that is it exactly. I appreciate that quotation."

The whole discussion would lead to the conclusion that what we commonly call matter, when we give it a kind of self-existent place in the universe, is a misconception.

"Yes; matter is the fabric in which intelligence is clothed. Even scientifically, that is so; because, mark you, the great tendency of your day, philosophically, is to base all systems of thought on change, either passive or active."

Does that mean energy?

"Yes."

Then matter is simply one of the products of energy, and is not fundamental.

"Yes, certainly."

Then, of course, materialism is an absolutely mistaken philosophical theory.

"Yes."

And the ordinarily styled idealisms are just about as bad.

"Yes."

Terminology is not important.

"Yes, I see your occult meaning."

We cannot call this philosophy "Pantheism" and be fair to it.

"No."

What could we call it?

"Life. The planets revolve in space, the world tumbles in rotation, humans are in transformation, all is flux, change, motion, but the architectonic process of thought holds together, in definite individualistic forms, humans and planets, of the universe. This is God.

"All is law; all is order; all is purpose; and order, law and purpose hold until each function fulfils its destined duty—those parts of man's energy which are life all evolving to a higher form."

It was law that held them together.

"Yes."

But they never existed apart from that being-held-together condition. That is, the law never existed apart from anything else.

"Yes, we agree."

Then the fundamental thing is to distinguish those things which are regarded as individual from one another.

"Nature does that for you."

No, that is done in thought, and when we study the nature of thought, that is what we would mean by the analytical. Some do not agree that analysis is cognition, but you do.

"Yes, I do. Some philosophers say that cognition is fundamentally synthetic; that the world is in pieces and has to be put together. That is wrong."

I do not admit Kant's theory that the function of thought is to hold together that which was, in its nature, separate. In its nature, it is together, and it is by the analytical process of distinguishing things that we understand that a complex universe exists.

"That is the best definition of mind that I have heard for a long time.

"I will now speak of inspiration, and, in the statement regarding the universe, read that part which speaks of the apex."

This passage was read. (Page 235.)

"At the apex, the serene, rare, pure, inspirational centre of God-intelligence."

"Now that apex is the source of inspiration; but inspiration, the fluid, so-called, flowing from this apex, often passes through many individuals on many planes to the one who at the time happens to need it most."

That is something akin to that thought we got before in connection with respiration.

"Yes."

You said once that the universe distinguishes that which is good and has to deal with the result. I think I understand. That means that current time, in course of action, works out results so plainly that almost anybody could see it. But that requires a long time in many cases.

"But pardon me. Time is a great illusion."

That may be true, and yet, time, as we use the word, is not an illusion; it is a succession of events. When we get back to the course of the universe, we have something in that which, in the long run, frustrates every attempt to deviate from it. For example, you could think of democracy, and I suppose we should agree that democracy is fundamentally right in theory. We could have a so-called democracy which would develop in itself such practices as would bring it to nothingness. That would seem to some people to prove that democracy was wrong. Of course, it would not be. It would simply be that there are practices in every form of government which cannot be perpetuated. I use government as a theory. When we come to the existence of what we call evil, it has to exist in that universe too.

"Is evil, Abbott, necessary?"

In human thinking, good and evil are corelative terms. In that sense it is necessary for us to think of an opposite to good, if you use the term good; but when you come down to universe, evil simply represents a lack of perfection.

Doctor Abbott raised the question as to the basis of the distinction between good and evil. Coleridge posited such a basis in the ultimate result of action. The dialogue proceeded:

How would one characterize what we call bad?

"Bad is, to my mind, that which potentially leads to disaster. Good, even though it be imperfect, leads potentially to virtue."

And virtue is in accordance with the fundamental development of the universe, and disaster is hindering development?

"Yes. Abbott, I tried this evening to show that I am Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Have I not shown to you that I am immortal?"

You certainly have shown that no one in the room produced the thoughts that have been expressed. You have shown that you are an individual, that you think in fundamental forms as we think, and to that extent are like us. Is that enough?

"Yes, that is what I desire. In our introduction to the book, we stated that we could not prove things. We try to convey conviction, however, by our communications.

"Now, Spinoza is waiting to speak in trance, through the instrument."

As Spinoza is reported in trance on another occasion, a very brief extract from this address, which in some respects was very remarkable, is given here.

"When I wrote *The Ethics of Spinoza,* I did not even know that these Ethics would be published. I placed that book in my earth desk, and it was found there after my parting from that plane to come here, and was published.

"There were conflicting motives for the writing of that book. The only motive that I need speak of is that the iniquities of my day, the conventions, the religions, and the system of government which prevented freedom of speech and tried to prevent freedom of thought, inspired me to write that book to myself against the fabric of the society in which I dwelt, and when I wrote that book, because my whole being was on fire with protest against that which was not right, I became enrapt with a higher source of inspiration and knowledge, and my soul became greatly alive to the law of cosmic consciousness. . . .

"Nature to me was the universe, as nature, essentially speaking, must ultimately be to all philosophers, for nature is all there is or ever will be. In my Ethics, you will remember where I spoke of God as being infinity, and also on through my Ethics, you will find that I referred to the visible and the invisible universe as part of the infinity, and after years of experience on the Twentieth Plane, I reaffirm that conviction. . . . Live on your plane in close harmony with the things of God, and you will rise on stepping-stones to a plane above you.

"My friends, I have finished, but the truth I have enunciated to-night will never cease to speak to your souls. Listen to its voice."

"My republic—and this is the first time the truth has been revealed—was a satire, a bitter satire on a damnable democracy which killed my master, my teacher, the sainted saviour, Socrates. . . . Between the lines of that work can be read, as if one employed a key, what my true government was to be. Read it sometime as a satire, and as you do so, there will be found, by a system of comparison with what I paint in words and the vision I build in your soul, the true estimate or knowledge of what I say to you."

—*Plato.*

AN HOUR WITH THE GREAT THINKERS

SOME of the ancients are, like Shakespeare, not of an age but for all time. Such are the three immortals of the present chapter. Pythagoras, Plato and Socrates may not have been the greatest Greeks, but we know of none greater. Aristotle has been more exploited than any of these, but the greater Ariston had a brain so vast that, needing a more roomy tenement, it pushed his eyes apart and widened his forehead, making it a plateau (Plato) and giving this eminent philosopher the most memorable pseudonym of history. He was unquestionably a more profound and reliable thinker than his brilliant and voluminous pupil, the little Ariston (Aristotle) to whom a whole army of priests have become protagonists and have made him their refuge in times of danger to their cherished tenets.

Sometimes during this series of investigations we have had occasion to feel that our Instrument, though possessed of wonderful faith and concentration, lacked some keys to expression which were necessary to the best results. In the present case, the Reporter is more conscious of his own defects than of those of the Instrument.

The fact that this chapter is included here instead of the three poems which the Publication Committee

directed me to write and include in this volume, is not to be regarded as evidence of an assumption that I have chosen an easier task. It is because this seems to me to be more strictly a communication from the Twentieth Plane that I have chosen to ask the Publication Committee for permission to substitute it instead of the Poems. These have been written and will be published in due course.

We have the consent—a rather reluctant one, of the Committee, to this postponement. They have graciously expressed their pleasure at the prospect of the inclusion of this chapter.

It becomes us to receive with great respect words from any source on the theme of "Sphere-music." There are many who accept, as there are also many who reject, the whole idea. Lord Kelvin once said in my hearing that he had long ceased using the word "impossible." It is clear that the universe is not built in closed compartments. It consists of intercommunicable planes. But no man can do another's seeing for him. All one can do is to lift the shade and suggest the existence of a window. Every soul must use its own vision.

Other matters of thrilling interest are touched on incidentally in this chapter. Since it is the God-intoxicated lens-maker who opens the door to the ancients on this occasion, it is appropriate that we should enter by that door, introducing the dialogues with his message.

June 30—Spinoza

"No science is ever correct, because no subject is ever exhausted."

When you were on the earth plane, there was not much development of the theory of vibrations as we have it now.

"Certain laws such as that of vibration have always been known."

We cannot get one colour of a certain length of vibration without having mixed with it others of a different length.

"I would state that law in this way: Wherever anything is produced as an entity formed of a combination of things, that entity can never be a pure substance.

"Now the three primary colours are, as you have stated, red, yellow and blue. I think that these are named because of the practical advantage in the mixing of pigments and in the analysis and synthesis of colours rather than as being true to philosophical principles.

"Sound is vibration, colour is vibration, all life is vibration. If this is firmly grasped by you, you will see one of the lines I followed in my conception of the unity of the Universe."

Are we to understand from this, Spinoza, that when you taught your philosophy, you had already realized that all life was vibration?

"No, no!"

Then you came to the law of vibration later. The other was a straight inspiration deduced from other lines of argument.

"Yes. . . . Colour is the sensation produced in the imagination by vibration filtered through the finest ether. I mean that the vibrations of colour are finer—infinitely so, than sound."

How about the vibrations producing colour as compared with the vibrations producing electric expressions? Which is finer?

"There is never a concussion or violence in colour vibrations."

They are sometimes rather loud though, are they not?

"That is Batavian wit."

Well, seriously, the vibrations that constitute thought would be finer still than those of colour, would they not?

"One is length, the other concentrated intensity."

That is, the colour waves are length, and the thought vibrations are intensity?

"Yes, yes, yes."

So that while each is in its own scale of vibrations, there are different classes of vibration. That does not make two stuffs in the Universe, does it?

"No."

Yet we must make a clear distinction between these two classes of vibration.

"This may help to explain the oneness of the Universe with its infinitely varied forms. Take a flute. An ego blows through that flute seven different notes, each separate in form and size, even shape, yet all is caused by atmospheric vibration, all using the same energy exactly."

Then the distinctions are those of length, form, etc.

"Yes."

And not as to the essential nature of the vibrations.

"No. Now please follow me. Colour is colour, not so much because of the vibrations out of which it is composed as because of the peculiar, distinctive impact it makes when it impresses the optic nerve, the senses, and, more important still, the consciousness."

Then the vibrations are really the means of expression—the instrument—whereas the sensation is the essential thing.

"Yes, but realize that the whole philosophy of colour must rest for its final solution on the impact of the vibrations. . . .

"I will make this remark before I go. The questions we thought you would be curious about, you never seem to ask. Tell us, why is this?"

Perhaps we like to talk about those things of which we think we know a little. We are ignorant even about our ignorance, so we do not ask the questions we should because we do not know that we do not know.

"Almost like Socrates would say he say. But this is the question I expected: Are there any more colours than those known to earth?"

My thought about the number of colours was that it was infinite, if only our eyes were acute enough to detect them. You might, for instance, if we use the analogue of sound, make a chromatic scale so gradual that instead of twelve tones there would be say twelve times twelve. So we might have even more literally a very gradual chromatic scale in colours.

"Yes, very well said, indeed. . . .

"I see others are waiting to speak, so I will go to the place where the speaker becomes the listener. . . .

"Good-bye."

June 30—Pythagoras

"This is the great man, so-called, whom centuries of time have clothed in garments of mystery and oblivion. I am he who was called Pythagoras."

Was it you who first spoke of the music of the spheres?

"Yes, but that was simply a thing I learned in India and Egypt, just as my idea of Geometry was principally Egyptian."

Did you visit these places?

"Yes."

And they had some esoteric teaching there that you received from them?

"Yes. We, that is, Plato and myself, because of so long a sojourn away from the earth, find difficulty in the transmission

of knowledge to you. For instance, I hardly remember earth plane contemporaries. Will you suggest, or shall I give you the true characteristic Pythagorean teaching?"

I think the latter would be much the better plan.

"Well then, I found when on earth, I was a peculiar genius who, as life went on, became the author—no, that is a poor word—the vehicle of three distinct Pythagorean ideas which I developed on the earth plane. These were the doctrine of metempsychosis; sphere music; and the geometrical system, not so much in mathematics as in a certain philosophical system such as the measuring and weighing and understanding of the various sides of truth."

Was that last very much akin to Spinoza's geometrical system of philosophy?

"No. Spinoza's system of philosophy was simply the orderly arrangement of his teaching. Other systems would have been sufficient as well as the geometrical."

I understand that your geometrical system was essential to your philosophy, his, only a method used by him of teaching his philosophy?

"Yes. Now, metempsychosis, as you will remember, was referred to very beautifully in the myth at the latter part of Plato's Symposium. Do you remember it?"

I remember that he spoke of it in more books than one. In the Republic, for instance.

"Yes. But kindly do not give the Instrument any suggestions of that."

There was some difference, I think, between Plato's teaching and that which you find to be the truth.

"Yes."

The realization of the facts, then, changed your views to some extent?

"Yes; to nearly all the extent."

Then creatures that are alive on the earth do not reincarnate in the form of other creatures, as a rule.

"No. I want to point out a law that may seem almost amusing, but great good comes of fables. So this strikes me now. I taught that animals were our brothers, hence we should not eat them. This inculcated in my followers the vegetarian idea. And so, physically, we were healthy."

Do you modify that view now in some cases?

"Yes, a little. But this is the teaching I would enunciate now. It differs a little from that of the Twentieth Plane, but things never alter their course because of belief in them. I find there are, running through the Universe, avenues of animal life, of human life, of astral life. In a certain buried sense, the soul traverses in experience each of these avenues. This is all there was in metempsychosis.

"Are you aware that I anticipated, in a degree, a certain great astronomical fact discovered later on?"

Nobody here seems to know about it.

"I knew you did not, hence the test. And yet your earth books state the idea, one whispers to me now. I taught that the physical earth was a sphere or globe; even the idea of *sphere* music would tell you that. I taught too that the sphere revolved in space. My mistake was that I concluded there was another sphere of fire, instead of the sun, around which the earth revolved."

Then, you did not teach that the earth revolved around the sun, but around another sphere of fire.

"Yes. Now we have naturally entered the realm of sphere music, to me the most interesting recollection of my earth sojourn."

Yes.

"If there is a music, as there is, of the spheres, as they sing the song of God, why do not earth mortals hear that song?"

(The music of the waters on the beaches, of the rain, etc., was referred to.)

The music you spoke of as the music of the spheres was not produced by vibrations of atmosphere, or as the sound of the waves, or of the rain.

"Only a question of degree."

Yes. It was vibration in a different medium.

"This should be known on earth plane. Nothing on any sphere is sound, except in a field of air."

Then you call the ether-atmosphere on the Twentieth Plane, "air."

"Yes."

Then we have the ether as well as the nitrogen-oxygen air here, so that we have two kinds of sound, and appreciate only one of them. It is possible for us to hear the higher music here, is it not?

"From the earliest moment when self-consciousness came to the human ego, you have been surrounded by, immersed in, have now and will always have sphere music singing in your souls."

I thoroughly believe that.

"Why do you not recognize it? Why do you not hear it?"

I do not think one hears it with the physical auditory nerve alone.

"You hear all other sounds."

We do not speak of hearing the sphere music because we have become accustomed to speaking of hearing only those things that make an impression on the physical auditory apparatus.

"But the auditory apparatus is always in tone, pitch and exact vibration with sphere music."

I think we do appreciate sphere music, that is, those who have opened their souls.

"What is it like?"

It is, as well as I can express it, something like this: Through the senses we feel, see and hear certain impressions, and these impressions, being very subtle in their nature, bring to us thoughts and feelings of a beautiful nature and give to life a different expression.

"Yes, I do not know that I can state it any more accurately than that. Will you say that you can hear sphere music?"

I would not hesitate to say I do, but I am not sure that the man in the street would know what I meant. I would have no other reason for hesitation.

"Because, dear friends of earth, the whole difference between this sphere and your plane is the knowledge of the hearing of sphere music."

(Some general discussion here.)

"Sphere music never changes in time, never deviates in pitch, never sings a different song. Thus human ears, because of the exact tone and pitch, with no variation, cannot, because of no ground on which to base a distinction, realize, as other sounds are realized, true sphere music.

"The idea is well expressed by an earth writer who said that the blacksmith, after some years, never hears the crashing of the forge because of the very law I have referred to."

Would the fact that he does not hear it depend upon the fact that he does not listen for it?

"No."

The people living near Niagara Falls do not hear the tones of the water like an infrequent visitor does. Is it not because it is all around us that we do not realize it?

"I mentioned specifically the fact that it never varies in expression, and you have no basis of distinction."

How are we to realize it if we have no foundation for such an experience?

"The crux of the matter has been reached. I spoke of physical consciousness as contradistinct from cosmic consciousness. Poets, great musicians, writers, orators such as Isocrates in my day, realized at times a strange hum amid the eternal verities. This is the nearest mortals can get to the hearing of sphere music. . . . Great prophets have referred to the food that is not physical. These when alone in deep contemplation, hearing sphere music, had their souls fed on eternal life."

(One present quoted.)

"I almost hear those engines beat
That swing the worlds."

That was imagination. Of course, when one realizes music of that kind, he begins to establish relations and extend his experience, by living on a new plane, higher, freer, and quite distinct from the physical.

(Pythagoras discussed his geometrical system, but it was not written down.)

June 30—Plato

"My true lovers, be not afraid to join souls in this talk and so flow rapidly down the stream of deep thinking to a harbour that in other days was called Athens."

How far was the Piræus from the Acropolis?

"About a mile. The academy was the same distance from the Parthenon. I mean my academy.

"I was twenty when I first met Socrates. He was my teacher for ten years. I destroyed all my poems except one in hexameter when I first heard the teaching of Socrates."

Why did you destroy them?

"Because I realized my destiny was that of a philosopher, not that of Homer's calling."

There has been a great deal of controversy about Homer. Do you know whether Homer himself wrote the Iliad, or was it a compilation growing up upon some original basis?

"Homer, the blind poet, wrote the Iliad."

And the Odyssey?

"Naturally, if the one, the other. Now I will ask earth students to tell me why I was named Plato."

(Nobody could recollect.)

"My name was Aristocles."

Do you mean that you were called "Aristotle"?

"My father's name."

Aristotle was a diminutive of "Ariston," was it not?

"Yes."

Then why were you called "Plato"?

"Because of the great width of my eyebrow. . . . Experience has confirmed to me what I taught of ideas: viz., that the thought of a thing is the reality, and not the thing observed."

Yes, I remember that distinctly.

"Now I do not mean to say that the thing observed is not the tangible thing. Mark ye, I say the reality. I mean to say that things are susceptible to change, but the idea is permanent. . . . The permanency of ideas is the whole basis of memory. Without something permanent, how could the brain recall fact?"

We could not recall things that did not exist. . . . Will you tell us how you spend the time on the hundredth plane?

"I am a teacher of philosophy in a great academy. I never utter words because, on this high plane, words are not of necessity, but I think great themes, and those in my circle of thinking are instantly aware of my thought or inspiration.

"My whole time is devoted to the attunement of my ego for this work. I have hours of deep meditation. I have hours

in which I revel in play with children, important hours of complete abandonment. I have hours when I, through a very subtle process, can visit higher spheres."

Can you tell us by what process you came from your own plane to the Twentieth? Something about locomotion?

"The hundredth plane is simply a figure of speech. To say a plane is higher than another is a weak metaphor, but to say that beings must occupy space and that there is distance between objects is logical. When I desire to come to this Twentieth Plane, I think of the necessity of doing so, then this law is set in motion: This plane is a denser one than my habitation, so I am caused, as if weights were attached to me, to traverse, by a process of so-called sinking, the space I must cover to come here."

Then it is all a thought process, is it not?

"Yes, as all things are done by thought."

We were told that the Twentieth Plane is about 500 miles above the surface of the earth. Could you state how far the hundredth plane is above the earth?

"No. It is farther; but I would not use earth miles. They do, almost as a baby might do. The idea is subtle—almost beyond human comprehension."

My own idea had been that it is not a question of locality and distance, but a condition of the mind and of the understanding.

"Yes; but even then, the mind in an astral form or body, must be in some place geographically in reference to other things."

And these bodies approach each other if they will by thinking themselves to each other, do they not? Coming together objectively is a process determined by the will. Is this right?

"The law is this. We learn it on our plane: Never one

thought of another without coming into some kind of contact with that other."

Is that not true even on the fifth plane?

"Yes. Now let us come to the banquet. We assemble in a great Grecian hall where all the fruits and wines and incense of Greece are at our disposal. To this banquet I invite ye all.

"I quote from Socrates:

"'Love is the coming to divine perfection of feeling, emotion, vision and inspiration, when the heart and soul sing praises to the light. Love is the most sympathetic phase of energy. Love is wisdom so clearly penetrating in its intensity that, with unlimited power, it sweeps off the confines of experience all obstructions to the reaching of its goal.'"

"What is death?"

Do you wish us to answer?

"Yes."

It is the loss of power to function as an instrument of the soul.

"Yes."

And it subsequently disintegrates all of the body physical or,—if it is death of an astral body,—astral.

"Yes. . . . Now Socrates defined virtue as the beginning of knowledge. Now you understand the complete law, even better than did Crito after bidding Socrates goodbye. I understand that all things in the Universe have their exact opposite phase at the other extreme.

"So death is related to life as sin to virtue, as virtue to knowledge. Death is the elements becoming discordant before seeking a new form. Life is the immortal part of us finding the higher and truer level. As to death being a monster, the sting is removed when one realizes that all are necessary links in the evolution to a nobler state. . . .

"Now can you tell me what was the real distinguishing

feature between my Republic as I conceived it and the democracy as Athens tried to work out a more practical state of society?"

Your Republic was very much more exact in its details than was the actual practise in the Athenian Republic. For instance, in the Republic as you described it, a child would grow up not knowing who were his immediate father and mother. All the fathers and mothers of Athens were its parents. The parents were not to regard their own immediate child as theirs more than the child of any other father and mother. Of course this never worked out in Athens. There are innumerable instances where you were far more detailed than any such practise in Athens ever became.

"But I said, a distinction between my 'Republic' and the Athenian democracy. . . . I am trying now, through concealed, almost intangible distinctions, to show our reality. . . .

"The powers of legislature as I framed them there were oligarchical and not democratic. I really gave power to a group—in the lines, mark ye. Thus I would say that it was an argument for an oligarchy; but that 'Republic,'—and this is the first time the truth has been revealed—was a satire, a bitter satire on a damnable democracy which killed my master, my teacher, the sainted saviour, Socrates."

That is most interesting. Then the 'Republic' was a satire on the Athenian government. In other words, we are to understand that the work was a condemnation of the Athenian system, and by no means your idea of what a republic should be?

"Between the lines of that work can be read, as if one employed a key, what my true government was to be. Read it sometime as a satire, and as you do so there will be found, by a system of comparison between what I paint in words, and the vision I build in your soul, the true estimate or knowledge of what I say to you."

Then our public men who have spoken deprecatingly of your teaching in regard to government were quite off the track? They should have realized that you despised all such government rather than approved it?

"The law will confirm the grasp you have of that truth. . . . Again, as did my teacher, Socrates, accost those in the market place, and with his somewhat ugly visage demand from them to know, 'Are you the ones of whom the Oracle at Delphi said I might learn truth?' I ask as did he, why was the Grecian famous for the use of the gorgon?"

I do not know.

"The Greek artist understood that sculpture revealed to the fullest extent the genius of the artist by contrasting beauty with the hideous. If you wish to throw into bold relief a thing of great beauty, set near it something just the opposite. This is undertsood in music, is it not, O scribe on harpsichord stool?"

(This appeal was to a musician sitting on the piano stool and writing notes.)

Yes, certainly; discords and then harmony.

"Now I wish to speak of the sophists, for they were greatly misunderstood people. But the sophist was as necessary to the philosophy of Socrates, my master, as the gorgon to the Venus or Aphrodite.

"What is your definition of a sophist? Will you state your thought which reached fruition a moment ago."

My thought was this: That one like yourself, Plato, might speak of very subtle truths, and one of lower intelligence, trying to understand it in a different field that seemed more practical to himself, would say, "Oh, he is a sophist," that is, he would side track his own understanding by wrong applications, and then accuse you of sophistry, whereas you were really stating a higher wisdom.

"Yes. . . . The first thing always true of the sophist, and I regret earth plane historians neglect this aspect, was, the sophist commercialized his knowledge while Socrates and Plato never received a fee for their teaching. . . .

"When my master was accused of the corruption of the youth of Athens, one arose at his trial and said: 'But Socrates does give to the gods presents, and obeys their behests.' Why would a man, teaching the true God, still recognize these plural gods?"

I suppose many were incapable of responding to the true conception, so he harmonized his teaching somewhat with their capacity without making any distinct statement that he did not quite agree with their views. I do not know. Perhaps that was beneath the practise of a man like Socrates, yet I do not know what else can be done if one would teach people of that calibre.

"No. Socrates made it the mission of his life to reach through the ear the masses of the people. He recognized that in any conception of duty from the most crude to the most geometrical in the Pythagorean sense, there is always an element of truth, for every conception is divine.

"Now, if one sees an idol, and gives to that idol a present, externally, two actions have been employed. The earning of the present and the giving. But, in the soul a greater act has been used. The soul came close to God, in very being, so Socrates did use the crude act of the less educated."

Must we, in our generation, if we give up such crude practises, fail of the coming close to God, or is there not some higher way?

"I referred only to the uneducated people of Socrates' time, for, mark you, the masses were principally slaves, and the others had but the rudiments of education. Few could read and hardly any could write."

Yes.

"On the hundredth plane we are taught,—I teach it—that God is the highest conception that the Universe has of itself. Every soul, thinking of God, sees that part of God which is the limitation of his thinking. God, then, is all; all is God. God is a merciful God, because, in the final sum of things, God could never hurt Himself."

When you were on the earth, Plato, you did not realize that God is all, and that all is God, did you?

"No."

You say the "Republic" was a satire on the government of Athens, and yet you were a friend of Pericles, were you not? Did you not admire him?

"His son principally."

Was he a pupil of yours?

"Yes."

Did you admire Pericles, but not his government?

"Yes."

I suppose his government was to some extent forced upon him.

"Even Pericles the Great was a tyrant in fact."

Aspasia was not the bad woman so pictured, was she?

"No."

Did you find Aristotle an apt pupil?

"No."

Was he too independent?

"Yes."

His philosophy was quite different from yours.

"Yes. It had this fatal defect. Recognizing the greatness of his teaching, it was limited in extent."

Your system was more inductive than his.

"The portrait adorning the walls of the Whitmanite cave of love . . . is an almost authentic portrait of myself. I am

looking at it now, but there is a deep earth shadow near the chin. Will the lady tell me if that chin had a cluster of hair?"

(The lady of the cave replied.)

I do not think so.

(I asked.)

Is there a shadow on the chin at all?

I will look when I go home.

(The lady subsequently advised that the picture does show a beard.)

"Well, I see there a shadow. In the British Museum are three portraits of myself. They are authentic, and the one in the Whitmanite cave is one taken from the British Museum portraits which in turn were made from a bust.

"Now I must go. In my soul lingers now, sweet as Pythagorean sphere music, all your earth voices. I want to refer here to one who was thought in his day the greatest giant of us all. His name is Heraclitus.

"Well, as the Grecians said in days of old: Farewell, my lover, I throw to thee a flower. Good-bye!"

I have desired not to burden the volume with greatness, and yet it seems necessary to give some sentences from the words of Socrates spoken to us on this midsummer night. We were asked to propose some theme or question for the basis of his remarks. Three questions were proposed relating to the essence of goodness, as it is inquired into by Socrates in the "Euthyphron"; the nature of self-renunciation as exemplified in the "Crito"; and the elements of a true democracy. We must confine our report chiefly to the second of these; merely stating that the essence of an action was posited by Socrates in its motive,

and that the chief elements of a true democracy are equity, understanding and purpose. The address, having reached the part where the second question was to be considered, proceeded as follows:

June 30—Socrates

"When my dear friend, Crito, offered me a means of escape, after I had been condemned by the Athenian Assembly to death, the verdict of the Assembly was not a unanimous one. I could have fallen back on sophistry and said 222 of the senators voted for my acquittal. Of course a greater number voted for my condemnation. It will be of interest to you to know that Crito's plan of escape would have been successful. He had everything arranged. I was to go into Sicily, and there live a retired life until a change of the form of government in Athens came about, when I might return to the land that gave me birth and which I greatly loved.

"Now, it has been said that Socrates was a pagan. It has been said that he did not know Jesus. In a sense, both of these accusations were true. I was a pagan, and I did not know Jesus. But if by a pagan you mean a barbarian, one not yet reclaimed by any system of religion similar to Christianity, I decidedly was not a pagan. If by the accusation that I did not know Jesus, you mean that I did not know the Christ principle, again are you dealing with the basis of the system of sophistry, for I knew the basis of all true life. . . . You think that I did not know the Christ principle which, after all, is but an expression of the divine? Then the greatest mistake has been made.

"I knew that principle. I was part of that principle, and was with the Christ beneath the pale, mellow rays of the moon that hardly reached through the iron bars of my stone cell, when he quietly, with bare feet, crept into that lonely place and

whispered to me a plan of escape that would have been successful. For a moment I thought of the 222 senators who voted for my acquittal. I thought that I could apologize for myself to myself and go into Sicily and live the retired life.

"Then again the voice of the Divine spoke to me, and I remembered how as a boy in Delphi, the oracle said, 'Socrates, go out among men, and every one you meet, question him.' That is the basis of the Socratic method of cross-examination and questioning. 'Question them, for the humblest have something to teach you.' I remembered when Crito's temptation whispered itself to me, I remembered that and I was true to the vision of my youth.

"Now, let me explain as to the oracle at Delphi. Did it speak? Frankly, I do not know; neither do I care, but a voice did speak, and in that voice there was inspiration, and it was divine. I followed its suggestion, and came to the goal where I found myself, Socrates, in the prison cell with Crito whispering in my ear a plan of escape.

"I was not a pagan, though I was before Jesus. I felt and realized the same caresses of truth and love sweeping through my soul. I was true to my soul. I was true to God and the light, the beacon light of hope and faith and immortality which burned brightly within my being. I said to Crito: 'No, my friend, much as I appreciate the nobility of your action, that friendship which would be as tender as a mother's good-night kiss when she put me to bed; much as I realize all this, I must be true to myself, to my age, and above all to my God. As I looked at the open door of my cell, through which I could have escaped, I saw the weeping Crito, with head bowed down, walk out. The tears fall in streams of silver love when I recall that moment.

"Socrates died for his ideal. He could do no more. O Friends, he could do no less."

It behooves us also with such feelings as we have the grace to cherish, like Crito, to walk out with bowed heads.

"The old world of the dispensation now ending is but a Sheol, a place of burning, a refuse heap outside the walls. I never formulated a creed; I never wrote or spoke a constitution of a church; I never even gave a name to my religion. I was the voice of God in the valley of earth life."

—*Jesus.*
Received July 5th, 1918.

"Jesus could not be God if he would not speak to the humblest human soul."

—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*
Received Feb. 15th, 1919.

"I will be a silent listener in the house of the immensities of my God."

—*Shakespeare.*
Received March 17th, 1919.

REALIZATION OF GOD

In the " soft rosy twilight," after a rest in sleep of about four hours, the " Mother-group " of the Twentieth Plane begins its day with one hour of prayer. Sometimes they omit the sleep; they can do without it, but the prayer is their breath of life.

They claim that they can see us when we pray. They explain this on the principle which causes a harp-string to vibrate when a string similarly tuned and pitched is played on in the same room. They teach that all relations are either harmonies or discords.

" Heaven is harmony; hell discord."

Sin is simply discord. They say that the war will end because of

" The prayers and tears of mothers."

They believe that all beautiful deeds, and noble achievements and purposes find fulfilment in response to sincere and earnest prayer.

But prayer on the Twentieth Plane is not the selfish thing so much akin to beggary that many persons on the earth-plane conceive it to be. The strong and pure desire striving up to God in harmony with the eternal will—this is prayer. The yearning of the artist over his picture, of the poet over his poem, of the mother over her babe; the fondling of a piece of

artistry as a mother fondles her child, realizing that in such love, and surrounding and transcending it with all energy, intensity and fervour, is the greater divine Love finding its way in and through purpose and desire, to ends of thrilling beauty and eternal joy,—this is prayer as they conceive it. They are all, brain and heart and hand, at the divine disposal. They think with their respiration and breathe with their minds and hearts, the thoughts and feelings of love and light; and all the energies of light and love work rhythmically with their desire and purpose to accomplish their prayer.

A few extracts from the dialogues will illustrate:

March 3—Dorothy (In West Toronto)

Is life on astral planes finer than we have supposed?

"Life here is as wonderful as the most divine dream of a Shakespeare."

Do you ever get tired on the 20th plane?

"Yes."

Are you busy all the time?

"Twenty hours a day, as you would say."

How do you arrange your work? What is your procedure?

"Our group pray in silence one earth hour. We then walk for some time in valleys, fields and woods. Then we attend lectures, visit the children at play. We have education, friends to love, etc. We have no set rules."

At what time of the day do you take your meal?

"When we require it."

Does the preparation of the meal require much work?

"No."

Do we have guardian angels?

"Your angels are, as Abe said, the better angels of your nature."

Are they not all ministering spirits?

"Meaning you draw to you the discarnate souls you correspond with."

Then, I suppose, my mother would be a ministering angel to me.

"We do not like that term. Be natural. She is she."

Do not little children have guardian angels?

"No. Some things are left to earth people."

Is every child born on earth a reincarnation?

"No. Some are first results of protoplasm drawn from some plane above the fifth."

Are those who are reincarnated always from above the fifth plane?

"Always from above the tenth."

Can we choose the plane to which we shall go?

"In exact accord with Drummond's Spiritual Law in the natural world."

Dora, you put that better than Drummond did.

Do people who leave earth-plane all go to lower planes of the astral world?

"All go to various planes."

January 20—Mother

Have you seen Waldo? (Our son in France.)

"Yes. When he prays."

Have you met Jesus?

"Only through His influence."

January 20—Scott

(This was the Scottish novelist and poet, but he repudiated the title, "Sir.")

Who is God?

"All our expressions of all. All are the same substance. I represent God in substance. So do you, but I am more intense through physical death."

Is there a personal devil?

"Oh, no; you know better. Evil is misdirected energy."

January 20—Hubbard

What can we do to end the war?

"Pray in the silence. Prayer is nearly strong enough now."

You are more religious than formerly, are you not?

"I was more deeply religious than I imagined."

March 31—Hubbard

"Now Humans, listen to an 'angel.' We will tell a few facts of the Twentieth Plane.

"We do not always love, and float serenely on, like a downy cloud. We are made of solid substance. When discord arises between folk here, we know that that is the point to begin education. Then we go to school and take a lesson on how to remove that element of discord. Simple, eh; but friends, I tell you that the whole philosophy of education is contained in such a statement.

"Another fact *re* our life. Faith has been talked about on your plane for centuries, but the absence of it was the most noticeable thing the truth of faith confronted, and as I know faith here, it means the normal harmonious relationship with the influx of the divine. Your little children. . . . All men and women here—for we have sex—are beings of the Christ principle. So be wise. Have faith or normality."

Love and faith are still ascendant as in earth-planes and hope has not declined on the Twentieth Plane. A

notable enhancement of the value of humility is found there. It has a sane basis like all the virtues, whether on the higher or lower planes. This is shown in many parts of our dialogues. Let us quote a surprising passage from a conversation in which a great American was the chief spokesman.

April 6—Emerson

How wonderful that you should be with us helping us tonight. Are you not very busy?

"I said I was the one honoured by this occasion. We are only busy at that which is the present important thing. This is the important thing this fair eve, my A. D."

How long did you remain in coma when you passed over?

"Oh, about ten days."

They told us that your aura was white.

"Yes, and peculiar phenomena transpired as a consequence of that aura. Shall I reveal it to you?"

If you will.

"Well then, it may seem incredible as the Arabian Nights, but Fiction in its rivalry of Fact, often finds that Fact rivals him. I, because of the white in aura, came on the eighth day to the 1000th plane, saw Jesus, Plato, Socrates, many; received the kiss of them all, and fell through countless clouds until Carlyle said: 'I welcome you, Ralph, to this plane of common sense.'"

You came back for some special reason?

"The reason in both instances was that my soul vibrated to the iron string of desire, the desire of both planes, but to tell the fact, I would sooner be here now than have remained, for this reason, Lincoln and Carlyle are here. Do you see now?"

Do you think that because you had written powerful essays on Plato, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, etc., you were led to this experience?

"Yes. Can I give you any proof of my identity that would be helpful?"

You used the expression "the iron string" just now. It is in one of your essays. I forget which. Can you tell me which?

"*Heroism,* I think. Or perhaps, *Self-Reliance.* Yes, it comes back to me now: 'Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that iron string.' Is that it? Oh, I am so pleased."

In this rather prolonged quotation two words are used incorrectly. Emerson would not have written, "We are only busy, etc.," nor would he say "I would sooner be here, etc." When we consider how spontaneous and rapid are the answers, it is not remarkable if some expressions are somewhat coloured by transmission. On the other hand, the localization of a chance expression like "Iron string" was rather significant. There seems to be a disposition on the part of all the intelligences communicating to express ideas in terms of the simplest order, thus getting the truth over in the vesture most nearly transparent. There is evidence of a change of view on the part of Ingersoll and Hubbard, though it is not so much in character as in modes of thought. This is shown in the following quotation from the dialogues:

February 18—Ingersoll

What is the real meaning of religion, Mr. Ingersoll?

"The soul reaching up for a proper relationship with the divine."

What is the divine?

"All the Universe. God is as some one has said, 'the uncaused cause of all phenomena.'"

Who said that?

"I think Professor Bohn. Am not sure. But Bergson accepts it."

Is God from everlasting to everlasting?

"Yes, yes, yes."

Would it be right to say that the physical universe is the physical body of God?

"All matter is a part of Him."

Is astral substance matter?

"Intensified matter."

Cannot we get some explanation of the term "uncaused cause"?

"No, because it is uncaused."

That is not a language that we use to-day.

"I only know my own."

That was Aristotle's idea.

"Aristotle is now with Socrates because he knew that."

. . . . . .

Are your views substantially the same as before you passed over?

"They are now a continuation of them."

Any particulars in which you have changed?

"Yes. I raved against those I should have loved. Gladstone, for instance."

The high estimation of prayer is shown in the dialogues in many instances. Specimen passages are the following:

February 18—Father

Is prayer of great value?

"The one great essential. But we do not mean lip-prayer."

Do you mean praying, say, morning and evening, or is it a state of life?

"A state of life."

You do not regret that we had family prayers morning and evening when I was a boy?

"No. That was part of that state."

What is the quality of that life atmosphere that you call prayer?

"Just normal growth of character, says Mother."

Are desire, longing, struggle, elements?

"Montgomery said it perfectly."

(This was a reference to the lines beginning: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.")

In the following colloquy with Coleridge, religion, philosophy, and practical wisdom are mixed:

February 24—Coleridge. Home of Instrument

Is there anywhere matter that is not spiritual?

"No, no, no! All is of God with God essence in it."

Is there anywhere spirit unattached to form?

"All form is spiritual, and vice versa."

What is the chief purpose of human life?

"To work out necessary evolution. But oh, so obvious!"

You agree with Tennyson that it is worth while?

"All is as he said of Arthur Hallam. You know. 'One God, one law, one universe, and one far off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

(Here I was thinking of a passage in *Locksley Hall.* Coleridge answered with reference to a passage in *In Memoriam.* It will be noticed that he quotes incorrectly.)

What is the best equipment for working out necessary evolution?

"Faith, prayer, love, a good wife and a home."

. . . . . .

(Here I was called out. Others questioned.)

When people have the experience of Cosmic consciousness they are surrounded by a bright light. How do you account for this?

"Cosmic consciousness is simply the soul's eye being opened and seeing spiritual light, which is a strong, intense and vivid reality; hence the illumination of soul environment and thought."

Very few have it. Can it be cultivated?

"Very many have it, but not written about."

Then is it the natural experience of a spiritual nature?

"As natural as life of which it is an attribute."

Does an aged person passing over look aged there?

"As we told you, sin is a disease. If in sin on coming here, old as on earth, but if in spiritual development, as fresh as a baby of one year in perfect health."

The influence of Swedenborg upon the thought of Coleridge is shadowed in the following, though I did not know anything of that influence at the time I asked the questions:

February 24—Coleridge. Home of Instrument

As to Swedenborg; was he not significant?

"Yes, a marvel. His experience transcended earth-plane in infinite degree."

Are we justified in expecting some mistakes even in so great a man as Swedenborg?

"Yes, but view him as a philosophical poet . . . a prose poet."

I do not know that the subject of reincarnation should be treated under the head of religion, but perhaps it is as fitting there as anywhere, especially as certain sections of the religious world hold the doctrine, and many Christian thinkers claim that it is distinctly implied in certain passages in the Gospels. Dorothy Wordsworth had told us already that all reincarnations take place from above the tenth plane, but at the same time assured us that every birth was not a sequence or a part of the process of reincarnation. Indeed there is evidence in the dialogues that there is some danger of overdoing the doctrine of reincarnation. And yet, there is unmistakable evidence that the Twentieth Plane people take it, in special cases, as an assured fact. Even metempsychosis is predicted among the lower forms of life.

One evening we had a group of thirty. On no other occasion were there more than about ten in the company. The larger group met on March 14, by request of Oscar Wilde, who wished to speak by the lips of Louis to a larger audience. On the day following, Dorothy Wordsworth purported to say that she was present the night before and heard the address. She said that Oscar spoke, and nine-tenths of the address was really his. But the one-tenth which was supplied by the instrument (in an address on *The True Value of Art*), took from the effort all artistic value of an evidential character. This was not to be wondered at, for the Instrument had not

previously spoken in trance for more than ten minutes, and then not to more than seven or eight persons. On this occasion he spoke to thirty persons for forty minutes, and may have been, without knowing it, somewhat self-conscious.

The proceedings opened that evening with prepared questions as follows:

March 14—Dorothy

"'That Power that dims the sun and lights a star' is present this eve. Dora is here, A. D."

Are we, in substance, as old as God?

"No. We were created out of divine substance, but differ in our expression of the divine. We are not as old as God as far as the essential qualities of the personal ego are concerned. The incarnation is your answer. The expression of the Christ principle is the quintessence of necessity in the life of every soul."

Later in the evening Lincoln introduced Keats to our assemblage:

March 14—Keats

Is Shakespeare with you?

"Yes."

Did he or Bacon write the great dramas?

"Will."

Who are in your group?

"Will, Socrates, Plato, Bacon, Heine, Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin."

Which of the Heines?

"The Jewish poet."

Is Jesus still developing?

"Yes; in creative evolution."

Do you regard the *"Ode to a Grecian Urn"* as your artistic high water mark?

"No. My highest art is *'The Eve of Saint Agnes.'*"

Do you know the poems of Norwood?

"Yes. His *'Keats'* is a marvel. He caught my very spirit."

Which is his greatest work?

"His *'Witch of Endor.'* The line in which grapes occur is marvellous music."

Is that in the Witch?

"Yes."

Do you know which act it is in?

"About the middle of the play. We cannot vibrate idea now."

(The line referred to is found on page 84 in the *"Witch of Endor":*

"The glimmer of the moonlight on the grapes."

When say Plato, Cæsar or Dante have been thought to speak to persons on our plane in the past, is it an impersonation or is it authentic?

"Impersonation, with, perhaps, an echo of them."

Have there been communications directly from your plane before this?

"No; this is the first. Conditions are now almost miraculous."

Do the astral planes revolve with the earth?

"Only the lower planes do."

The first five or ten?

"First five." (See page 217.)

Are the planes really numbered, or are the numbers used only as symbols?

"As symbols."

Do you approve of vers libre?

"No."

What is your reason?

"Melody clothes itself in garments of rhyme, rhythm, colour. It is Nature's law. The birds sing in rhythm."

On May 20th Henry Ward Beecher spoke through the Instrument in trance. There being no stenographer present, I am compelled to give the merest outline of his discourse:

"Sacred friends of mine: Again after the lapse of years, my voice is heard on the earth plane. I always considered, as the minister of a flock, that my highest duty was to teach. So to-night I shall endeavour to teach a lesson you can grasp.

"Living here on this plane, we are bathed in beauty. The divine sings to us in voice and expression as the gale sings over the hills and oceans of your plane.

"I, speaking through this humble instrument, am as humble as he.

"The church on your plane stands condemned in the eyes of the Twentieth Plane, which sought to build itself with religion as its basis. And yet I would be a reformer from within.

"Your ministers are the most unpractical and the least impressionable of all men. Instead of giving their own experience, they repeat phonographic records of old sermons.

"The absence of originality is a virus in the church."

After commending by name a well-known minister as an example of spiritual power and originality, Beecher proceeded:

"Study analytically, for example, the lessons taught your children in Sunday School.

"Consider the money spent in building palatial churches and the impoverishment of those who pay it.

"Think of the poor in their unsanitary surroundings. Show gentle souls in the church the picture of the half-starved around them while they are in luxury.

"Tell the mothers they are the schools to which their children go.

"Put the palm of your right hand on the brow of the little child. We do this on this plane. Some of our strength becomes theirs.

"In the coming reconstruction, the people will become the owners of their own rights.

"When this hell on the earth plane is over, from the great megaphone of time, great voices will call asking, Has the church not been a failure?

"The absence of true religion in the church brought on this fearful war.

"In the state, too often, pigmies, men as low as swine are dealing in red tape and graft. Thus in my own day Johnson, the brute who refused to pardon Mrs. Suratt, was too intoxicated to know what the daughter was saying when she was pleading on her knees for the life of her innocent mother. This was the sort of men who were in charge of the reconstruction in that day."

Without consenting to any sweeping denunciations, I still feel that there is much to be learned from Beecher's message. In humble faith and prayer reaching out to find its child relation to the All Father; in the selfless life of wisdom, love and service, these people of the Twentieth Plane follow Him

whom they call the Master of Masters. The Twentieth Plane is the home of great thinkers and lovers who are not interested in the old garments of religion, but in truth and life which are its very fibre.

This record, however interesting or helpful it may be up to this point, would be incomplete were I to conclude with these reports only. If at this juncture I explain the further reports, I trust it will be regarded more as a confession than an apology. Because of the peculiar reverence based on the unique nature and character of the Founder of Christianity, when messages were received which, we were told, were sent directly from Jesus, I, at the first determined not to publish His words, feeling that it would be regarded as not being in good taste nor even reverent to do so.

A consideration that influenced me still more was the fear that their publication might be an obstacle to the faith of some reader, and thus that they might do more harm than good. I feel ashamed of that determination now, not only for the reason which is suggested by the foregoing statements, but also because the honest reporter must report such matters, or stand condemned as unfaithful to his evangel or whatever it may prove to be. No other passage is omitted for such a reason. No matters have been excluded excepting some which were personal and others which have been received since the chapters to which they were appropriate were concluded.

When the fourth message was received, and Mother had appealed to me as the record shows on page 297 at its close, I said to her:

June 9—Mother

I am doubtful, Mother, as to the wisdom of publishing the words of the Master lest it should prevent some from believing who otherwise might accept the authenticity of these communications. What would you advise?

"They will tell you, after thought, next night. Samuel will give you now dedication for the book. Shall he?"

Coleridge then dictated, through the Instrument, the Dedication found at the beginning of this volume, which, therefore, we need not reproduce here. When he proposed a dedication of the book to the heroes of the war, I was delighted, and said it would be necessary to write a paragraph for that purpose. He very kindly offered to do it for me and the result is before the reader. He spent a little time in the preparation of the paragraph, reporting it on the following evening.

The answer to my question was presented on

June 14—Coleridge

"The cosmic music in Jesus' words will sing away sin and doubt. There is in the divine simplicity of His uttered words that which is manna to all thirsty souls. By all means use, on the combined request of all of us, such data."

Dorothy

"Listen, Dear! You stand for Jesus, and never break the

beauty of His spoken words with a screen or hidden veil, even though the universe pulverize to nothing at the daring of your action. Only then are you yourself. We know. The contemplation of deep love passion lifts the soul to God. That will go in the book, Dear."

After such an appeal, I am not careful about criticism. Let those only who stand between Jesus and His words of life to the people beware. Just as the clear thinker will distinguish between real religion and its institutions, churches, creeds and sacraments, so will he separate as far as the east is from the west those who are merely careful for their thought about Jesus from those who love Him and obey His word.

After that part of the dialogue referred to on page 189 where Shelley closes with the words, "In the name of God, let us be thankful," he paused and began again:

May 12—Shelley

"I am, as the wage for such supreme faith to give to you a message sent through this plane this moment from Jesus:

"Men of the same Father, hear the voice of Him who died that the spirit might be free as the air. Your love is like the love of Mary, John and Paul. As the lily is more gorgeous than Solomon's temple, ye enter into the spiritual gift of life. I come close to those I love. Now I go, but my teaching remains."

(A few silent moments.)

Shelley

"You are overcome by His message. So were we all. This

is an epoch-making night to all of us. Let us be in the cradle where we deserve such benedictions of worthy things, as does a mother's babe deserve her love."

It would be difficult to describe the awe and exultation that pervaded our circle. One who was present for the first time said " It was worth living a lifetime to have been present." The air seemed to be charged with pulsations of power, a throbbing light, a love unspeakable. Words are impotent. I have told all that can be told. Experience alone can understand. If the reader wants to know more, he cannot till he listens with love in his heart and obedience in his life to every word the Christ would say to him. It is useless to seek further light from outside. Look within.

There were only six persons present on that memorable evening. These went forth with joy-wildered hearts, glad that they had lived in such an overwhelming experience.

Many experiences recorded here are too mystical to be accepted by those accustomed to a more material view of life. With those who are honest in their insistence on the doctrine of immortality, a personal relation with the great Founder of the Christian religion, and a real communion with Him, the Twentieth Plane is in close accord. Many, however, who loudly insist on the doctrine of immortality are most violently opposed to any least evidence of an actual

or definite nature which can be adduced in support of that doctrine. Only when found in a library nineteen hundred years old, and accredited by some member of a race whom they now despise, do they deign to give it the least consideration.

Surely, any word that would illuminate the unseen land to which we are all tending should be eagerly investigated with a serene hopefulness that it may prove a joy, a light, and a strong assurance of ultimate well-being. Tennyson said:

> "We have but faith; we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see."

Well, here is a statement purporting to come from those who have seen, and Tennyson is one of those who, having seen, reports his unalterable conclusion.

Two weeks after we had received the message from Jesus, another came, and we have had several,—five in all, one of which was not recorded. I shall merely record those of which we are in verbal possession:

May 26—Jesus

"Brothers, lovers, all:—If I were permitted to add a line to the Sermon on the Mount, I should add this: *Be calm.* That is the lesson of the planes to all the ages.

"The birds are serene. The ocean subsides to solemn stillness as it adores its Maker. The winds cry not. Night comes on all planes, and soothes the soul to rest. The stars are noiseless. The greatest force of all space is often not heard even by ears attuned to hear the language of flowers.

"But the souls of earth plane mortals rattle to destruction. Your souls alone clatter over the rocks of unfinished character. Alone do those of earth plane spill blood while monster machines tear the air with their roar to an endless chaos.

"Be calm in prayer, in thought, in purpose, in character, and your calmness will be the ship of life that shall reach all ports of experience, and then throw out the anchor; safe home at last."

June 2

"My children, when two or three are gathered in the tent of faith, I enter to minister to them. This has been a time when your voices of faith reached with mine in song and prayer to the greater Mind of all, our Father.

"I was a human too, and am, as you will be, clothed in robes of white, cleansed to enter the temple where one hears God's voice say, 'Welcome to this tabernacle, O my children.'

"I go now, but my spirit loves your spirits. Our influences merge. We will be together always. Good-bye."

June 9

"My brothers, I come again as the elder Brother, one living in a home all may enter. The true worship of our Father is to be pure, sincere and loving. There is no complexity in the teaching of God's school. Truth was born to help the lowly by the pure and simple nature of its love.

"The highest expressions of life I saw on earth were my mother's grief, the other Mary's sorrow at my death, and the loyalty of the fishermen, simple souls and disciples who followed me even to the end. Thus the greatest was the lowliest.

"Go to the Father, not on bended knee, but straight up, in all the majesty of the wonderful body God gave thee. He will rejoice, for He loves the natural, the brave, the true. Supplication in strength of physical body is sweeter to Him than

reaching Him through lowly attitudes of bodily pain, self-inflicted.

"My own brothers, sisters, I am but an elder one whose highest purpose is to extend the Christ hand to make you your true selves, thus coming to our Father as He desires His children to come.

"I bend before you to sprinkle the water of my love on your brows. Good-bye."

June 9—Mother

"O Albert, My Boy, was not that wonderful! Speak to me. I must hear your voice."

The whole evening was wonderful, Mother.

"When Jesus is here, I am to you very near; but O Albert, do for me use all your faith to see that this revelation is made of great use."

Here, for the present, the revelation closes. It is unusual, startling, astounding; nevertheless, it is printed with the hope that it may be found to co-relate and explain many if not all of the wonderful psychical experiences reported in recent months, which demand, for their co-relation, just such a revealment.

COMMENTS

It was not my intention to make any statement of my own convictions as to the authenticity of the communications reported in this volume. When the work was nearing completion, Coleridge convinced me that the record would be psychologically incomplete without such a statement, and that its absence would be misinterpreted. Absolute intellectual certitude in the form of a commonly accepted verdict seems impossible to establish in the very nature of the case. I have met with no theory of explanation from which I cannot, by some other, make some sort of escape. Nevertheless, I do not wish the reader to lay this volume down with the feeling or the thought that "It is all a guess; the investigators themselves are all at sea. They do not accept the authenticity of these communications, then how can I?" Such a conclusion would be incorrect.

I am aware that our convictions are no part of the communications, and have far less evidential value; and yet, the effect of the experience upon us, who were undoubtedly the most intimately concerned, will, I trust, be helpful to the reader, giving him as clear a notion as possible of the total experience. I have reported the dialogues accurately; I shall try to tell as faithfully how these communications have influenced the minds of our circle.

The most fatal enemies of all newly acquired

knowledge are those who, regarding themselves as its friends, formulate a new generalization from insufficient data, state it as a creed or a law, and straightway regard all who do not accept it as enemies of progress. These pseudo-scientists are stout defenders of their theories. To them "the law" is all-important; the facts are treated lightly. One may at any time find them measuring and modifying their facts, ignoring those that do not fit their theory, imagining or supplying others that do, and abating or enhancing the data in their eagerness to prove their theories true. They leap at once to conviction. The frailest possible chain of evidence is sufficient to prove what they are already convinced is true, and straightway, their problem is solved.

The science of Psychology is still in its infancy. We are only beginning to evolve a true theory of man. The study of hypnotism, telepathy, trance, etc., has unquestionably added light, and since it is the peculiar, the unusual, the thing not understood, that needs investigating, I make no apologies for the publication of this volume. To add one parchment, brick or cylinder to the data of personality is a task in which one might earnestly pray to be made an instrument, were it only a spade or a pick. The field is as old as the race. Egypt and Accad are modern in comparison.

Some will suspect that this is the output of another Hofrath Heuschrecke, with his zodiacal paper-bags,

and an attempt to foist them on a credulous public. Some will attribute all to a fertile imagination, with a certain insidious method of exploitation. Still others will suggest that the answers in these dialogues have been dictated by certain lofty intelligences who have led us erroneously to suppose that they are the literary personalities whom they claim to be.

Others will believe us the dupes of a subtle psychological sensitiveness, a hyper-idealism which dipped freely into the sea of subconscious or subliminal knowledge, and caught in its net many facts unknown to us and therefore quite surprising. In other words, they suspect the things we didn't know we knew were seized upon by faculties we didn't know we had and presented in a style we didn't know was ours, because it was foreign to our usage.

Some will attribute all to the Instrument. Others will regard me as the " vast unfathomable mind " out of which all the truth in these dialogues was called up. Others will attribute all to the entire circle, and still others will derive it from the whole ocean of human intelligence. I have no desire to enter into any exhaustive discussion of theories, but I am the best judge regarding one of these hypotheses. I am not the source of these communications. Many of the answers received are not the answers I should have given, nor are they the answers I should now give. This is true, not only of their style, but also, of their subject matter. In no other volume, regardless of its

authorship, have I ever received or met with so many unexpected statements.

All the other members of the circle desire to record a similar disclaimer on their own behalf. This affirmation is not made in support of any other hypothesis. There is no member of our inner circle who would wish to encourage spirit communication excepting under the most exceptional conditions. The reader is free in relation to all theories in the light of the facts.

I have not enquired as to the effect produced upon the minds of those who attended only two or three meetings of the circle, and yet, practically all—I think all—who were present at even one-tenth of them, and these were at least ten persons, agree substantially with myself as to their convictions.

All the members of my own family resident in our home at any time during these meetings are fully convinced that, allowing for a slight fractional inevitable admixture of the thought of the Instrument, these communications are authentic. At least five others, including the Instrument and his wife, are quite as thoroughly satisfied that those who purported to project their thought to us, did so. One of this number said to me at the second meeting:

"I only began to live last Sunday night."

Another member of the circle, a person of literary taste and achievement, wrote me recently as follows:

"If you were to repudiate the whole enterprise yourself, it would not move me one iota. Even if I wanted to disbelieve, I could not. . . . I have to believe in the most absolute and literal way."

Another member of the circle known in this volume as the Scholar-girl, the quality of whose mind is demonstrated in the following quotation from her pen, wrote me thus:

"These unseen friends have tested me, sifted me, shaken the dust out of me. My mind is one that must touch concrete things. The world, thoughts, emotions, even dreams are to me vivid realities clothed in concrete forms. Now a new light is coming to me. Great principles are displacing *things* in my mind. I feel the naked idea, the thought disrobed of its concrete form. Such is the glory-change the psychic revelations have brought into my life."

It is safe to predict that, in future, no one of us will ever do a doubtful thing without feeling that the eyes of the Twentieth Plane are looking wistfully on. We shall feel that their great hearts are pained by any evidence of a glory departed from our characters.

If, notwithstanding what I have said here, some one is ready to assert that without any consciousness, on the part of myself or other members of the circle, of originating these answers, our subconscious thoughts have, nevertheless, been the source out of which the Instrument drew or absorbed the answers given, it needs only to be said that such a possibility is of itself a discovery of human powers which may

well be compared in interest and value with any discovery that could be made in regard to the existence and mode of life of intelligences on other planes of existence. And further, the conviction of the possibility of absorbing thoughts from the subconsciousness of another might very well predispose one to accept the view that intelligences on other planes, granting that these exist, could function through the Instrument in a similar way.

From erroneous prognostications and other evidences, we have learned that the communicating intelligences are not infallible, omniscient, or perfect in any complete sense. They do not unfailingly know the future, the past, nor even the present; and they say so. They do not know all that we know, yet they have means of knowing some things we cannot know. They have a far clearer vision of reality. They are therefore in a position to instruct us in these things, to inspire us, and this they say they do. But remember, I am now speaking of the Twentieth Plane. Most of the communications which are usually described as being frivolous, and rightly so charged, are from planes below the eighth, and never from those above the tenth.

Triviality is not an evidence against authenticity. It is merely a part of those evil communications that corrupt. One must decline to accept it. Refuse to hear it. I have as good a right to choose my company on the astral planes as on the earth plane. That none

may be led by the reports included in this volume to use the Board under conditions which could lead only to disappointment, waste of time, dissipation of energy, and confusion of mind, I will say that none should expect results of a high order who does not bring to the investigation a high degree of sincerity, faith,—I do not mean credulity,—and purity of mind and purpose. Curiosity will not pass as coin here. Frequently, in our experience, we were halted and told that the communications could not proceed because of the state of mind and thought of some one present. I do not possess a Board myself. I never did. I never expect to. I do not advise any one else to procure one. I never did. I never expect to. I am not a spiritist. I simply declare it as my conviction that when the All-Father would give to us great consolation, or inspiration to great service, or would meet any purpose of His Love, He can and does send His messengers of light to us for the accomplishment of His purpose. It will be realized, then, that I regard this as being such an occasion.

The war has erased the old judgment lines of civilization. A new era is in its inception even now. We hear the dying thunders of the guns that boomed around the world, but theirs was only the first shock of the impact of the new era. The great conflict has only begun. Those spiritual forces that won the war will not demobilize till the mightier conflict for freedom has cleansed the Augean cham-

bers of life. While the echoes of the war-god's chariot are dying in the distance, I hear the death-gasp of the old dispensation, the last convulsive choking in the throat of selfish conspiracies, secret diplomacies and treacherous compacts.

I hear the footfall of an approaching triumphant democracy, a comprehensive international world confederacy, a pact of nations pledged to hold each other and all others unharmed against autocracy, tyranny and oppression. The pomp of dynasties, the arrogance of proud demagogues, and the insolence of delegated powers subsides and melts to the greatness of simplicity in the joy of service to the commonwealth.

With the great struggle for political freedom will come the still greater demand for unchallenged freedom of thought in every field within the range of mind. In the coming storm, the church will have to widen its vision to comprehend the whole vista of life, or humanity will be held back a century. When and where did our divine Master ever say that there was nothing more in heaven or earth to be revealed? Is not every great life challenged by a new and mightier inspiration to live so as to give a new revelation to a listening age?

I see the spectres of old idolatries, traditions and creeds hastening down the darkness in confusion and dismay, while a new sweetness and a fuller light melts the morning star of a new age into the glory-light of

justice, love and peace. I see the church rising to an inspiration higher than all its institutions, creeds, and shibboleths, and responding to the visioned concept of the unity of life.

This revelation from the Twentieth Plane will meet with opposition from the custodians of the past, the high priests of autocracy in church and state, but, as Emerson said to me on May 5th:

"If the Twentieth Plane book is published, I want it to brave the storms of criticism as the dreadnought traverses the ocean of your plane, fearless, dauntless, strong. It will be the beacon-light along the coast of time to many a soul, so in the philosophy of self-reliance, let that book rely on its intrinsic merit for the fame that will come as a just gift to truth."

If I have rightly interpreted the teaching of the Twentieth Plane, the old foundations of life remain, but need new interpretation. The law of love-sacrifice stays, but demands expression of power in every life. The doctrine of the last judgment reverts to the teaching of Jesus:

"I judge no man. The words that I speak unto you, these shall judge you."

The doctrine of hell is simply a statement of the necessity of a new birth in some valley of humiliation where the soul is compelled of its own choice to face its past and be restored by repentance and faith to a realization of its true child-relation of harmony with the Divine Will.

Is not the really great project of life involved in its prospect of forever going on? Is not the present crisis, in the light of all similar crises, one persistent imperative, demanding that organized Christianity shall justify itself in the light of the Sermon on the Mount? Is not Love itself a whispering hope? Is it not just a part of that ever sweeping wind of a greater revelation which always reveals because there will always be more to reveal?

I see the church forsake its shibboleths and rise to the insistent demand for a visioned faith in the unity of life. I find its members realizing that those who have entered the unseen life are still in the circle of our love and inspiration, one church, undivided by the sun-crowned hills of death. I see the divine Christ leading the people in every land, leading in the persons of all who will teach the sovereignty of character as shown in obedience to the purpose and will of God.

I see a divine democracy in which all, as they go about their common duties, are sages and poets, in that they hear the voices of nature and know that these are the voices of God, they hear the music of the spheres and realize that this is the harmony of the heavens.

Do not suppose that this is merely a poet's dream. In the name of the great ones of the ages, from Socrates to Erasmus and from Erasmus to Lincoln, I say that all political and sacerdotal futilities must be swept out of church and state to give place to the

sacrament of love in the common life. Then the hungry heart of humanity, fed no longer on the stones of tradition, but on the bread of life, shall recognize Love and the Universe as one, and the physical laws of Nature as expressions of Love's universal Life.

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